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WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

THE FIRST VOLUME

containing ¶ INTRODUCTION ¶ LOVE IN A WOOD
¶ THE GENTLEMAN DANCING-MASTER

SOHO
THE NONESUCH PRESS
30 *Gerrard Street, W.*
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This edition was printed and made in England in the Summer of 1924. *It is limited to nine hundred sets of four volumes on antique paper (numbered seventy-six to nine hundred and seventy-five), and seventy-five sets of four volumes on English hand-made paper (numbered one to seventy-five); of which this is* ~~*number*~~ ~~396~~ out of series.

The Dedication

TO

G. THORN-DRURY, ESQ., K.C.

THIS THE FIRST COLLECTED EDITION

OF

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

Sic uos non uobis mellificatis apes.

125972

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PREFATORY NOTE

ALTHOUGH the four Comedies of William Wycherley, whose name ranks among the greatest of English dramatists, were several times reprinted during the earlier decades of the eighteenth century, the remaining works of our author can only be found in the original editions, all of which are of the utmost rarity. So scarce, indeed, have they become that of one collection, at least, the very existence has more than once been questioned, even by authoritative bibliographers. In 1729 *was published "The Poſthumous Works of* William Wycherley, *Esq.; In Proſe and Verſe. Vol. II. Conſiſting of Letters and Poems Publiſh'd from Original Manuſcripts. London: Printed for J. Robetrs in* Warwick-lane, 1729. *Price* 1s. 6d. *or to be had Bound together, Price* 5s." *Pope was largely concerned with the issue of this book, which seems to have been almost immediately withdrawn from circulation. Here we first have a sample of the Wycherley-Pope correspondence, dressed for the public by the latter. It would appear that at present only two copies of the book can be traced. Of these one is in the Bodleian Library, the second in the library of a French scholar in France.*

The reproach that there has never been any attempt to collect the Miscellaneous Verse and Prose of William Wycherley, scattered throughout several rare volumes, is now at last removed.

In his comedies Wycherley painted with masterly strokes and minutest detail town life in the heyday of the reign of Charles II. It so happens that he takes up his tale just after the close of Pepys' Diary, and his last piece for the theatre was produced wellnigh a couple of years before the unhappy land was shaken and convulsed by that dark storm of political terror, that horror of hate and outpouring of martyrs' blood, induced by the unspeakable villainies of the perjured Oates and fomented with devilish craft by the murderous ambition of the accursed Shaftesbury.

Since Wycherley so meticulously reproduced the men and manners of his time there are few plays even of that period, not the least difficult in English literature, which require such particular and copious annotation. Nor do the many allusions in the Poems and the Letters demand less careful elucidation.

It is once again my pleasure and my privilege gratefully to acknowledge the generous and unwearied help given me throughout the whole of my work by my friend Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, K.C., our eminent and acknowledged authority upon Restoration literature. I am only too conscious that I must often have made no small demands upon his patience and often have selfishly taken up much of his valuable and scanty leisure, but I am also fully aware that any writer who undertakes highly specialized work upon this period without the benefit of his aid and profound scholarship merely courts disaster and almost inevitably retails

innumerable inaccuracies which probably his encyclopædic knowledge alone could detect and amend. In particular do I owe him thanks for the loan of many a rare contemporary piece from the treasures of his library. These he has entrusted in my hands for months together. Among the number were no less than three books of the last rarity, the titles of which—since no other copies seem known—it will not be impertinent here to record. Poems | On | Affairs of State : | From | Oliver Cromwell | To this preſent time. Written by the | greateſt Wits of the Age, | . . . | (rule). With other Miſcellany Poems ; | And a new. Seſſion of the preſent | POETS. *The whole never before | Printed. | (rule) Printed in the Year,* 1698. *(rule). Although the title-page of this book would suggest that it belongs to the State Poems series, in fact it does not, and of the very curious and interesting Contents only eleven pieces in all are to be found in the Collected Edition of Poems on Affairs of State in Vols. II and III.*

Letters | Of | Wit, Politicks, *and* Morality *| . . . To which is added a large Collection of | Original Letters | Of | Love and Friendship. | . . . (rule).* London, *Printed for* J. Hartley, *next door to the* King's-head *|* Tavern *in* Holborn: W. Turner *in* Lincolns-Inn-Fields: *and* Tho. *|* Hodgson *over againſt* Grays-Inn-Gate, *in* Holborn. 1701. *| (rule). Octavo. The Epiſtle Dedicatory to Lord Halifax, dated July 5th,* 1701, *is signed A. Boyer. It is here we first find Letter XII (p.* 254), Containing a Character of Mr. *Wicherley,* by the Honourable Mr. *Granville. The text of this differs considerably from the text as reprinted in Lansdowne's collected Works. Letter V (p.* 215), " Containing an account of *Will's* Coffee-houſe, and of the *Toaſting* and *Kit-Cat Clubs," is very detailed and valuable. The book gives many letters by Mrs. Centlivre, then Mrs. C—ll or Carroll. Knight in his* D.N.B. *notice of Mrs. Centlivre says it has not been discovered.*

THE | Idleneſs of Buſineſs : | A | SATYR. | Addreſs'd to One who ſaid, | A Man ſhewed his Spirit, Induſtry, | and Parts, by his Love of Buſineſs. | (rule). By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, *Esq. ; | Author of* The Plain Dealer, *A Comedy. | (rule).* The Second Edition. *| (rule).* LONDON: *| Printed for* Benj. Bragg *in* Ave-Mary-Lane. *| MDCCV. (folio).*

Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., has not only taken the liveliest interest in my work from its inception and afforded me very real help by his unfailing encouragement, but with his wonted kindness he lent me his fine copies of the four rare original quartos of the Wycherley comedies, whereby the arduous work of collation was considerably enlightened.

Professor Bensly has spared himself neither time nor trouble in tracking the obscurer quotations of which Wycherley is so free. Both he and myself are agreed that Wycherley, fine scholar though he undoubtedly was, must have used a Florilegium *or some similar collection of commonplaces. One can hardly suppose (much as I should like to think it) that our great dramatist read, nay more was intimate with, the Epistles of S. Jerome and the works of Denys the Carthusian.*

THE TEXT

THE text of the pieces included in these four volumes is in every case exactly given from the original editions, with which have been collated all reprints that were issued during Wycherley's lifetime, the variants being marked in the Textual Notes.

With regard to the plays the first quartos are scrupulously followed. Changes and corruptions due, it would seem, to carelessness and a too hasty revision of proofs almost immediately crept in and were reproduced without notice or correction. The Errata which are listed in the original editions of Love in a Wood, *4to*, 1672, *and* The Gentleman Dancing-Maſter, *4to*, 1673, *have been duly amended in the several texts of those comedies. It should be remarked that the later editions of the four plays, such as Leigh Hunt's reprint of* 1840, *and the Mermaid edition, are very unreliable, inasmuch as not only have the original stage directions been tinkered at and even expunged, but a later method and design are recklessly employed, a change entirely destructive of the theatrical technique of the plays.*

For those of the Poems which were printed in 1704, *that Text (which, with the exception of one piece, is indeed the only copy) has been used ; the seventeen Errata are corrected in the body of the verse.*

For The Idleneſs of Buſineſs *I have collated the Second Edition, folio*, 1705, *which almost certainly consists only of the sheets of the first issue with a new title. Of this, the sole copy at present known is in the library of Mr. G. Thorn-Drury. The separate first issue cannot now be traced.*

Hero and Leander *is given from the excessively rare first edition of* 1669, *which is far fuller than and differs in many important respects from the garbled reprint of* 1729.

The Epiſtles to the King and Duke *are printed from the quarto*, 1682–3, *an uncommonly scarce book.*

At the cost, perhaps, of some slight repetition it has seemed advisable to reproduce in their entirety " The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.; *In Proſe and Verſe. . . . In Two Parts. . . . Printed for A. Bettesworth, J. Oſborn, W. Mears, W. and J. Innys, J. Peele, T. Woodward, and F. Clay.* 1728." *and* " The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.; *In Proſe and Verſe. Vol. II. Conſiſting of Letters and Poems. Publiſh'd from Original Manuſcripts. London. Printed or J. Robetrs in Warwick-lane*, 1729."

Other poems not included in any of the above are now for the first time reprinted from the originals, of which some copies would appear to be almost unknown and, perhaps, unique.

Of the letters, two which do not seem to have been printed before, are from

the MSS. in the British Museum, in the one case a transcript, in the other a holograph.

For the Dennis letters I have in the main relied upon the text of 1696.

The Pope letters were included in the edition of 1735, *with the exception of one which was first printed in Cooper's edition of* 1737. *I have, however, also given the earlier text of* 1729, *as this seems to be completely unknown. I have further thought it necessary to add the transcripts from the MSS. in the possession of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat, as given by Courthope in Volume V of his* Works of Alexander Pope. *A comparison of the texts will serve to show how assiduously Pope tampered with the correspondence before publication.*

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, the eldest son of Daniel Wycherley, Esq., and Bethia, his wife, *née* Shrimpton, was born in the winter of 1640, at Clive Hall, *comitatu* Salop. Clive is a township, parish and village lying one mile east of the road from Shrewsbury to Wem and Chester, one mile north-east from Yorton Station, which is actually in the parish, about eight miles north from Shrewsbury, and three miles south from Wem. It was anciently a chapelry, in the parish of S. Mary's, Shrewsbury, consisting of the townships of Clive and Sansaw. Both these were from an early period in the Liberties of Shrewsbury. The Wycherleys were Lords of the Manor, having been settled there and flourishing, according to local tradition, at least as early as the reign of Edward III. Their genealogy can at any rate be definitely traced from the year 1410, and runs as follows: —

Roger Wycherley of Clive, 10 Henry IV =

John Wycherley of Clive, 2 Edward IV =

John Wycherley of Clive, 16 Henry VII =

William Wycherley of Clive, 8 Henry VIII =

William Wycherley of Clive, 3 Phil. and M. = Mary, daughter and co-heir of Richard Geary of Clive.

Richard, 21 Eliz. = Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Richardson of Whitchurch, co. Salop. | William | Roger

Daniel Wycherley of Clive (died Dec., 1659) = Margaret, daughter and heiress of William Wolfe of Acton Reynold. | Mary | Joseph

Daniel Wycherley of Clive, a Teller of His Majesty's Exchequer, 1672. = Bethia, daughter of William Shrimpton of Whitchurch, Hants. | John | Elizabeth | Alice | Mary

William | George | John = Mary | Henry | Elizabeth | Frances

INTRODUCTION

" The first five descents in this pedigree do appear in the ancient text of the Visitation books of Shropshire, remaining in the Heralds Office; and the rest, viz. from Roger Wycherley, who lived in the 10 H. IV, is drawne out of divers original deeds produced to me by Daniel Wycherley of Clive, in the Visitation of the County of Salop, 22 August anno 1663, made by me Will. Dugdale, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, Deputy and Marshall for Clarencieux, King of Arms for the same County. —William Dugdale, Norroy."[1] The Wycherley arms were: " Quarterly of six: 1 and 6, Per pale argent and sable, three eagles displayed countercharged, Wycherley; 2, Argent, a band between six bees volant sable, Beeston; 3, Argent two pallets sable, on each three cross-crosslets (fitché) or, Bitton [Betton]; 4, Gules two bars argent, each charged with three mascles of field, on a canton or a leopard's face azure, Gerey; 5, Argent, a chevron between three wolves heads erased sable, Wolfe.—Crest, an eagle displayed sable ducally gorged argent."[2]

Daniel Wycherley, the father of the dramatist, was born in 1617. On 20 February, 1640, he married, at S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Bethia, daughter of William Shrimpton of S. Andrew's, Holborn.[3] This lady was then twenty-two years old, but of her long life few details are preserved. It is only known that she was born in 1618, coming of a loyal stock. She seems to have been a woman of considerable parts and a wit improved by a liberal education. For some time she was the favourite attendant and confidante of Lady Honora de Burgh (1611–1662), daughter of Richard, first Earl of St. Albans and Clanricarde, and second wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester, and it was in the household of this peer that she met her future husband. She died in 1700, and was buried at Clive on 10 May of that year. Of her six children, George, the second son, who was born in 1651, matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford, 6 March, 1668, and proceeded B.A. 1671, M.A. 1674. Having taken Holy Orders in the Church of England, he obtained the living of Wem,[4] Salop, in 1672, a comfortable country rectory enough, even if not carrying considerable emoluments and glebe. For some reason, however, he became involved in debt, and finally found himself in the Fleet, where, unhappy and unfortunate, he was carried off by sickness during the last days of December, 1688, being buried 3 January, 1689. By Dorothy his wife he had a daughter, Letitia Isabella, who was born 28 November, and baptised at Wem, 17 December, 1680, and died in 1685. John, the third son, married Mary, the daughter of a neighbour, by whom he had four children: William, of Wem; baptized at Wem, 2 February, 1684; buried there 12 July, 1745; married Anne, daughter of Thomas Hill, of Soulton, near Wem. She predeceased her husband,

[1] Wycherley of Clive. *Harleian Society*, 1396, fol. 328. . . . The same genealogy is given by a correspondent in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Supplement to Volume LXXXII, Part I: January–June, 1812; p. 609. Here, by an error, John, the third son of Daniel Wycherley and brother to the poet, is omitted. The table is again printed in *The Shropshire Archæological and Natural History Society Transactions*, 2nd Series, II, p. 356 . . . where it is far more complete, and many interesting details concerning various members of the family are collected.

[2] *Harleian Society*, 1396, fol. 328.

[3] From his epitaph. His marriage license also (1640) states that he is then twenty-three years old. The name Daniel Wycherley occurs in the register of admittances to the Free Schools of Shrewsbury, 1616, but this must have been Daniel Wycherley, B.D., Fellow of Queens', Cambridge, and Rector of Hemingstone, Suffolk. He was deprived for his loyalty. See Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*.

[4] This living had been sequestered in 1654.

dying 22 February, 1731, and was buried at Wem. Their family consisted of a son and a daughter: Hill, who was baptized at Wem, 8 August, 1729, died of small-pox in London, 29 February, at the early age of twenty-two, and the body was brought down to Wem for interment, which was performed by candlelight, on 17 March following; and Ann, who married Thomas Jervis, from the neighbourhood of Drayton, a man of low origin. They were childless, and she died at Whitchurch. John Wycherley's second child was a son, Daniel, and his third child a daughter, Frances. His youngest child, Mary, born in 1678, died 10 November, 1735, at the age of fifty-seven, at Clive. She married Joseph Cadman of Clive, and had an only daughter, Elizabeth, co-heir to her cousin Hill Wycherley. Elizabeth Wycherley was born 1707, and died at the age of sixty-six, 9 July, 1773, leaving her estate to Robert Embrey. Frances Wycherley, the elder sister, married Peter Huffa of Clun, by whom she had two sons, Peter Huffa, baptized at Clive Church, 8 July, 1705, and Nehemiah Huffa of the Clive, co-heir to his cousin Hill Wycherley. He was baptized at the Clive, 12 March, 1707, and was buried there 11 November, 1765. On 1 February, 1761, he married at Broughton, Margaret, widow of Robert Embrey, of Wellington, and daughter of John Kilvert and Elizabeth (who was daughter of William and Elizabeth Russell, of Clive, where she was baptized 6 January, 1707), his wife. Margaret Huffa, widow of Nehemiah, died at the age of forty, 10 May, 1771. By her first husband, Robert Embrey, of Wellington (who was born in 1723, and married at Grinshill, 4 March, 1751), she had a son, Robert Embrey, of Grinshill, who became seised of the whole estate by devise from Nehemiah Huffa and Elizabeth Cadman; he was born in 1755, and died 8 July, 1786. In 1801 the trustees of his Will sold his estate to Charles Harding. He married —— Boodle, and had an only daughter, Margaret, who became the wife of the Rev. J. Pitchford. Robert Embrey at his death in 1786 is styled Lord of the Manor of Clive.

After a quiet country life, spent in retirement, John Wycherley died *in uita patris* 20 June, 1691, and was buried at Clive, the following epitaph being inscribed upon his plain tomb in the churchyard: " Here lyeth the body of John Wycherley, Gent. 3rd sonne of Daniel Wycherley, Esq. Who deceased the 20th day of june Anno Dom. 1691." Henry, the youngest son, was born in 1662, and matriculated at Christ Church, 18 November, 1680. Elizabeth, the elder daughter, was of a passionate and highly romantic nature. Cloistered in the remote family manor, she fed her day-dreams and fancies with the embroidered and exotic fictions of Madeleine de Scudéry and la Calprenède until the Princess Baselina, the beautiful Cleodora, the disguised Euridice, and Mandane herself, heroine of heroines, seemed to step from the printed pages to sit with her and hold converse of honour, gallantry, and love, whilst on her walks abroad amid the lanes and fields at any moment Alcamène or amorous Artaban might step from the shade of the trees to kneel and salute her beauty; nay, that whistling plough-boy might be some Illustrious Unknown in goffered smock, for did not the Prince of Thessaly, Musidorus, become the shepherd Dorus, and serve rustic Dametas? But as the days went by and no ardent admirer, neither knight nor noble, appeared, Elizabeth Wycherley fixed her affections upon a Mr. Pyke in lieu of Oroondate, and when her family would not permit the match she incontinently went mad and not long after passed away, still crazed and love-lorn to her latest breath. Her sister, Frances, a housewife rather than a heroine, died at Clive in 1678, and was buried there 17 October.

INTRODUCTION

Daniel Wycherley was a man of imposing physique, great strength of character, polished and urbane manners, iron resolve, and indomitable will. A thorough and exact classical scholar, a critic of no mean judgement with the particular gift of being able to impart information and instruct, he was also well read in modern polite literature, especially philosophy and the poets, and his attainments in various branches of exact knowledge were far more than respectable or merely ornamental. A sound legal training was to make him an acute and perhaps rather too active a lawyer. He was admitted to the Inner Temple, 23 November, 1658. Here he soon made his mark, and on the Vigil of S. Thomas the Apostle (20 December), 1662, he was appointed by that Body "controller for the present Christmas."[1] He was called to the Bar, 27 November, 1670. "Acts of Parliament. Parliament held on 27 November, 22 Charles II, A.D. 1670, before Sir John Heath, Sir Edward Thurland, and Sir Thomas Foster. Sir H. Finch, treasurer . . . John Peachy, etc. and Daniel Witcherley (who is to be sworn at this time) called to the Bar."

Even whilst he was yet a young man and still pursuing his preliminary legal studies, Daniel Wycherley's logical mind, keen perception, meticulous method, and intelligent grasp of precise business detail and office routine had already made him a notable personality. He attracted the favourable attention of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester (1598–1675), who in order to pay off the debts incurred by his father's lavish hospitality was passing several years in great seclusion, chiefly residing at his country seat, Basing House, Hampshire, a mansion on every pane of glass in which he had written with a diamond his motto: "Aymez Loyaulté." This noble appointed Daniel Wycherley his High Steward, and entrusted all his affairs to his keeping. Upon the outbreak of the rebellion the Marquis of Winchester, who was hateful to the sectarians both as an ardent royalist and a staunch Catholic, fortified and garrisoned Basing House, the siege of which forms one of the most heroic and romantic episodes of the Civil War. After tremendous efforts the Puritan rabble took it by storm, and its master was captured 16 October, 1645, whilst the very walls and roof flamed about him. He was committed to the Tower two days later on a charge of High Treason, and it was in this emergency that the talents of Daniel Wycherley proved eminently serviceable to the prisoner. Gough[2] says that the steward at once procured the sum requisite to pay the composition for the Marquis. This must be an error, since the estates were declared to be forfeited, and in the propositions impudently sent to the King at the Isle of Wight, 13 October, 1648, it was expressly stipulated that Winchester's name be excepted from pardon. Finally, although the Commons resolved on 14 March, 1649, not to proceed against the Marquis for High Treason, they ordered him to be detained in prison and excluded from any composition for his lands, the

[1] *Calendar of the Inner Temple Records.* Edited by F. A. Inderwick, K.C., 1901, III, p. 17.

[2] What we know of Daniel Wycherley is chiefly derived from two sources: Richard Gough, of Newton, in the parish of Middle, who during the reign of George I composed an account of that parish. He was a respectable farmer, who beguiled the leisure of his declining years by writing down every particular he could collect concerning the history of his neighbours, none of whom were too high or too low for his notice. He is simple, garrulous, and by no means scrupulously reliable in his details. The second authority, although not so amusing, is a serious and superior chronicler. The Rev. Samuel Garbet, M.A., second master of Wem School, about 1740 commenced the history of that parish. His pages show research, judgement, and certainly carry more weight than Gough's more human tattle.

sale of which was actually not discontinued until 15 March, 1660. As might have been expected, vast sums of money passed through Daniel Wycherley's hands in the course of these disorders, and he obtained the uncontrolled management of much valuable property. It would have been surprising if he had not well feathered his own nest, although there seems no reason to suspect him of peculation or any more than ordinary business dishonesty. He was enabled, however, in July, 1665, to purchase the Barony of Wem, the Manors of Wem and Loppington and Clive, and he was now a J.P. for the county of Salop. "So," says Gough, "Mr. Wycherley became lord of the Manor, and was by some persons called Lord Wycherley; he was afterwards put into the commission of the peace for this county, and wrote himself *Esquire*. And now I have brought this Esq. to his zenith or vertical point."

The greater part of Daniel Wycherley's life, after the Restoration, was spent in endless litigation. There were quarrels between the Marquis of Winchester and Charles, Lord St. John, his eldest son, in which Wycherley was involved. We find recorded: "7 June, 1660, Petition of John, Marquess of Winchester, and Daniel Wycherley. Pray for the reversal of a decree pronounced by Mr. Fountain, one of the commissioners for the Great Seal, in a suit brought against petitioners by Lord St. John, son and heir of the Marquess. . . ." "6 March, 1661–2. Draft of an act for confirming the award made by the King's Majesty for composing the differences between John, Lord Marquess of Winchester, and his eldest son Charles, Lord St. John."[1] Wycherley also had to defend himself, for his position was seriously attacked, and to maintain it he was obliged to present the following petition[2] to Parliament: "6 March, 1661–2. 13. Petition of Daniel Wicherley of the Inner Temple. In July, 1651, the Estate of the Marquis of Winchester being exposed for sale by the late power, petitioner, at the importunity of the Marquess, Earl Rivers (uncle to Lord St. John), and divers friends of that noble family, and upon large promises of reward, took upon himself the management of their affairs and left all other employments, and by himself and friends borrowed above thirty thousand pounds, for all of which he was personally bound, to repurchase the Marquess' estate, and got allowance of reprisal to above twelve thousand pounds, and other great advantages for the family, without which they would not have had wherewith to subsist. The Marquess and Lord St. John wrote a letter to petitioner, wherein they acknowledged his services, and in part of recompense thereof by deed granted to him the office of Chief Steward of all their Courts, Manors, and Lands during his life, with all the fees and profits thereto belonging, and petitioner accordingly officiated. Nevertheless, he has lately by chance understood that a Bill has been presented to Parliament (among other things) to make void his patent and grant, without any choice being given to him, although he yet stands engaged for over twenty thousand pounds and has not forfeited his patent, which is good in law. He prays that he may have a copy of the award and deed mentioned in the Bill, and that he may be heard by counsel in order that he may not be divested of his right and freehold."

1 June, 1663, is recorded:[3] "1 June. List of Committee on the Marquess of Winchester's Bill. L.J., XI. 531. Annexed :—1. Petition of Daniel Wycherley that his interest in the office of steward of the Marquess' estates may be protected in

[1] *Historical Manuscript Commission*. Seventh Report, pp. 94, 161, etc.
[2] *Ibid*. Seventh Report, p. 161. No. 13. House of Lords, Calendar, 1661–2.
[3] *Ibid*. Seventh Report, p. 172. House of Lords, Calendar, 1663.

the Bill. [This petition is almost identical with that of 6 March, 1661–2.] 2–5. Papers relating to Wycherley's claim." It was ordered that the petition should be referred to the consideration of the aforesaid Committee.[1]

In 1672 Daniel Wycherley was appointed one of the Tellers of His Majesty's Exchequer.[2] He seems to have been bitten by a mania for legal proceedings, and was never happy unless involved in some intricate and interminable law tangle. He was continually fighting with a certain George Tyler, against whom he appealed to the House of Lords on Saturday, 27 November,[3] 1680: "Wycherley *versus* Tyler: Complaint against Payment of Double Costs by Order of the Court of Exchequer." "Upon reading the Petition of *Daniell Wicherley, of Clyve*, in the County of *Salop*, Esquire, being an Appeal from an Order of the Court of Exchequer, whereby he is taxed to pay Ninety-five Pounds Costs on the last Day of this Term, or be committed to *The Fleete ;* whereas he hath already paid the said Ninety-five Pounds, and Ninety-five Pounds more for Costs, upon Two Trials had in that Court concerning the Customs of the Manor of *Wem*, whereof he is Lord; and praying, That he may be relieved against a Double Payment thereof: It is ORDERED, by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, That *George Tyler*, and the other Persons who have prosecuted the Petitioner for the said Costs (as in his Petition is suggested) be, and are hereby, required to put in their Answer, or several Answers, to the said Appeal, in Writing, on *Saturday* the fourth Day of *December* next, by Nine of the Clock in the Forenoon; whereof the said *Daniell Wicherley* is to cause timely Notice to be given to the said *George Tyler*, and other Persons concerned for that Purpose; and that all Proceedings against the said *Daniell Wicherley* in the Court of Exchequer be staid in the mean Time." On Monday, 13 December following, Wycherley's appeal was dismissed, and he was further mulcted in the sum of Ten Pounds, Costs.

In 1690 the Mayor and Corporation of Shrewsbury commenced an action in the Common Pleas against Daniel Wycherley, for non-payment of tithes, on the ground that the same should go towards paying the minister of Clive chapel. The matter was ultimately submitted to the arbitration of the High Sheriff, John Tayleur, Esq., whose Award is dated 19 October, 1691. Mr. Wycherley dying, the arrears were paid by his son William in 1700.[4] Gough, in his *History of the Parish of Middle*, writes: Mr. Wycherley "had a great suite with the towne and schooles of Shrewsbury, about maintenance for the Minister of Clive Chappell. The case was faire, if his designes had been soe: but to endeavour to prove it a donative, and himselfe patron was such an idle thing that his own children laft att it. . . . Mr. Wicherley began his suite by English Bill in the Exchequer, in London, but hee had soe bombasted his matter with the title of donative, and his claim of Patronage, that he could doe nothing but spend money."[5]

On Friday, 4 November, 1692, Wycherley petitioned the House of Lords "on the Behalf of himself and others the Inhabitants of *Clyve* and *Sansawe* in the County

[1] *Journals of the House of Lords*, Vol. XI, p. 531.

[2] Gough says: "Having the prospect of obtaining a teller's place in the King's Exchequer, his aunt in Acton furnished him with £100, which procured the place." A doubtful piece of gossip.

[3] *Journals of the House of Lords*, Vol. XIII, pp. 692, 703, 714.

[4] Shrewsbury Corporation Muniments, No. 2000.

[5] Gough's *History of Middle*, pp. 86, 87.

of *Salop*, and of *John Hughes*, *William Turner*, *Samuell Orppe*, and *Thomas Anchors*, late Curates of the Chapel *of Clyve*, in the County of *Salop*, against an Order of Dismission, made the One and Twentieth Day of *November* last past, in Chancery, upon an Information, there prosecuted, in the Name of the Attorney General, at the Relation of the Petitioner, against the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of *Shrewsbury*, and against *Andrew Tayler* and *Robert Forster*, since deceased; and praying the Reversal of the said Order."[1] The case was heard on Friday, 16 December, following, and the Order of Dismission was reversed.

For nine years, 1673 to 1682, he was engaged in continuous litigation with the copyholders of Wem, from whom he demanded an augmentation of their fines, and in this he was ultimately victorious. But the expenses of these various suits compelled him to sell his estates,[2] and in 1684 he conveyed the Barony of Wem, together with the Manors of Wem and Loppington, to Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, who when created a Peer by James II in May, 1685, selected as his title Baron Jeffreys of Wem.[3]

"The person of Mr. Wycherley was prepossessing. He was of a large stature and a comely countenance, his hair white with age. His behaviour was genteel and courteous. 'I have heard him much commended,' says Gough, 'that he never contended with persons unable to deal with him, but with great persons.' "[4]

Daniel Wycherley was by no means on the best of terms with his eldest son. A lover of the country and a stern martinet, not to say a dour domestic tyrant, he conceived that every member of his family also was bound to love and endure the routine of a country life, for what greater interests and excitement could they possibly desire than the imbroglios of his eternal law-suits, what other literature than his petitions, cases, declarations, letters of attorney, breviates, and the pages of Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Wingate? The old gentleman accordingly looked with anything but an approving eye upon the chequered carnival of town pleasures in the merry days of Charles II, and the fact that his son had shown himself the most brilliant dramatist of the age, second only to Dryden, that he was applauded in the theatre and caressed at Court, nay, particularly honoured by the Monarch and the highest nobles of the land, proved nevertheless no passport to paternal favour. Supplies were curtailed, and considerable coolness ensued. Especially were relations strained almost to breaking point upon the appearance of *The Plain-Dealer*, in which comedy Wycherley so brilliantly exhibits his father's mania for the law, a feature it was impossible should not be immediately recognized and keenly resented, masqued though it was under the draggled mantle and ample petticoats of bustling Widow Blackacre. There are a thousand smart hits, and the ancestral manor of Clive must have been anything but an unruffled homestead for many a week after that day in the spring-time of 1677 when the London coach brought down to Shropshire the packet which contained a quarto play, the latest London success, *The Plain-Dealer*, hot from the press.

It is to Daniel Wycherley that Dryden alludes when in the Dedication, addressed to the Earl of Dorset, to his translation of Juvenal, *A Discourse Concerning the Origin*

[1] *Journals of the House of Lords*, Vol. XV, p. 104; also pp. 127, 138, 143, 150.

[2] However, the Manor of Clive of itself was a property worth six hundred pounds a year.

[3] The same Gazette that contained the announcement of Jeffrey's peerage also published the conferment of similar honours on two of the King's intimate friends, Henry Jermyn and John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough.

[4] *Shropshire Archaological and Natural History Society Transactions*, 2nd Series, II, p. 340.

and Progress of Satyr (folio, 1693), he writes: "'Tis granted that the Father of *Horace* was *Libertinus*, that is, one degree remov'd from his Grandfather, who had been once a Slave: But *Horace*, speaking of him, gives him the best Character of a Father,[1] which I ever read in History; and I wish a witty Friend of mine now living had such another." The Rev. John Brickdale, who published in *The Shropshire Archæologist* a history of Clive, says: "The old ballad of 'My Father was born before me,' which appeared in 1672, agrees in so many respects with the personal history of Wycherley, that I cannot but conjecture that it was intended for him, though in this case we must suppose a few circumstances have been altered to prevent the resemblance from being too glaring." There is no confirmation to be found of this somewhat too fanciful suggestion.

Daniel Wycherley died 5 May, 1697, and two days later he was buried in the chancel of Clive Church, near the altar, and on the plain stone which covered his remains was engraved: "Here Lyeth The Body Of Daniel Wycherley, Esq. Who Deceased The Fifth Day Of May Anno Dom. 1697 In The 81st Yeare Of His Age." All Saints, Clive, which has some Norman portions, was restored in 1849 and again in 1885. At the latter date the tombstone of Daniel Wycherley was moved and placed in the churchyard wall.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXXXI, Part 2, July to December, 1811, there is given (p. 505) an engraving of The Clive Hall, a goodly manor, to which the following description is appended: "Figure 2 is the remains of a mansion at the Clive, about seven miles from Shrewsbury, in which William Wycherley, Esq., the Thalian Bard, was born in 1640. The house was a handsome structure, but much has been let go to decay, and the remainder repaired in a clumsy incongruous manner for a farm house. One large walnut tree,[2] shown in the view, is said to have been planted by the poet; but I cannot vouch for its authenticity. The late Mr. Gardner, of Sansaw, whose beautiful grounds reach near Wycherley's mansion, intended to have erected an urn and to have placed it in a rocky recess in his grounds, the walk to which was called Wycherley's Walk. I believe it was not erected through the negligence of the statuary in Shrewsbury, who deferred it from time to time, till it was finally given up. The following inscription was to have been placed on the pedestal:—

To
William Wycherley, Esq.,
the celebrated dramatic poet,
This Urn is
dedicated."

Until 1885, when All Saints, Clive, was altered and enlarged, there could still be seen in the north wall of the churchyard a little door, close fastened and out of memory disused, which once opened on to a path long since overgrown. This path, formerly known as "Wycherley's Walk," led to the house, and the family in olden time made use of it to pass to and from the church. A precisely similar path leading from the manor to the church may still be observed in very many country villages, and such are often conveniently used by those from the Hall who wish to attend divine service. Whether this path at Clive—to-day much changed, as a piece has since been actually

[1] *Sermonum*, I, vi, 71–92.

[2] Very prominent and graceful in the picture.

taken into the churchyard—is the same as that mentioned in *The Gentleman's Magazine* seems uncertain.

Upon the death of Hill Wycherley, 29 February, 1752, the property went to his cousins, Nehemiah Huffa, son of Peter Huffa and Frances Wycherley, and Elizabeth Cadman, daughter of Joseph Cadman and Mary Wycherley. Nehemiah Huffa married Margaret, widow of Robert Embrey of Wellington and daughter of John Kilvert and Elizabeth Russell, but he died in November, 1765,[1] without leaving any children, when his heir was his step-son, Robert Embrey of Grinshill, who was his wife's son by her first husband. Robert Embrey was also devisee of Elizabeth Cadman, who died 9 July, 1773,[2] and thus he came into full possession of the whole estate. He died 8 July, 1786, and his trustees in 1801 sold Clive Hall to Charles Harding, a local resident. Charles Harding was married twice. By his first wife Elizabeth he had five daughters, Susannah, Margaret, Elizabeth, Judith, Catherine; by his second wife Abigail, one son, George, baptized at All Saints, 25 June, 1809, and it was to this son that upon his death the estate descended. The trustees of George Harding sold Clive Hall to his nephew, Thomas Meares, Esq., who died in 1916. The executors sold Clive Hall in the following year to Clive Harding Meares, a son of Thomas, and from him it was purchased in 1919 by William Malcolm Watson, Esq., the present owner. Most of the land which formerly went with the Hall was disposed of by Thomas Meares during his lifetime.

It was at Clive Hall that William Wycherley commenced his education under the personal supervision of his father, who although skilful and erudite, proved himself no lenient and long-suffering master. Daniel Wycherley's mind was singularly apt and quick, and he would tolerate no slowness and hesitation in others. For him incapacity spelled indolence. Fortunately his eldest son was eager to learn, appreciative and interested, already giving unmistakable indications of no ordinary genius and understanding. Such application and enthusiasm stirred up the father to exceptional efforts, and his utmost care was devoted to the development of the boy's mind. No doubt it was at this time that Wycherley laid the foundation of his classical training. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and he seems to have been intimately acquainted with most of the authors of antiquity, often easily quoting from those who are little read and who would assuredly find no place in any usual school curriculum.

At this time education in England was at the lowest ebb. The civil war had ended with the complete ascendancy of the rebels, who immediately wreaked their bitter vengeance on every town and person distinguished by loyalty to the murdered king. These fanatics, whose rancour knew neither bounds nor decency, were determined to stamp out all learning, all culture, all the amenities and decorum of a gentle society. Greek letters were an abomination; Latin was the language of the Beast. Not only was the tongue of Cicero and Vergil the vehicle of a thousand pagan fables and obscenities, worse yet, it was the spoken word of the Scarlet Whore, Babylon of the Seven Hills. And so the Saints, whose sole literary excursions were the more obscure prophetical denunciations of Amos and the son of Cushi, endless genealogies in *Chronicles* and *Nehemiah*, or the red-hot pamphlets of ranters such as Case, John Ball, and the godly Kidderminster divine, struck mightily at the high places of Baal, laying heavy hands upon the two English universities. Oxford had long been the head-

[1] Nov. 11. Mr. Nehemiah Huffa. bur. *Clive Register.*

[2] July 12. Elizabeth Cadman. bur. *Clive Register.*

quarters of the Royalists and must be made a hissing and a reproach; Cambridge had not lacked the will to be every whit as bad. Heads of houses and Fellows, men of reverence, green age, and a European reputation for scholarship, were violently ejected. Gracious old customs and Christian ceremonies vanished like phantoms before the sour and implacable intruder, who stabled his horses in S. Frideswide's Cathedral and wantonly smashed the stained-glass windows as savouring of prelacy. So the house of God was delivered over to Moloch and Belial. In place of lectures upon Horace or Tacitus his Histories, the undergraduate was required to listen to hour-long sermons bellowed from Mary's pulpit by some leathern-lunged bigot, Genevan hell-broth foaming over with reprobation, assurance, absolute predestination, and damnation. No office, shorn and sadly mutilated as it may have been since bluff Harry's day, yet sung to stately music and in the fair Oxford chapels retaining some vestige of its pristine beauty, but instead extempore prayer and exercise, a nasal drone, lamenting, whining, directing, and hectoring the Deity to whom it was blasphemously addressed. Upon his matriculation the tyro was not questioned upon his syntax and bidden neatly english some passage from Sallust or a Terentian comedy, but sourly catechized by a board of grim Genevan divines ready to snare and send another Servetus to the stake, finding the devil, horns and hoofs and all, in the mince-meat of a Nativity pie.

When William Wycherley was a lad some fifteen or sixteen years old, England saw what must be—if we except the so-called Reformation—as yet almost her darkest days. She was groaning under the iron heel of Cromwell and the Saints, who, in the excess of their power, were now completely unmasked and had set up a military and magisterial inquisition, the abominable Major-Generals, red-hot ruthless tyrants; and had instituted, as was their wont, wholesale legalized pillaging under the name "decimations," a special tax collected with violence from all cavaliers possessing even the remnants of their former lands and tenures. It was obvious that his son was ripe for further education, more than could be conveniently provided at home, and Daniel Wycherley showed his eminently sound common-sense in sending the boy to complete his studies in France. Here he remained for several years, residing in the vicinity of the Charente, as Dennis informs us in his *Original Letters, Familiar, Moral, and Critical* (1721): "About the age of Fifteen he was sent for Education to the Western parts of France, either to *Saintonge* or the *Angoumais*. His abode there was upon the banks of the *Charente* or very little remov'd from it. And he had there the happiness to be in the neighbourhood of one of the most accomplish'd Ladies of the Court of *France*, Madame *de Montausier*, whom *Voiture* has made famous by several very ingenious letters."[1]

Julie-Lucine d'Angennes, one of the brightest stars of the French *salons* at the zenith of their brilliance, was the eldest and fairest of the seven children of that peerless *précieuse*, Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet.[2] Born in 1607, her dark

[1] Spence in his *Anecdotes* writes: "Wycherley was fifteen or sixteen when he went into France, and was acquainted there with Madame de Rambouillet, a little after Balzac's death." Jean-Louis Guez, seigneur de Balzac (Charente), died in 1654. He led a retired life, devoted to letters, upon his estate, only coming to Paris at rare intervals to visit the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

[2] The courtesy and good taste of this *salon* was universally recognized. Flèchier in his *Oraison funèbre de Mme de Montausier* has: "Souvenez-vous de ces cabinets que l'on regarde encore avec tant de vénération, où l'esprit se purifiait, où la vertu était vénérée sous le nom de

and majestic beauty, which won her the name of "la Princesse,"—as Mademoiselle Paulet from her wealth of Titian hair was "la lionne" and Voiture "l'âme du rond" —had not faded a jot at forty, but seemed even more voluptuous and superb. "Après Hélène il n'y a guère eu de personne dont la beauté ait été plus généralement chantée," wrote Tallemant des Réaux in 1654. All Paris applauded her art when in 1629 she played the daughter of Hasdrubal in Jean Mairet's *Sophonisbé*—all polite Paris, that is to say, privileged to assist at the private performance in the Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre. All Paris admired her as a heroine, for in 1642 she had braved death, nay more, disfigurement, when devotedly nursing the Duchess de Longueville, who had been attacked by virulent small-pox. All Paris worshipped at the shrine of her wit and beauty, and Mademoiselle de Scudéry set the seal of intellectual immortality upon her fame by celebrating her in *Le Grand Cyrus* as Philonide. Not the least devoted of the lovely Julie's admirers was the gallant Charles de Saint-Maure, Marquis de Montausier,[1] a notable figure on Tuesdays at the Hôtel de Rambouillet and on Saturdays in the *salon* of the Rue de Beauce, presided over by l'illustre Sapho in person. The marquis sighed long for the hand of his mistress, but only after modesties, hesitations, demurs, and delays which would have delighted Mandane and Clélie themselves, did she consent to become his bride, and 15 July, 1645, they were married amid every circumstance of pomp and lavish ceremony. Paris, however, was no longer to be graced by the presence of its idol, for de Montausier was Governor of Saintonge and Angoumois, and hither he retired bearing his wife with him. In 1646 he was residing at Angoulême, where the marquise made her exile tolerable by welcoming such guests as Balzac, Menage, Chapelain, Godeau "le nain de Julie," Racan, Gombaud, and the whole mob of local celebrities and minor poets who clustered in her train. Entertainments of every kind, concerts of music, balls, promenades, receptions, masques, comedies, operas, succeeded each other in rapid and dazzling variety. It was whispered, indeed, that these fêtes sometimes had a political purpose, and that the smiles and charming complaisance of the marquise[2] went far to soothe the wounded vanity and vexation of those who had been repelled and hurt by the starched reserve and untimely frankness of her husband. In after-years Molière was to draw him in *Le Misanthrope*,[3] and theatrical tradition has it that the marquis, having attentively and without change of countenance sat through the play, left the house openly declaring that he desired nothing better than to resemble so noble a figure as Alceste.

Visits of great personages, also, were not rare in the provinces, and ample preparation must be made to receive them right royally with costly cheer. In the summer of 1659 Mazarin passed on a journey about five leagues from Angoulême, and, complains the marquise in a letter (dated 13 July) to the Marquise de Villars: "Il a fallu assembler toute la noblesse pour sa reception, et se tourmenter furieusement par le plus grand chaud du monde." In the following May the whole French court debouched

l'incomparable Arthénice, où se rendaient tant de personnes de qualité et de mérite qui composaient une cour choisie, nombreuse sans confusion, modeste sans contrainte, savante sans orgueil, polie sans affectation." Arthénice is Malherbe's anagram for Catherine.

[1] 6 October, 1610–17 May, 1690. He was created a duke and a peer of the realm in 1665.

[2] Tallemant des Réaux, writing of the marquis, says: "Sa femme lui sert furieusement dans la province."

[3] Produced at the Palais-Royal, 4 June, 1666.

on the quiet little town. Louis XIV was on his way to San Jean de Luz, in whose humble parish church, transformed by the " richest hangings and adornments necessary for the greatest wedding that ever was seen in the world," he was to marry the Infanta Maria Teresa, a timid and shrinking girl of nineteen.

It was, no doubt, at some splendid diversion that the handsome English boy attracted the eyes of the marquise, to whom he was presently introduced. The lady found his wit corresponded with his looks, and he in his turn " was equally pleased with the beauty of her Mind, and with the graces of her Person." Before long, indeed, they were frequently together, and it may safely be asserted that Wycherley could have received no better education than in the society of this fascinating and intellectual woman.

The most important happening during Wycherley's sojourn in France was that fundamental change of opinion which, in whomsoever it may occur, is perpetually misunderstood and perversely misrepresented by those whose prejudices will not suffer them to inquire, and whose ignorance cannot tolerate that they should learn. No details have come down to us of his reception into the Catholic Church; we know neither year nor place, nor the name of the priest who received him. That he was in the first instance happily influenced by Julie de Montausier, who at the beginning of their friendship jestingly nicknamed him " le petit Huguenot," seems obvious, and no doubt also the contrast between the elegant and intelligent society of polished Angoulême and the dour ferocity of the rude English puritans he had left swayed him not a little in his choice. He must have felt, too, a little ridiculous with his *solécisme*, as still to-day a Protestant must feel out of place in any Catholic country. There is no reason to suppose that his conversion was not absolutely sincere. The word conversion is a wide and all-embracing term which may imply a process, either brief or long drawn out, raised to the utmost degree of intensity, or on the other hand the quiet development and practical application of existing speculative beliefs rather than the formation of an entirely new system of faith. William James would call conversion the passage slow or rapid which takes place when a soul finds happiness and harmony in the intuition of religious reality after an inward struggle dominated by the sense of its own weakness and misery. This with a slight difference is also the view of the great psychologist Ribot. For James, the religious phenomenon consists, above all, in an affective attitude.[1] This is altogether too narrow and an unsatisfactory definition, for he excludes from his consideration those who arrive at religious facts by intellectual discourse. And by this means was effected the conversion of Wycherley, an intellectual assent to certain demonstrable truths. There was none of the romantic and mystical conviction of Crashaw, burning with rapturous love and adoration; nor yet the clear-cut inevitably logical reasoning of Dryden, eminently practical and assured; nor again the fiery enthusiasm of William George Ward. Wycherley would not have understood the spiritual experiences and agonies of Newman, nor the yearning of Faber, the beloved rector of Elton, who cried to his friend at Littlemore: " I seem to grow more Roman daily, and almost to write from out the bosom of the Roman Church, instead of from where I am." It is useless to demand from a man more than his personality can give, and it were absurd to doubt Wycherley's sincerity or to blame him for lacking the passionate ardours of Bernard Dalgairns and the tireless zeal of Ambrose Saint-John.

[1] See de la Vaissière, *Eléments de psychologie expérimentale*. Paris. Beauchesne, 1912, p. 310.

INTRODUCTION

In England events were moving fast. The death of Oliver Cromwell on 3 September, 1658, the seventh anniversary of the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, and itself for England the supreme "crowning mercy," shattered the revolutionary government into a thousand pieces. The power fell completely into the hands of the soldiery, a dangerous if futile instrument not over skilfully directed by scheming and unscrupulous generals. Cromwell's eldest surviving son, a mere ninny, "Tumbledown Dick," as he was called, was soon disposed of, for after eight months of the feeblest vacillation and indecision he was unceremoniously kicked out by the military autocrats. Chaos seemed imminent: skirmishes between the cavalry and infantry, between rival regiments, between veterans and recruits, had already begun. Even worse than all this, a general civil war between the militia and civilians on the one hand, and the regular troops on the other was on the point of breaking out with fearful violence. The country seethed in a state of general corruption. The complete lack of authority in religious matters had produced the most corrosive effects on domestic life, and the chief effect of keeping a standing army of thirty thousand men in London was to crowd the suburbs of the city with innumerable boozing-kens and bawdy-houses of the vilest description.[1] Lambert, a foolishly arrogant and impotently malicious underling, who had been Cromwell's cuckold, was presently deserted by his troops, and the situation was only saved from utter disaster by the prompt action of General Monk, an unselfish, strong, and honourable leader of men, who, having occupied the metropolis, in March, 1660, summoned a free Parliament, which incontinently resolved to call back their l*awful* sovereign. The Restoration was accomplished, and on Friday, 25 May, 1660, King Charles II landed shortly after midday at Dover, where "infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts," whilst "the shouting and the joy expressed by all" seemed "past imagination."

Early in 1660 Daniel Wycherley, a shrewd observer of political currents, had sent his son word to return to England, as now he might proceed to Oxford, where accordingly he was entered at Queen's College. Anthony à Wood thus sums up his university career: "William Wycherley, the eldest son of Daniel Wycherley of Clive, in Shropshire, became a fellow commoner of Queen's College a little before the Restoration of King Charles II, but wore not a gown, only lived in the Provost's lodgings, was entered in the Public Library under the title of Philosophiæ Studiosus in Jul. 1660 being then about 20 years of age, departed without being matriculated or a degree confer'd upon him, having been by Dr. Barlow reconcil'd to the protestant religion, which he had a little before left in his travels beyond the seas. Afterwards he retired to the Inner Temple."[2]

Oxford, no doubt, had not entirely recovered itself after the dark days of the Puritan ascendancy, and it would seem that Wycherley quitted it in some disgust. The contrast between the University and the agreeable society he had been forced to leave must have been very great, the more so as he was under the watchful charge of Thomas Barlow, a most pestiferous and truculent divine of narrowest views and meanest

[1] See *passim Mercurius Democritus; or, A True and Perfect Nocturnall*, commenced 8 April, 1652, and continued as the *Laughing Mercury*, and again as *Democritus* until the end of February, 1654. It should be remembered that these periodicals were regularly licensed from week to week by the authorities.

[2] *Fasti Oxonienses, sub anno* 1660: "In the month of July this year Will. Wicherley became sojourner in Oxon for the sake of the Public Library."

manners. Born in 1607, Barlow in 1633 was elected a Fellow of Queen's, of which college by underhand practice and long tortuous intrigue he became Provost in 1657. That he contrived to retain his position throughout the rebellion is not surprising, for the fellow was, in truth, a red-hot Calvinist, although upon the King's return he had sufficient cunning to gloze over his Gomarist theology with a veneer of Anglican orthodoxy, and so he kept his place. Daniel Wycherley entrusted his unwilling son to the particular care of Barlow, because the doctor was a prolific, if empty, controversialist, who had won a great reputation for pelting the Catholics with pamphlets and weightier tomes, none of which, however, seemed to have the smallest effect. In daily contact with such a dour fanatic the young Wycherley could but have been most unhappy. That Barlow brought him back to protestantism I do not for a moment believe; that for the sake of peace and quietness he weakly, and even culpably, pretended to conform to his tutor's ideas and so took part in exercise and slept through supralapsarian sermons I am very willing to suppose. He was but a boy, by no means of the stuff whence martyrs are made, and he feigned assent until such time as a means for escape should offer. This he obtained by means of the law, an irresistible argument with his father, who at his son's first tentative suggestion of such a career gladly allowed him to abandon Oxford for the Inner Temple, where William Wycherley was in fact entered 10 November, 1660.

Upon the death of Fuller, Bishop of Lincoln, 22 April, 1675, Barlow managed to obtain that see, the possession of which he enjoyed for sixteen years, leaving behind him, when he died in 1691, the reputation of an able but thoroughly despicable and unworthy character.

Wycherley was now fully embarked upon London life, and although it is obvious that he did not entirely neglect the study of the law—in fact, he seems to have made no small progress in Coke upon Littleton, Plowden, Dalton and the rest,—yet it was equally obvious that he would never wholly give himself up to the intricacies of the legal profession. With his handsome face, gay heart, and witty tongue it was impossible that he should not be drawn into the merry carnival of town pleasures whose votaries blithely circled about their monarch mystagogue. Those were the days also when every man of fashion, every courtier and coxcomb aspired to the title of author.

Years after Pope, nothing if not positive, asserted that Wycherley had given him ample details, which in truth the old man himself must have forgotten long before, concerning the composition of his comedies. "The chronology of Wycherley's plays I am well acquainted with," was the poet's confident and complaisant remark, "for he told it me over and over. *Love in a Wood* he wrote when he was but nineteen; *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* at twenty-one; *The Plain-Dealer* at twenty-five; and *The Country-Wife* at two-and-thirty."[1] From every detail which we know of the plays' production, not to mention the internal evidence, this is so obviously incorrect as scarcely to require refutation. I do not maintain that we can argue absolutely from the critique of *The Country-Wife*, which occurs in Act II of *The Plain-Dealer*, for it may be perversely objected that this dialogue was written some time after the completion of the piece and inserted where it now stands. If so, one can only say that there are no indications whatsoever of any addition, that the conversation flows easily and naturally from point to point, and it seems incredible that so important a passage should have been boldly introduced without showing some signs of disruption

[1] Spence, *Anecdotes*.

somewhere, however well polished and refurbished the scene, for the critique of *The Country-Wife* leads up to and prepares Eliza's exit, a very effectively managed piece of business. In *Love in a Wood* we have allusions to the Great Fire of 1666 ("Has not my Husband's Scutcheon walk'd as much Ground as the Citizens Signs since the Fire?" I, 1); to Perukes, which became fashionable in 1662–3 ("A Lodging is an unnecessary a thing to a Widow that has a Coach, as a Hat to a Man that has a good Peruke," I, 1); to the Vest introduced and first worn by the King in October, 1666[1] ("This counter-fashion Brother of mine, who hates a Vest as much as a Surplice," I, 1); to Guineas, first struck in 1663 ("Your hundred Guineas are As good as in your Lap," I, 1). It is possible that Wycherley who, according to Pope, wrote this comedy in 1659, may have inserted one of the references later, but it is more than improbable that he should have introduced six post-Restoration references—for the vest and guineas are each mentioned twice—in the first scene of his first act. The second scene is the French house, and there are allusions to ombre, a vizard-mask (i.e. a prostitute frequenting the theatres), lace cravats, Court-wits, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields theatre,—but further details were superfluous. To pass from particulars, the whole spirit and action of the play is post-Restoration; Ranger, Vincent, Dapperwit, Sir Simon Addleplot, would have been impossible figures in Cromwell's London. It is safe to say *Love in a Wood* could not have been composed until just before its production at the Theatre Royal; there was no reason why Wycherley should have kept his comedy hidden away in his desk, and every reason on the other hand why he should not. The old man's desultory gossip, repeated, and I doubt not elaborated, by Pope, comes to no more than this—when quite a youngster, perhaps even whilst he was yet in France, Wycherley had drafted a few detached suggestions for scenes, a few fragments of dialogue, maybe, and a decade later when he was composing his first play he remembered these earliest efforts and, reading them over, was able to utilize thence an idea or two, a speech, a quip, an epigram, in his finished and maturer work.

It is probable that in 1665 Wycherley took part in the Dutch War; such an adventure would have delighted the light-hearted dashing young Inner Temple student, and he was seemingly engaged in the famous naval victory when that great and brave commander the Duke of York defeated Admiral Opdam off Harwich on 3 June of that year. Eighteen large Dutch ships were taken and fourteen others were destroyed; Opdam, who engaged the Duke, was blown up and he and all his crew perished. This memorable day has been immortalized by Dryden in *Annus Mirabilis* and in the magnificent opening passages, unsurpassed amongst English prose, of the *Essay of Dramatick Poesie*. It also gave occasion to Dorset's charming song "To all you Ladies now at land," and is, no doubt, the subject of Wycherley's own lines "*On a sea fight which the author was in betwixt the* English *and* Dutch." It should, perhaps, be remarked that one or two inferior writers[2] are of opinion these verses may refer to the third Dutch War of 1672–3 when Prince Rupert encountered de Ruyter. Their reason for this seems to be based upon a reference in the Epilogue to *The Gentle-*

[1] Pepys, Monday, 8 October, 1666: "The King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good." Pepys saw the Duke of York put on the vest, 13 October, and he says that Charles himself wore it on the 15 October. 4 November Pepys dressed himself in the new fashion.

[2] Macaulay; and the egregious Klette, *William Wycherley's Leben und dramatische Werke.*

man Dancing-Master, "all Gentlemen must pack to Sea." But the topical allusions herein are perfectly general, and it is something more than temerarious to argue from such slender premises.

It was not as a dramatist that Wycherley first came before the town. In 1669 he published anonymously a quarto poem, *Hero and Leander in Burlesque*, "Printed for *H. Herringman* at the Blew Anchor in the New Exchange," exemplars of which are now of the last rarity. Wycherley's title to this pasquinade has been disputed. But the whole tenour of the lines is remarkably like his acknowledged work in this kind, and I would especially draw attention to the dissonance of the rhymes, many of which faulty metrical correspondences can be exactly paralleled in his more seriously-intended efforts. In a burlesque an unharmonious rhyme can be forgiven, nay, if cleverly introduced it may even by its very awkwardness add to the spirit of the jest, but Wycherley unfortunately betrays the same dull lack of ear throughout his folio miscellanies of verse. It is extraordinary that a writer whose mastery of vigorous and balanced prose was complete and entire should often succeed so ill in the province of poetry. In any case *Hero and Leander* is reprinted in *The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq.; In Prose and Verse*, Vol. II, 1729, in the Contents to which volume it appears as "Hero *and* Leander, *in Burlesque. Written by* Mr. Wycherley *under* 20 *Years of Age*." There is also a short prefatory note before the actual text (p. 2): "We take the Liberty to add to the former the following small Piece, which we have undoubted Assurance was written by Mr. Wycherley under Twenty Years of Age. The first Production, however imperfect, of such a genius, will not be displeasing to the Curious. It was printed in the Year 1669, from a very faulty Copy, even with Blanks and Omissions of half Couplets in many Places, and Interpolations of strange Lines in others, without the name of Author, Bookseller, or Printer."[1] Robert Watt, again, in his *Bibliotheca Britannica* (Vol. II), definitely assigns the Poem to Wycherley.

The first allusion to the love of Hero and Leander, a simple story, and for that very reason one of the tales which never grow old, would seem to be that exquisite passage in the third Georgic:[2]

> Quid iuuenis, magnum cui uersat in ossibus ignem
> durus amor? Nempe abruptis turbata procellis
> nocte natat caeca serus freta; quem super ingens
> porta tonat caeli, et scopulis illisa reclamant
> aequora; nec miseri possunt reuocare parentes
> nec moritura super crudeli funere uirgo.

The mere mention of the tale without names in Vergil's poem shows that already it must have been familiar in song or carved in famous sculpture or not infrequently painted upon temple-wall. Ovid, next, wrote an epistle in elegiac verse from Leander to Hero, and added thereto the answer of the maid of Sestos. Lucan also names the Hellespont as the straits to which love has given an immortal name:[3]

> amore notatum
> aequor, et Eroas lacrimoso littore turres.

In the Sixth Book of his epic *Thebaidos*[4] Statius makes King Adrastus bestow upon

[1] Notwithstanding this assertion the text of 1669 is by far the completer. See the Textual Notes upon *Hero and Leander* in the present edition.

[2] ll. 258–63. [3] *Pharsalia*, IX, 954–5. [4] ll. 540–7.

Admetus a fair garment, a mantle thrice dipped in Tyrian purple and embroidered with the legend of Leander; his white limbs are shining in the moonlit waters, and so deft was the weaver's craft that he seemed to raise his arms for the stroke as he swam, the briny drops glistened in his hair:

> contra autem frustra sedet anxia turre suprema
> Sestias in speculis. moritur prope conscius ignis.

Even Strabo the geographer refers with acceptance to the old tradition, and Pomponius Mela in his *De situ Orbis* precisely remarks:[1] "Est et Abydo obiacens Sestos, Leandri amore pernobilis."

But it remained for a Greek grammarian of the fifth century, Musæus, of whom nothing save his name is known, to give the final form to this perfect idyll. The little poem of three hundred and forty hexameters is a masterpiece of fragrant beauty. It is true that it is already touched with a peculiar undertone of sweet pathos which tells us the twilight is nigh. Those echoes of outmoded phraseology that blend so curiously with new forms of language, the artificial subtleties of rhythm and pause, the ornate metaphors, the brilliant conceits, the strangely compounded epithets often so daringly decorative in their rich fancy, the thrill of the emotions of the lovers who yield quite simply to the attraction of physical comeliness, the almost cloying grace and mellifluous phrase, all these show an age of literature behind. Yet the scholars of the Renaissance unhesitatingly pronounced Musæus the Alexandrian to be the semi-mythical disciple of Orpheus, the morning star of Hellenic song. And so when Aldus Manutius conceived his noble plan of issuing the entire body of Greek literature from his Venetian press, he first put forth in 1493, or earlier, *Hero and Leander* with a preface, which said: "I was desirous that Musæus, the most ancient poet, should form a prelude to Aristotle and the other sages who will shortly be imprinted at my hands."[2] For a long while this opinion almost universally prevailed, and even the elder Scaliger saw no reason to suspect that the poem was not the work of Homer's shadowy predecessor.

The story of Hero and Leander made an intimate appeal to the romantic Renaissance spirit. In 1537 Bernardo Tasso published at Venice, the very city which had seen the first issue of the original poem and than which no more appropriate birthplace could surely have been found, his Italian paraphrase from Musæus. Four years later in France appeared the version by Clement Marot, pleasing lines "en rithme francaise," which charm us to-day by the savour of the old French and by such quaint turns as "gentilhomme" for stranger and "nonnain" for priestess. In 1585 Bernardino Baldi gave the world a translation which even yet more faithfully followed the fluent Greek.

In England we have Marlowe's poetic masterpiece, a lyric pæan of adolescent beauty. The first and second Sestiad are so informed with the worship of ideal loveliness poured forth from a young man's passionate soul drunk with the sense of those ineffable

[1] Liber II, 2, *Thracia.*

[2] Μουσαῖον τὸν παλαιότατον ποιητὴν ἠθέλησα προοιμιάζειν τῷ τε Ἀριστοτέλει καὶ τῶν σοφῶν τοῖς ἑτέροις αὐτίκα δι' ἐμοῦ ἐντυπησομένοσι. The Musæus appeared without a date. But in 1495 the first volume of Aristotle, accompanied by numerous Greek epigrams and a Greek letter of Scipione Fortiguerra, saw the light, and accordingly the Musæus cannot be later than 1493.

emotions his ardent imagination can scarce clothe in words, so wrought in complex and exquisite cadences of a verse which seems to chime into a pure melody of immortal song, that it were as superfluous to praise as it is impertinent here to discuss this divine poem. Fine as is Chapman's continuation, discoursed in brave and noble measure, I cannot but think it fades from the memory and is almost insensibly forgotten.

Henry Petowe's *The Second Part of Hero and Leander, conteyning their further Fortunes*, published in 1598, seems to call for few remarks. It is imitative, it is not without a certain facility, it is spasmodically vigorous. But I fear that for all the author's protest "To the quicke-sighted Reader" Petowe's "poore harmles *Muse*" has been banished "into the vast wide wildernesse of eternall oblivion."

Chapman also translated "The Divine Poem of Musæus, first of all Bookes," as *Musæus His Erotopaignion De Herone Et Leandro*, a buckram version, which he published with a Dedication to Inigo Jones in 1616. Others who more or less happily englished the original poem were Sir Robert Stapylton with his "Musæus, On the Loves of *Hero* and *Leander* with Annotations upon the Originall," to which is appended a version of the two Ovidian epistles, 12 mo, 1647; Stopford Catcot (1715), Laurence Eusden (*circa* 1720), James Sterling (1728), R. Luck (1736), George Baily (1747), Slade (1753), Francis Fawkes (1760), Greene (1773), Edward Taylor (1783), Adam (1822), Arnold (1873).

Leigh Hunt's *Hero and Leander* (1819) is an agreeable poetical tale with some rather trite sentiment and an occasional pretty couplet, pleasing enough no doubt to those who like such fare. Sir Theodore Martin's *Hero and Leander*, translated from Schiller, which appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, January, 1889, need not engage our attention. The same ballad had been previously turned into French by Adolphe Régnier in his *Oeuvres de Schiller*, traduction nouvelle, Vol. I (1859).

For Stapylton the legend unquestionably had a special attraction, since he also chose it as the subject of *The Tragedie of Hero and Leander*, a drama licensed for printing by Roger L'Estrange, 25 August, 1668, and published quarto in the November of that year with title-page 1669. The piece is dedicated to the Duchess of Monmouth, but there is no record that it was ever seen in a public theatre, and Langbaine says with some reserve: "Whether the Play were ever acted or no, I know not, or where; tho' the Prologue and Epilogue seem to imply that it had appeared on the Stage." In order to farce out his tragedy to the conventional five acts, notwithstanding that he hereby rudely mars the exquisite simplicity of his immortal theme, Stapylton has introduced an amount of extraneous matter and many new characters. Hero's nurse, in particular, was an opportunity not to be missed, and she is clearly reminiscent of the Nurse in *Dido, Queen of Carthage* and *Romeo and Juliet*, of the same long-lived stock as the Nurse of *The Night-Walker* and Biron's nurse in *The Fatal Marriage*. Leander is "A Prince of the House of *Troy*," and Hero "Daughter to *Tiresias*, Supreme Magistrate of *Sestos*." At one juncture Leander enters clad in "his Vest and Night-Cap," a singularly unromantic costume. The Scene is "The Towers and Towns of *Sestos* and *Abydos*, the *Hellespont* flowing between them."

Amongst other English pieces upon the same subject we have Isaac Jackman's burletta in two acts, *Hero and Leander* (8vo, 1787), acted at the Royalty Theatre, Goodman's Fields, very idle fooling. There is also a tragedy, *Leander and Hero*, by Thomas Horde, junior, a grammar-school teacher at Stow-on-the-Wold. It was printed 8vo, 1789, "For the Author." The thing is merely five acts of dull fustian

prose, tumid and tame. Leander is the son of Omar, King of Abydos; Hero, daughter to Armelius, King of Sestos. The lady is provided with a confidante, Amorissa, and also with a royal lover, Altemanzor. I take this to be one of the worst pieces ever written.

On Thursday, 2 June, 1892, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, after having been previously tried out at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, where it had been produced on 9 May, was presented a "Play, in Three Acts, by Kyrle Bellew, suggested by Grillparzer's Version of the Mythological Legend," that is to say a free adaptation of *Hero und Leander Trag.*, by Franz Grillparzer (1791–1872). The scenery was especially beautiful; the chorus, dances, and music were much admired. But it was merely panoramic and spectacular, lacking both poetry and incident. "As a ballet," wrote one critic, "*Hero and Leander* is agreeable enough, as a play it is empty and undramatic." Kyrle Bellew acted the lover, Mrs. Brown-Potter Hero. "The leading characters were thankless, the secondary ones barren indeed of opportunities." And so after a very brief run this play disappeared from the stage.

In his Prologue Stapylton complains that the story Musæus sang was frequently parodied in his day, and above all had become a favourite show for fantoccini:

> For Love and Honour (The arms of former Ages)
> Are turn'd into Burlesque on modern Stages:
> Where a Jack-Pudding acts great *Alexander*,
> And Puppets play mock *Hero* and *Leander*.

And perhaps the legend of Hero and Leander as the subject for a burlesque poem was suggested to Wycherley by the puppet-play Ben Jonson introduces into the fifth act of *Bartholomew Fair* under the sounding mock-title "The Ancient Modern History of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of Friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bankside." The motion, which is very coarse but very amusing, in some details closely resembles Wycherley's verses, and he must, I think, have had it in mind. It seems probable that he also knew Scarron's parody of the story in the *Ode burlesque à Fouquet*, Paris, de Sommeville, 1656, entitled *Léandre et Héro, ode burlesque.* In English there is also *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, a mock poem, which was very popular, as is shown by the many editions: 8vo, 1651; 8vo, 1653; 12mo, 1662; 12mo, 1677; 12mo, 1705. But I cannot find that it is of any value. The two lovers were the subject of a chap-book which was often reprinted in the eighteenth and even early in the nineteenth century. They were also sung in many famous ballads, sonnets, and other forms of ephemeral verse.

About the fourth decade of the seventeenth century Burlesque verses had been introduced at Paris, and before a few years this extravagance dominated literature to an almost incredible extent. It has not, I think, before been noticed that Burlesque verses are the direct descendant of the Maccaronic poets of Italy, Tisi Odassi of Padua, Fossa of Cremona, Giorgio Alione, and above all the Benedictine Girolamo Folengo. It is true that Maccaronic poetry, which owes its origin to the mediæval *Carmina Burana* and the Goliardi, employs a strange and novel admixture of language of which the Travestie knows nothing, but the matter and method of both are identical, the Maccaronic jargon being to some extent represented by gutter slang. Both Maccaronic poetry and Burlesque degraded heroic themes and aped Vergilian phrase

whilst bespattering their subjects with folly and filth, experiments in which the English writers proved themselves far more adept than the French. Their inspiration was drawn from slums and stews, their Muses were Cloacina and Nigrina black. Folengo, indeed, coarsely repudiated the Nine, and cried:

> Jam nec Melpomene, Clio, nec magna Thalia,
> nec Phoebus grattando lyram mihi carmina dictet.

For his are *grossae Camoenae*

> Et me grossiloquum uatem statuere sorores.

At Paris the buffoonery of burlesque verse was probably first exploited by Marc-Antoine Gerard, Sieur de Saint-Amant, who was born at Rouen in 1594 and died at Paris 29 December, 1661. Upon the foundation of the French Academy he was elected a member, and to him was entrusted the compilation of that portion of the Dictionary which was to contain *les termes grotesques de la langue*. His burlesque poem *Rome ridicule* (Second edition, 4to, 1643) appeared anonymously, and the bookseller was severely censured. After a visit to England he published a *caprice héroï-comique Albion*, and many other of his lighter verses, *la Crevaille*, *les Goinfres*, *le Poëtecrotté*, *le Fromage*, this last highly reminiscent of Italian *capitoli*, acquired great notoriety. In his later life when he dwelt retired he expressed humblest contrition for the scandal he had given, for these poems reached an unexampled license, and one writer, whose name and work are best devoted to oblivion, even had the indecency to take the Crucifixion as the subject of his verses.

In England the mock-heroic poem or travestie was firmly established by Butler's famous *Hudibras*, the first part of which was published in 1663, the second part in 1664, whilst the third part did not appear until 1678. This extraordinarily witty and ablest of satires was greeted with the warmest enthusiasm, and indeed its merits deserved no less. Butler is, of course, in a minor degree indebted to many sources which there is neither occasion nor leisure here to investigate in full. Although he has no small portion of the vigour of Francesco Berni, that "primo e vero trovatore, Maestro e padre del burlesco stile" as Il Lasca not unjustly calls him, whilst the octosyllabic lines of *Hudibras* swing with a quick rhythm and caustic cadences astonishingly like the metrical scheme which informs the *terza rima* of the Italian poet, it may seem improbable that Butler had ever closely studied the fluent and witty *Capitoli*. Yet not infrequently Berni's thumb-nail sketches of individuals have an extraordinary resemblance to the personages of the later satire. There is the housekeeper, a beldame possessed of all the eld of viragos in ancient chivalric romance:

> Io ho per cameriera mia l'Ancroja
> Madre di Ferraù, zia di Morgante,
> Arcavola maggior dell' Amostante,
> Balia del Turco e suocera del Boja.

This is Trulla to the life. Hudibras upon his horse is Alcionio upon his mule:

> Quella che per soperchio digiunare
> Tra l'anime celesti benedette
> Come un corpo diafano traspare.

Even the old rascal's beard—a hit at Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard—which is so elaborately described, has its prototype in the beard of Domenico d' Ancona. This was shorn by a rude barber, and the memory thereof awakens tenderest sympathy:

> Or hai dato, barbier, l'ultimo crollo
> Ad una barba la più singolare
> Che mai fosse descritta in verso o'n prosa.

Butler probably knew Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, translated from Sebastian Brant's *Narrenschiff*. With *Moriae Encomium* he was assuredly acquainted, and the *Adagia* furnished him with more than one apt allusion and learned illustration. He was an ardent lover of Rabelais, whose influence is strongly marked both in thought and phrase; and it is not difficult to trace Skelton's sturdy vigour and swing. But, as regards style, Butler's chief model was Scarron, whose *Virgile travesti* had been published only ten years before. Scarron, indeed, is expressly mentioned by Butler in a note upon Vickars, an absurd republican poetaster, who "translated *Virgils Æneids* into as horrible a Travesty in earnest as the French *Scarron* did in Burlesque." Vergil is even parodied in *Hudibras*. Trulla is described (Part I, Canto 3) as:

> light of foot . . .
> But not so light as to be borne
> Upon the Ears of standing Corn,
> Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
> Than Witches, when their Staves they Liquor.

This is in mocking imitation of the *Æneid*, VII, 808–11:

> Illa uel intactae segetis per summa uolaret
> gramina nec teneras cursu laesisset aristas,
> uel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti
> ferret iter celeres neque tingent aequore plantas.

So when Trulla leads away Bruin the bear and conducts

> The Warrior to a grassy Bed,
> As Authors write, in a cool shade
> Which Eglantine and Roses made,
> Close by a softly murm'ring Stream,
> Where lovers us'd to loll and dream,

we remember the bower where Venus leaves the sleeping Ascanius

> Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
> floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.

Again, the description of Fame (Part II, Canto 1), who informs the Widow that Hudibras is set in the stocks, is ludicrously copied from the Fourth Book of the *Æneid*. Even Vergilian metrical effects are imitated, as in the following aposiopesis:

> Which now thou shalt—but first our care
> Must see how Hudibras doth fare.

This is suggested by *Æneid*, I, 135:

> quos ego—sed motos praestat componere fluctus.

INTRODUCTION

Scarcely less popular than *Hudibras* was Charles Cotton's *Scarronides*, a ribald burlesque of the First Book of the *Æneid*, published in 1664, which he followed up in the following year with a similar version of the Fourth Book. It is truly astonishing to realize that not only was this doggerel obscenity in its fourteenth edition in 1743, but that it was still being reprinted in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century. It may be conceded that passages of Cotton's *The Scoffer Scoff'd*, an extravagant reproduction of six-and-twenty of Lucien's *Dialogues*, which often accompanies the *Scarronides*, are cleverly turned and not unamusing, but it is intolerable to think of "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man" transmogrified to this dirty sooterkin.

Other burlesques were James Scudmore's *Homer à la Mode*, 1664; R. Monsey's *Scarronides*, 1665; John Phillips' *Typhon*, 1665; and *Maronides* (a parody of the Fifth Æneid), 1672; *Ovidius Exalans, or Ovid Travestie*, 1673; and best of all, perhaps, Alexander Radcliffe's vivacious *Ovid Travestie*, a burlesque upon Ovid's Epistles. Their name in truth was legion.

Truly in these vulgar poems, as Crowne said, "a Hero and Heroine talk like Higlers or Costardmongers," whilst Dryden with his usual infallible acumen summed up the whole situation by tartly remarking that Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate.

It must not be supposed that Wycherley's poem *bouffe* is in any way a parody of Marlowe, nor yet indeed of Musæus. He has merely taken a story which, however beautiful in the original, had already more than once been ignobly caricatured, and he has treated it in the spirit of fashionable burlesque. To those who have little acquaintance with Maccaronic verses and travesties *Hero and Leander in Burlesque* may come as something of a shock, but those who have read Folengo and Scarron, Cotton and Alexander Radcliffe, will be the better able to appreciate Wycherley's jest. Setting aside the question of taste which is impertinent, for the permissibility of the genre is a postulate, it must then be acknowledged that these verses are often amusing, and certainly not destitute of vigour and vitality.

But it was not by his pasquinade, however racy and modish, that Wycherley attracted the full attention of the Town. Yet he was not long to wait for complete success. In the autumn of 1671, possibly early in October, his first play, *Love in a Wood; or, St. James's Park*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Bridges Street, the house which theatrical historians are, for convenience' sake, accustomed to term Drury Lane. It may perhaps be worth noting that Giles Jacob published a silly little farce, *Love in a Wood; or, The Country Squire* (12mo, 1714). It has nothing in common with the earlier play. This excellent comedy was interpreted by a brilliant cast, which included the two leading actors of the day: Charles Hart, who played the important rôle of Ranger,[1] the hot-headed, full-blooded, free-and-easy young gallant, a blade with no inconsiderable stock of impudence and an equal share of wit;[2] and Michael Mohun, who created the no less difficult part of Dapperwit, the pert second-hand beau, an officious fopling, his head as empty as his pocket, his mouth ever crammed with similes which he clacks out so fast that he will almost rather lose his mistress

[1] Ranger, a spark very similar to Wycherley's hero, appears in *The Suspicious Husband*. This part was created by Garrick.

[2] "Hart generally shone in the gay gentleman, such as Dorimant and Loveless in Sir Fopling Flutter and the Scornful Lady." Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, III, 262. But it should be observed that the original Dorimant was Betterton (Downes).

than fail to vent 'em. The jealous Valentine found, no doubt, an admirable exponent in Edward Kynaston, who some four years later achieved a triumph as the haughty Morat in *Aureng-Zebe*. "He had a piercing eye," says Cibber, "and in characters of heroic life a quick imperious vivacity in his tone of voice that painted the tyrant truly terrible. There were two plays of Dryden in which he shone with uncommon lustre: in 'Aureng-Zebe' he played *Morat*, and in 'Don Sebastian,' Muley Moloch; in both these parts he had a fierce lion-like majesty in his part and utterance that gave the spectator a kind of trembling admiration." At the time of the production of *Love in a Wood* he had scarcely reached the maturity of that beauty which when he was a mere boy a decade before, appearing in petticoats as Olympia in *The Loyal Subject*, had made Pepys—no mean judge—enthusiastically acclaim him "the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life." The representative of Vincent was Dick Bell, a rising young actor of much merit, who unhappily lost his life in the disastrous fire which broke out between seven and eight o'clock on Thursday evening, 25 January, 1671–2, burning down the Theatre Royal and doing terrible damage in Russell Street and Vinegar Yard. Sir Simon Addleplot, a part which in the hands of an experienced comedian could be made exquisitely funny, was safe with William Wintershall, famous for Slender and Sir Amorous La Foole, whilst, as Downes tells us, he so excelled "in *Cokes* in Bartholomew Fair that the famous Comedian Nokes came in that part far short of him." Old Alderman Gripe, a portrait evidently drawn from the life and enriched with a thousand telling touches close observation alone could have supplied, fell to John Lacy, "whose Abilities in Action were sufficiently known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and perform'd all Parts that he undertook to a miracle; insomuch that I am apt to believe that as *this* Age never had, so the *next* never will have his *Equal*, at least not his *Superiour*. He was so well approv'd of by King *Charles* the Second, an undeniable Judge in Dramatick Arts, that he caus'd his Picture to be drawn, in three several Figures in the same Table, *viz.* that of *Teague* in the *Committee*, Mr. *Scruple* in *The Cheats*, and *M. Galliard* in *The Variety*."[1] Lacy was selected by the Duke of Buckingham to create Bayes in *The Rehearsal*,[2] in which rôle he won universal applause. He was also very great in Jonson, as Captain Otter, Sir Politique, and Ananias, whilst when he played Sir Roger in *The Scornful Lady* to Mrs. Corey's Abigail the theatre fairly rocked with laughter, and even the critics swore that comedy could no further go. Lacy was an author too. He turned *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* into a five-act farce, *The Dumb Lady; or, The Farrier Made Physician*, an amusing, if extravagant, piece of work. The dialogue is at times a little rough, maybe, but it is full of fun and the scenes rattle away merrily. *The Old Troop; or, Monsieur Raggou*, was produced at the Theatre Royal on Friday, 31 July, 1668, "the King and Court all there, and mighty merry—a farce," says Pepys. This droll piece deservedly held the stage for half a century. The principal characters are Royalist officers and privates in a troop of horse at the time of the Great Rebellion, and it is remarkable that the dramatist has

[1] Langbaine. The picture is by Michael Wright. Cf. Evelyn, 3 October, 1662: "Visited Mr. Wright, a Scotchman, who had lived long in Rome, and was esteemed a good painter . . . his best [picture], in my opinion, is Lacy, the famous Roscius or comedian, whom he has painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a Presbyterian minister, and a Scotch highlander in his plaid. It is in his Majesty's dining-room at Windsor."

[2] Produced 7 December, 1671.

not spared the cavaliers who are represented as plundering the country-folk without mercy. But during the Civil Wars Lacy had procured a commission as lieutenant and quartermaster under Colonel Lord Gerrard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, so no doubt these scenes are drawn from the stark reality of actual experience. The Roundheads are agreeably scarified, and there is a very funny episode of Captain Tubtext and the two holy sisters, one of whom naïvely observes: "I am overjoyed to hear that religious lambs may play, and yet not sin." That these are portraits from the life hardly admits of doubt. *Sauny the Scot; or, The Taming of the Shrew*, is an adaptation from Shakespeare's play with some intermingling of *The Tamer Tamed* in the last act, which deviates upon lines of its own. The scene is laid in London and the dialogue is prose throughout. The chief reason for this version seems to be the new character Sauny, Petruchio's Scotch Footman, performed by Lacy himself, and afterwards a favourite rôle with the celebrated low comedian Bullock. *Sir Hercules Buffoon; or, The Poetical Squire*, was produced in the theatre and published (quarto, 1684) after the author's death. It is a brisk, lively piece, well calculated to entertain an audience. "I know not," says Langbaine, "how this Play succeeded on the Theatre, but I am confident had the Author been alive to have grac'd it with *his* Action it could not have fail'd of Applause."

My Lady Flippant, the chief female rôle in *Love in a Wood*, was acted by that "merry jade" Mrs. Mary Knepp, to whom there are very many references in Pepys' Diary and very few elsewhere. "Pretty enough," Pepys calls her, "but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life." No doubt it was owing to her sweet voice that Wycherley introduced the song "A spouse I do hate" in Act I. She was married to a morose and angry husband, "an ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow," and the mother of at least one child, a boy, born in June, 1666. From the large variety of important parts she played it is certain that Mrs. Knepp must have been exceptionally talented; Tom Killigrew, indeed, told Pepys "That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a-year more." Downes mentions her amongst our earliest professional actresses, and her name constantly occurs in printed casts until 1678. The last piece in which she appeared is seemingly D'Urfey's *Trick for Trick; or, The Debauch'd Hypocrite*, a free adaptation from *Monsieur Thomas*, produced at Drury Lane early (possibly February) in 1677–8, when she acted Mrs. Dorothy to the Monsieur Thomas of Hart and the Cellida of Mrs. Boutell. Of her subsequent history nothing is known.

Mrs. Corey, who appeared as Mrs. Joyner, the pursy old puritan procuress, was an actress of broad comic powers. She probably made her début at Vere Street as early as December, 1660, and in her two-and-thirty long years of stage life she filled a vast number of parts. From the very outset she attained a high reputation, and in her own line, "old women," she was regarded as simply unapproachable. Pepys especially praises her performance in *The Scornful Lady*, which he saw on Thursday, 27 December, 1666, "Doll Common doing Abigail most excellently." The name Doll Common was given to Mrs. Corey owing to her superlative acting of that character in *The Alchemist*. On Friday, 18 December, 1668, the Theatre Royal gave a sumptuous and long-delayed revival of Jonson's *Catiline*, with Hart in the title-rôle; Mohun, Cethegus, a part he made peculiarly his own; Burt, Cicero; and Mrs. Corey, Sempronia. Kynaston, Beeston, Wintershall, Cartwright, Reeves, Gradwell, and Dick Bell were

also in the cast. In this production, which had been urged on Killigrew by Buckingham and Dorset, two ardent Jonsonians, the King himself was keenly interested and gave the theatre no less than five hundred pounds for new costumes. The Town talked long and loudly of the number of men-hirelings (as supers were picturesquely called); of the sixteen scarlet robes to be worn in the Senate scene, which was particularly fine and magnifical; of the battle entailing all the resources of the stage. As a bonne-bouche this ultra-classical tragedy was ushered in with a prologue "merrily spoken by Mrs. *Nell* in an *Amazonian* habit," and wound up with a saucy epilogue archly delivered by the same fair favourite of the theatre. Such attractions thronged the house. Scenting a fit opportunity for malice or revenge, Lady Castlemaine, who always evinced a marked partiality for the King's company, and had not disdained to make use of the kindly services of Becky Marshall in her intrigues with handsome Charles Hart, sent for Mrs. Corey and gave her certain private instructions. At the next performance the actress all through her part cleverly mimicked to the life the oddities of the notorious Lady Harvey, most whimsical of fantasts, whilst the audience fairly rocked with uncontrollable laughter. The cause of the quarrel between this "very witty and intriguing wench," as James II once dubbed her, and the imperious mistress is unknown. Elizabeth Montagu had married Sir Daniel Harvey (who was appointed ambassador to Constantinople in 1668) some years previously. The dispute may have arisen in the summer of 1667, at the time Sir Daniel was lodging Lady Castlemaine at his house in Covent Garden on the occasion of her having flounced out of Whitehall, when the King not over-delicately alluded to her amour with "the invincible" Harry Jermyn. But if Barbara Villiers could revenge in kind, Elizabeth Harvey could resent. Without delay the angry dame passionately appealed to Edward Montagu, Earl of Manchester, the then Lord Chamberlain, "a sweet meek man," who at the vehement upbraidings of his kinswoman forthwith imprisoned the insolent actress. Mrs. Corey's detention, however, was but of the briefest duration, for she was immediately released by express order of the King at the instigation, or rather command, of his all-powerful mistress. Nay more, instructions were sent her "to act it again, worse than ever," when Charles himself was present in the royal box. Maddened at so gross an affront, Lady Harvey for her part on the same day set stalwart hooligans in various parts of the galleries to hiss furiously and pelt the stage with a shower of oranges and rotten fruit. An indescribable Pandemonium ensued that led to very real and serious troubles "even to the sober engaging of great persons." Both King and court were deeply involved, but supported by Lady Castlemaine, who at that juncture was "in a higher command over the King than ever—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant, to command him," the actress triumphed. Mrs. Corey excelled in Jonson, especially as Mrs. Otter and Fine Madame Would-Bee to the Captain Otter and Sir Politique of Lacy. Amongst Mrs. Corey's many original parts were Mrs. Whitebroth in Wilson's notable comedy *The Cheats*, Vere Street, March, 1662–3; Melissa, *Secret Love*, Theatre Royal, 2 March, 1667; the English Woman in Dryden's topical and telling drama *Amboyna*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the spring of 1673; Lucy, *The Country-Wife*, Drury Lane, January, 1674–5; Widow Blackacre, *The Plain-Dealer*, Drury Lane, December, 1676; Sysigambis, *The Rival Queens*, Drury Lane, March, 1676–7; Octavia, *All for Love*, Drury Lane, December, 1677; Begona, the Queen-Mother, in Southerne's first play, an excellent piece of work, *The Loyal Brother*, aptly written in compliment to the Duke of York, and produced at Drury Lane in

the early spring of 1682; Dame Dobson, the title-rôle of Ravenscroft's "recantation play" *Dame Dobson; or, The Cunning Woman*, produced at Drury Lane in the early autumn of 1683, and being little more than an English version of the great French success *La Devineresse; ou les faux Enchantements* (sometimes known as *Madame Jobin*), a capital comedy by Thomas Corneille and Jean Donneau de Vise, originally acted in 1679; Ruth, a precise old duenna, in *The Squire of Alsatia*, produced at Drury Lane, May, 1688; Mrs. Crowstick, teacher to the Boarding-School, in D'Urfey's excellent *Love for Money; or, The Boarding-School*, produced in December, 1689, at Drury Lane; Bromia, *Amphitryon*, Drury Lane, October, 1690; Mrs. Teazall, *The Wives' Excuse*, Drury Lane, December, 1691; Lady Bumfiddle, "A Prating, Matchmaking, Eating, Impertinent Creature visiting everyone for the sake of a good Dinner, and always teizing 'em with fulsome stories of the Intrigues about the Town," a very modern type in D'Urfey's first-rate comedy *The Marriage-Hater Match'd*, produced at Drury Lane in January, 1691–2, and acted six consecutive nights to crowded houses. Mrs. Corey's last appearance seems to have been as the Abbess of Cheston in a revival at Drury Lane, 1692, of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, that "dear little drama," as it has been called, a play full of love, romantic friendship, and sympathy, truly tender and sweet, whose scenes are fresh and pure as the country-side and the fragrant dawn of which they treat. Betterton acted Sir Ralph Jerningham; Mountfort, Raymond Mounchensey; Nokes, Sir John; Leigh, the Host; Kynaston, the warlock Fabel; Mrs. Leigh, Lady Clare; and Mrs. Bracegirdle, Millicent.

Of the two ladies who played the more serious parts, Mrs. Betty Cox, Lydia, was celebrated for romantic heroines such as Palmyra, *Marriage à-la-Mode;* Panthea, *A King and No King;* Indamora, *Aureng-Zebe;* Octavia, which she acted to the Nero of Hart, in *The Tragedy of Nero, Emperour of Rome;* Sophonisba with Hart as King Massinissa and Mohun Hannibal in *Sophonisba; or, Hannibal's Overthrow.* An exquisite Desdemona to the Othello of Hart and Iago of Mohun, in comedy she created several considerable rôles, including Violetta in *The Assignation*, and Constantia in *The Amorous Old-Woman.*

Yet far above this fascinating figure stands Mrs. Boutell, Wycherley's Christina, of whom it would be almost safe to say that there were few pieces of importance produced by Killigrew's company in which she had not a leading part. Even a decade after the Union, when her name does not so frequently occur and she began to resign some rôles to Mrs. Bracegirdle, the latter with all her wealth of charm could not persuade the Town to forget their lovely "chestnut-maned" Boutell. Amongst her many rôles in comedy, a province in which the critics voted her superb, were Estifania, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife;* Lilia-Bianca, *The Wild-Goose Chase;* Donna Theodosia, *An Evening's Love;* Mrs. Pinchwife, *The Country-Wife;* Fidelia, *The Plain-Dealer;* and above all Melantha in *Marriage à-la-Mode*, a supreme creation, the memory of which was long handed down by theatrical tradition. Perhaps the most brilliant pages of Colley Cibber's famous *Apology* are those which give a critical analysis of the part of Melantha as played by Susanna Mountfort, the successor of Mrs. Boutell in this part. And yet even the Mountfort, who in *The Comparison of the Two Stages* is frankly declared "a miracle," and beside whom Anne Oldfield and the beautiful Mrs. Rogers were but faint rushlights of Thalia, could not approach the excellence of Mrs. Boutell.

What *Boutell*, under th' author's eye, exprest,
What from her lips fantastic *Montfort* caught,
And almost mov'd the thing y^e^ poet thought.

In tragedy Mrs. Boutell was, if possible, even more admired than in her lighter scenes. Her Aspatia in *The Maid's Tragedy* was deemed incomparable, a picture of perfect pathos and sweetest sincerity. She was the original Benzayda in *The Conquest of Granada ;* Cyara, the mistress of Britannicus, in *Nero ;* Rosalinda in *Sophonisba ;* Clarona in *The Destruction of Jerusalem ;* Semandra in *Mithridates ;* and the amorous Cleopatra in Dryden's great and splendid tragedy *All for Love ; or, The World well Lost*, which, it is interesting to note, his contemporaries also knew as *Anthony and Cleopatra*. The rôle, however, which won her overwhelming applause was Statira in *The Rival Queens ; or, The Death of Alexander the Great*, which she played to the Alexander of Hart and the Roxana of the glowing Mrs. Marshall.

In connexion with this drama Curll's *History of the Stage* has a celebrated anecdote. "Once at the acting the last scene of this Play Mrs. *Barry* wounded Mrs. *Boutel* (who first played the Part of *Statira*), the occasion of which I shall here relate. It happened these Two Persons before they had appeared to the Audience, unfortunately had some Dispute about a *Veil* which Mrs. *Boutel* by the Partiality of the Property-Man obtained; this offending the haughty *Roxana*, they had warm Disputes behind the Scenes, which spirited the Rivals with such a natural Resentment to each other, they were so violent in performing their Parts, and acted with such Vivacity, that *Statira*, on hearing the King was nigh, *begs the Gods to help her for that Moment ;* on which *Roxana*, hastening the designed Blow, struck with such Force, that tho' the Point of the Dagger was blunted, it made way through Mrs. *Boutel's* stayes, and entered about a Quarter of an Inch in the Flesh. This Accident made a great Bustle in the House, and alarmed the Town; many different Stories were told; some affirmed Mrs. *Barry* was jealous of Mrs. *Boutel* and Lord *Rochester*, which made them suppose she did it with Design to destroy her; but by all that could be discovered on the strictest Examination of both Parties, it was only the *Veil* these two Ladies contended for, and Mrs. *Barry* being warm with Anger, in her Part she struck the Dagger with less caution than at other times."[1] The satires of the day speak in broad terms of Mrs. Boutell's amours, many and free, and there is little doubt that the Veil was a pretext, and jealousy of some admirer lured from her mercenary toils nerved Mrs. Barry's arm. Dr. Doran repeats—I do not know upon what authority—a precisely similar story with reference to Peg Woffington (*Roxana*) and George Ann Bellamy (*Statira*). The latter lady had obtained a spangled sacque from Paris, clad in which she counted upon eclipsing her rival, who, however, at the cue

Nor he, nor Heav'n shall shield thee from my justice,
Die, sorc'ress, die, and all my wrongs die with thee,[2]

rolled the unfortunate Statira over and over on the green carpet, tearing her silks

[1] The great tragedienne Mrs. Crawford once whilst acting Euphrasia in *The Grecian Daughter* was so carried away by her feelings that when she stabbed the tyrant Dionysius, Palmer, who played this rôle, declared he felt the effects of her blow some months after.

[2] These two lines are not Lee's but a late interpolation of the prompt-books. Few dramas have been so mutilated and wantonly rearranged as *The Rival Queens*.

and lace, and unmercifully pommelling her with the handle of the property dagger. This second incident sounds suspicious, and I cannot help thinking that Dr. Doran drew upon some mid-eighteenth century gossip, and that it is in fact but the original story brought up-to-date and well spiced for contemporaries by the names being altered to those of prominent actresses of the day.

With so brilliant a cast *Love in a Wood* could scarcely have failed of success. It is, indeed, an excellent comedy, and although it may be objected that there is no very close inter-relation between the two themes, the jealous love of Valentine for Christina and the business of the Gripe *ménage*, yet Lady Flippant, the ubiquitous Ranger, Dapperwit, and Sir Simon with their clandestine intrigues and cross purposes, their visits to Pepper Alley and midnight rambles in the park, their mistakes and misadventures, afford quite sufficient connexion, nor in the conduct of his neatly-balanced scenes does Wycherley give any one episode more importance than another. The characters are all well drawn and clearly individualized. The folly of Dapperwit is not the same as the folly of Sir Simon Addleplot; Mrs. Joyner and Mrs. Crossbite, the two old harridans, are separate and distinct; they are no mere lay figures; Crossbite, lean, sour, hatchet-faced, and sharp-tongued, is apparently the bolder and more brazen of the two. Joyner, fat, pursy, vast-bosomed and double-chinned, is hypocritically obsequious and smooth as oil, but in truth no whit the less grasping and dangerous. The two minxes, again, Lucy and Mrs. Martha, have much in common. They are both saucy and shameless; both impudently affect innocence and simplicity; they are both whores. And yet each one has her own individual characteristics: her mode of speech, her style, and diversely cunning address.

The more serious intrigue of the play, the nice honour of Valentine, the tender passion of Christina, who cloisters herself during his absence and dreams only of him, designing to cross to France to wed him and live there a happy exile, although she is a great heiress and he has not a groat, the common-sense friendliness of Vincent, the idle escapade of Lydia, to whom Christina is so romantically true in spite of her lover's suspicion and angry reproach, all this seems to me unmistakably to point to a Spanish original. In the theatre of Tirso de Molina, Guillén de Castro, Ruiz de Alarcón, Zorilla, Moreto, and a score beside, we meet with exactly the same refined emotions, the conflicts of love and loyalty, the hot jealousies and generous sentiment ready to sacrifice all in circumstances of agonizing difficulty rather than betray a trust. It is a world of ceremonious courtesies, yet pervaded by real simplicity of feeling, shown by devoted friendships and by passionate adoration of the beloved. To us it may seem fantastically exaggerated, to many modern minds it is frankly absurd, but surely it is to be wished that even in these latter days there were left somewhere something of that knightly dignity and chivalry of soul which sped Don Quixote upon his Rozinante over the plains of La Mancha, and gave us the ideal of a very noble Christian gentleman.

It may not be too minor a detail to point to the names of the two typical *criadas* in *Love and a Wood*, Isabel and Leonore. Wycherley was, we know, a Spanish scholar, and for my part I expect any day to meet Valentine and Vincent as Don César and Don Juan, Christina and Lydia as Angela and Beatriz in some Castilian *comedia de capa y espada*, although I do not think I have as yet read the exact original, which, no doubt, exists among the thirty thousand plays computed to have been produced between 1590, when Lope de Vega began his career at Madrid, and 1681, when Calderon died there.

INTRODUCTION

The central situation in Mrs. Centlivre's long-lived comedy[1] *The Wonder : a woman keeps a secret*, produced at Drury Lane, 27 April, 1714, was certainly derived from *Love in a Wood*. Faithful to her promise, Donna Violante upon principle endures bitter shame, and even insults, from her jealous lover Don Felix, although she has confutation always in her power, and she is continually under the strongest provocation to resort to it. Felix has seriously wounded Antonio in a duel and is obliged to lie concealed. His sister Isabella, to avoid a marriage with old Don Guzman into which her father wishes to force her, escapes by her balcony, and swooning at the peril of such an undertaking, falls into the arms of Colonel Briton, who carries her to the first house near, of which the door is open, and this proves to be Violante's. Here Isabella is hidden awhile, and the Colonel shortly presents himself, giving a signal at the window. Felix, who is secretly visiting his mistress, hears the tap and instantly conceives violent suspicions to which various seemingly mysterious events lend sufficient colour.[2]

The theme of the duel, and the lover who is in consequence perforce banished the sight of his mistress, but who returns privily and at risk of his life to see her, is very common in the Spanish theatre. So at the commencement of Calderon's *El Escondido y la Tapada* we have Don César, a *caballero*, who has fled to Portugal, having killed in the *Parque* Don Alonso, his rival for the affections of a young lady named Celia, and who arrives with his servant in the outskirts of Madrid, called back to the capital by a letter of Celia's, who, in the absence of her brother, Don Félix, offers to conceal her lover in her house whilst he is purchasing his pardon. Don César is careful to inform us that he killed his man in fair fight (*cara à cara*), and that he did not assassinate him (*à estocadas*); and so long as this was the case he seems to have felt very little compunction or remorse. It was merely a *trance funesto*, a regrettable incident, more particularly as involving disagreeable consequences, but still quite a gentlemanly, in fact the only gentlemanly, act.

If, however, Valentine and Christina are native Madrileños, Alderman Gripe, his sister and daughter, his clerk and Mrs. Joyner, are English of the English. The delineation of Gripe's household is exquisitely happy, and these scenes of rich comedy give ample promise of a masterpiece to come. The characters are exactly true to life, and they are presented to us as the ripe fruit of that keen observation which is the hall-mark of a great dramatist. We know that there were in London a considerable number of precisian old citizens, men well leavened with the parliamentarian hypocrisy, seemingly very religious and severe, but in reality under the rose leading lives of the greatest licentiousness. A few years later the Gripes of Aldgate and Cheapside swelled the ranks of the factious Whigs and set up as their idol the unspeakable Titus Oates.

[1] It continued to be played with applause until the middle of the nineteenth century.

[2] The scene of *The Wonder : a woman keeps a secret* is Lisbon. Wilks acted Don Felix ; Mills, Colonel Briton ; Mrs. Oldfield, Donna Violante ; Mrs. Santlow, Donna Isabella. Mrs. Centlivre may have known *El Escondido y la Tapada*. In the preface to *The Perplex'd Lovers*, 4to, 1712, she candidly avows her indebtedness to a Spanish original for the business of her comedy. *The Wonder* owes something to Ravenscroft's *The Wrangling Lovers ; or, The Invisible Mistress*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1676. "This play," Langbaine asserts, "is founded upon a *Spanish* Romance in 8° translated and called *Deceptio visus*, or, *Seeing and Believing are two things*. *Th. Corneille* has a Play writ on the same subject, called *Les Engagements du Hazard*."

Old Gripe is fittingly served by Mrs. Joyner the sanctified bawd, who also plies her trade on the behalf of his sister, the man-hunting widow "of most hot exercise, more then a partrich."

The excellent construction of the play, an extremely rare quality in a first piece, should be carefully noted. Interest is awakened with the opening sentences at the very rise of the curtain, and the plot is developed with the greatest ease and naturalness throughout. The various threads are deftly interwoven, and although, as has been noticed above, superficially it may be supposed that the connexion between the jealousy of Valentine and the Gripe episodes is somewhat slender, a careful examination will show the care and finished art with which Wycherley has planned his succession of scenes and arranged his material. The wit of the dialogue is exceedingly pleasant and in every case agreeable to each character. Lively repartee and sharp satirical reflexions are scattered pell-mell with a bounteous hand, but in no instance has Wycherley merely interrupted his design and suspended his action to entertain an audience with a brilliant shower of dazzling bon-mots. His coxcombs and fools talk according to their folly—only they are such pure fools! And to be able thus to entertain us with the idle chatter of jays and witlings is evidence of no mean powers.

It has been loosely suggested by some occasional writers[1] that *Love in a Wood* is to a considerable extent conveyed from Sir Charles Sedley's *The Mulberry-Garden*, produced on Monday, 18 May, at the Theatre Royal in Bridges Street, but it is difficult to conceive upon what such a notion is based, inasmuch as the two plays widely differ from one another in every circumstance of their plan and detail. Although *The Mulberry-Garden* contains some good things it is not on the whole a very interesting comedy, which is, perhaps, in some measure due to the fact that there are two entirely distinct sets of scenes. Of these one is composed in rhyming verse, and to it belong the characters of Horatio, Philander and Diana, Eugenio and Althea. The other portion introduces Ned Estridge, Jack Wildish, and Harry Modish, quite another type of nomenclature and individual. No doubt Sedley had in mind Etherege's *The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub*, where in similar fashion we meet with scenes written in heroic couplets, exotic and high-flown, intercalated with which are a number of low-comedy episodes, full of jest and swift fun, that merrily rantipole along in terse witty prose. But the demarcation between Lord Beauford,[2] Colonel Bruce, Graciana, Aurelia, and Sir Nicholas Cully, Sir Frederick Frolick, Dufoy, the Widow, is by no means so sharp as the obvious separation between the two parts of *The Mulberry-Garden*. Unless there is some confusion between the two names *St. James Park* and *The Mulberry-Garden*, both well-known pleasure gardens of public resort in the days of Charles II, I confess myself completely unable to find, upon a comparison of the two comedies, any points which even remotely resemble one another between the work of Sedley and the work of the greater dramatist.

The success of *Love in a Wood* at once secured Wycherley that prominent place, which he may be said never to have lost, among the highest literary and social

[1] Particularly Dr. Johannes Klette, *William Wycherley's Leben und dramatische Werke*. Münster, 1883. An incredibly foolish olio. Klette even derives some scenes of *Love in a Wood* from *L'École des Maris* and *L'École des Femmes*.

[2] Lord Beauford was played by Betterton; Colonel Bruce, Smith; Graciana, Mrs. Betterton; Aurelia, Mrs. Davies; Sir Nicholas Cully, Nokes; Sir Frederick Frolick, Henry Harris; Dufoy, Price; and the Widow, Mrs. Long.

circles of the day. "Upon the writing his first play," Dennis tells us, "which was *St. James's Park*, he became acquainted with several of the most celebrated wits both of the Court and Town." It also procured him the favours of one of the most beautiful women of his time, the mistress of King Charles and a score of lusty gallants beside, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland.

Barbara, the only child of William, second Viscount Grandison, was born in November, 1640, and on 27 of that month her baptism is recorded in the register of S. Margaret's Church, Westminster. Lord Grandison died at Oxford towards the end of August, 1643, owing to a wound he had received at the siege of Bristol on 24 July of that year, and his daughter seems to have passed her girlhood in the country. "Being left destitute both of a father and a fortune, when she came first to London, she appear'd in a very plain country dress; but this was soon altered into the gaiety and mode of the Town, which added new lustre to that blooming beauty, of which she had as great a share as any of her sex, she became the object of divers young gentlemen's affections."[1] At the house of her stepfather, Charles Villiers, Earl of Anglesea, in 1656, this girl of sixteen met her first lover, Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, and the very obscene correspondence which passed between them leaves no room to doubt that—in the phrase of an editor of his Letters—"he received the ultimate favours in the power of a female to bestow."[2] Her intrigue continued after her marriage with Roger Palmer, the second son of Sir James Palmer, Knight of Hayes, Middlesex, and of Dorney, Bucks, to whom she was united 14 April, 1659, at the church of S. Gregory by S. Paul's. Where and when King Charles and Mrs. Palmer first became acquainted seems uncertain, probably at the Hague in 1660, possibly at Dover, but it is an admitted fact that the night of the 29 May—the festal occasion which until 1859 was solemnly commemorated in *The Book of Common Prayer*—was passed by the monarch and Barbara together. Pepys first mentions her on Friday, 13 July, 1660: "Late writing letters; and great doings of music at the next house, which was Whalley's;[3] the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer, a pretty woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold." Exactly nine months from the Restoration Barbara Palmer gave birth to Anne, her first child, acknowledged by her husband and by the King, but generally assigned to the Earl of Chesterfield. 11 December, 1661, the patent was issued which created Roger Palmer, Esq., Earl of Castlemaine and Baron Limerick in Ireland. Charles II married Catherine of Braganza 21 May, 1662, at Portsmouth, and not many weeks after this event Lady Castlemaine gave birth to her second child, Charles. He was born in June, and at once baptized by a priest, and a few days afterwards (18 June, 1662) again baptized by the Rector of S. Margaret's, Westminster, before an august assembly. 20 September, 1663, a second son, Henry, was born. The King for many years would not acknowledge the boy to be his, and perhaps he thought the baby might as well have been appropriated to Colonel James Hamilton or Sir Charles Berkeley, with both of whom

[1] Boyer, *The History of the Life and Reign of Queen Anne*, 1722.

[2] The whole correspondence was discovered in the library of Batt House in 1809. *The Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield*, were published in 1829, but the editor omitted some of a very indecent character, addressed "to a wanton, whose mind and propensities, of equal grossness, could receive no possible pollution from the language of his lordship's prurience." Yet the published letters justify the above statement.

[3] Major-General Edward Whalley, the regicide.

the lady had been excessively familiar. A few months later Lady Castlemaine became a Catholic; "le mariage du Chevalier de Grammont," writes the French Ambassador to Louis XIV, 22 December, 1663, "et la conversion de Madame de Castlemaine se sont publiez le même jour: et le Roy d'Angleterre estant tant prié par les parents de la Dame d'apporter quelque obstacle à cette action, repondit galamment que pour l'âme des Dames il ne s'en mêloit point." 5 September, 1664, was born Lady Castlemaine's fourth child, Charlotte. 28 December, 1665, at Merton College, Oxford, the lady presented the King with a fifth child, George, the future Duke of Northumberland. A year or two later began her famous intrigue with Harry Jermyn,[1] which is alluded to by Marvell in his *Last Instructions to a Painter about the Dutch War*, 1667, wherein he does not scruple to allege that even lackeys and menials were admitted to her bed. This was, as it were, revenge which the lady took for the King's numerous infidelities; and Bishop Burnet, describing the year 1668, says: "Finding that she had lost the King she abandoned herself to great disorders, one of which, by the artifice of the Duke of Buckingham, was discovered by the King in person, the party concerned leaping out of the window."[2] Since Charles was notoriously engaged with more than one actress, Barbara now cast her eyes upon an actor, and on Tuesday, 7 April, 1668, Mrs. Knepp told Pepys "mighty news, that my Lady Castlemayne is mightily in love with Hart of their house; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Becke Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis." Although she bitterly resented the King's amours, she seems to have considered herself free to entertain what gallants she would, and lover succeeded lover. The satires of the day laugh lewdly at her connexion with Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, of whom Grammont writes: "sa disposition et sa force charmoient en public: on vouloit voir ce que c'étoit en particulier: car on lui trouvoit dans son habit d'exercise toute une autre conformation, et bien d'autres jambes que celles du fortuné Germain. Le voltigeur ne trompa point les conjectures de la Castelmaine, à ce que prétendoient celles du public, et ce que publioient maints couplets de chansons, beaucoup plus à l'honneur du danseur, que de la Comtesse: mais elle se mit bien au-dessus de tous ces petits bruits, et n'en parut que plus belle." With another lover, John Ellis, she appears to have had a bitter quarrel,[3] the reason of which is not known, since it is hard to believe she should care for the indecorous blabbing of a quondam favourite.

In the year 1671 we may date the Duchess of Cleveland's intrigue with the famous Duke of Marlborough, at that time a handsome Page of Honour to the Duke of York, and an ensign in the Guards.

[1] The "invincible Jermyn"; de Grammont's "little man with a large head and small legs." A nephew of Lord S. Albans, he was afterwards Earl of Dover. He died in 1708. Mrs. Manley in the *New Atalantis* gives a very circumstantial account of this amour.

[2] Sedley has made use of this scandal in *Bellamira; or, The Mistress*, the best of his plays, produced at Drury Lane in May, 1687. The comedy is, in fact, largely a satire upon the Duchess of Cleveland. The lover in question is said to have been Jermyn.

[3] A contemporary lampoon says that he was by her orders reduced to the condition of Atys. John Ellis was the eldest son of the Rev. John Ellis, Rector of Waddesdon, Bucks. He accompanied as secretary, Lord Deputy, the Earl of Ossory, to Ireland in 1673, and for many years he was Under-Secretary of State in the reign of William III. He died in 1738 at the age of ninety-three.

INTRODUCTION

On 3 August, 1670, Barbara, Countess of Castlemaine, was created Baroness Nonsuch, of Nonsuch Park, Surrey, Countess of Southampton and Duchess of Cleveland in the Peerage of England: with remainder to her first and third natural sons, Charles Palmer and George Palmer. The King even then would not acknowledge Henry, her second son, and George is described in the patent as her *second* son. In the words of the patent, the titles were conferred " in consideration of her noble descent, her father's death in the service of the Crown, and by reason of her own personal virtues." Her elevation to the peerage necessitated an increase of income, and on 18 January, 1670–1, the King conferred upon his duchess the palace and park of Nonsuch and Nonsuch great park in the parishes of Cheam and Malden, co. Surrey. This munificent gift and various other emoluments enabled her to maintain a whole army of spruce gallants. Bishop Burnet, who must have known the Duchess of Cleveland, gives this character of her: " She was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish but imperious; very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him." Says Oldmixon:[1] " 'Tis not a secret that she was the lewdest as well as the fairest of all King Charles's concubines."

It is not surprising that the Duchess, " passionately fond of new faces "[2] and strongly attracted by physical manliness and beauty, soon marked the handsome young Wycherley. She was present two days following at *Love in a Wood*, and introduced herself to the author in a highly characteristic way. The episode is best told in the words of Dennis: " The writing of that Play was likewise the occasion of his becoming acquainted with one of King *Charles's* Mistresses after a very particular Manner. As Mr. *Wycherley* was going thro' *Pall Mall* towards St. *James* in his Chariot, he met the foresaid Lady in hers, who, thrusting half her Body out of the Chariot, cry'd out aloud to him, ' You, *Wycherley*, you are a Son of a Whore,' at the same time laughing aloud and heartily. Perhaps, sir, if you never heard of this passage before, you may be surprised at so strange a greeting from one of the most beautiful and most bred Ladies in the world. Mr. *Wycherley* was certainly very much surprised at it, yet not so much but he soon apprehended it was spoke with allusion to the latter end of a song in the forementioned play:

When Parents are Slaves
Their Brats cannot be any other;
Great Wits, and great Braves,
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

As during Mr. *Wycherley's* surprise the chariots drove different ways, they were soon at a considerable distance from each other, when Mr. *Wycherley*, recovering from surprise, ordered his coachman to drive back and to overtake the Lady. As soon as he had got over against her, he said to her, ' Madam, you have been pleased to bestow a Title on me which generally belongs to the Fortunate. Will your Ladyship be at the Play to-night? ' ' Well,' she reply'd, ' what if I am there? ' ' Why then I will

[1] *Critical History of England*, II, f. 276.

[2] Mrs. Manley, *The Adventures of Rivella*. This is Mrs. Manley's own history. The Duchess of Cleveland appears as Hilaria. In the *New Atalantis* she is named " the Duchess *De L'inconstant*," and Marlborough Count *Fortunatus*.

be there to wait on your Ladyship, tho' I disappoint a very fine Woman who has made me an Assignation.' 'So,' said she, 'you are sure to disappoint a Woman who has favoured you for one who has not.' 'Yes,' he reply'd, 'if she who has not favoured me is the finer Woman of the two. But he who will be constant to your Ladyship till he can find a finer Woman is sure to die your Captive.' The Lady blushed and bade her coachman drive away. As she was then in all her bloom and the most celebrated Beauty that was then in *England*, or perhaps that has been in *England* since, she was touched with the gallantry of that compliment. In short, she was that Night in the first Row of the King's Box in Drury Lane,[1] and Mr. *Wycherley* in the Pit under her, where he entertained her during the whole Play."

Spence in his *Anecdotes* gives a slightly different account of the meeting, but his story has far less point, and no doubt Dennis is correct in his graphic details. According to Spence, one day as Wycherley's coach, driving in the Ring, passes the coach of the Duchess, she leans out of the window and cries to him, "Sir, you are a rascal, you are a villain," an utterly banal and impertinent address, whereas "You, Wycherley, you are a Son of a Whore" is both pointed and witty in its allusion. Wycherley waits on the Duchess the next morning to beg in a very dejected tone to know how he has offended Her Grace, and "they were good friends from that time." It seems obvious that the version retailed to Spence by Pope is a poor half-remembered story, whereas the Dennis anecdote rings exactly true.

The intrigue between the Duchess and the young dramatist was widely talked of by the Town. Leigh Hunt writes, "Voltaire, in his 'Letters on the English Nation,' says that the duchess used to go to Wycherley's chambers in the Temple, dressed like a country maid, in a straw hat, with pattens on, and a box or basket in her hand." This tradition has been doubted, chiefly because the passage is not to be traced in Voltaire's *Letters*. Voltaire in his *Letter upon Comedy* merely observes, "Wycherley, auteur de cet ouvrage [*The Plain-Dealer*] était l'amant déclaré de la Duchesse de Cleveland, maîtresse du Roi." But although the reference to Voltaire may be incorrect, there can be no doubt as to the truth of the story which is alluded to in contemporary manuscript satires. Probably the Duchess disguised herself in rustic attire lest her new amour should be carried to the ears of the King; probably she wore her bongrace and russet gown in a spirit half of coquetry, half of adventure.

Bishop Burnet says: "At this time (1668) the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both the King and Queen and all the court went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there, with a good deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised that, without being in the secret, none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the Queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney-coach; some say in a cart." Grammont, in a well-known passage, relates how Frances Jennings, "la Belle," and Miss Price disguised themselves as orange-girls to visit a charlatan leech and fortune-teller, hight Alexander Bendo, who was really Rochester in disguise, and the misadventures which

[1] When the King was not present the Royal Box was let off in separate seats, and the front row was a specially conspicuous and coveted position. In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Julian, writing to Will Peer, the actor, and praising his lampoons, says: "The antiquated coquet was told of her age and ugliness, tho' her vanity plac'd her in the first row at the king's box at the play-house, and in the view of the congregation at St. *James's* church."

befell them. In a letter[1] from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, afterward Earl of Yarmouth, dated 13 October, 1670, he relates how upon the occasion of a fair near Audley-End the Queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham "had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, wastcotes, etc., and so go to the fair. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart jade, rode before the Queen; another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond." It is stated, however, that they had all so overdressed their parts they looked more "like antiques than country volk," and before long a curious crowd collected about them. Some wench recognized the Queen, and the throng grew so thick that the visitors were glad to gallop home, a gaping mob of yokels close at their heels. "Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolick turned into a penance."

Upon the publication of *Love in a Wood*, quarto, in the winter of 1671, with title-page 1672 (*Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas, 20 November, 1671), price, sticht, 1s., Wycherley appropriately prefaced his comedy with a dedication to his fair and loving patroness. Some three years earlier Dryden had paid her a similar compliment. *The Wild Gallant*, originally produced at the Vere Street theatre on Thursday, 5 February, 1662–3, had been a failure, but the poet recast his scenes, and it was revived at Drury Lane in 1667, being printed two years later. Dryden has addressed a well-known poem *To the Lady Castlemaine upon Her incouraging his first Play*, and by her influence *The Wild Gallant* was several times presented before the King at Court, although even she was unable to persuade the Town wholeheartedly to accept the play.

Dennis tells us that the intrigue between Wycherley and the Duchess of Cleveland introduced the poet to the notice of the Duke of Buckingham. It would appear that this nobleman, who, strange to say, sighed in vain for the lady's favours, was so enraged at her constant refusal that he caused her to be narrowly watched by his spies in order to inform himself of the names and number of his rivals, all of whom he swore to ruin by exposing them to the King. Amongst others he learned of Wycherley, but the wary young man, guessing what had occurred, instantly went to Rochester and Sedley and begged them to remonstrate with Buckingham inasmuch as he was entirely unknown to the Duke, and had not the slightest idea of daring to cross the path of so powerful a personage. Rochester and Sedley, who greatly admired Wycherley's genius, made warm representations to the Duke, who insisted upon the much-lauded dramatist being brought to sup with him a few nights later. "After Supper Mr. *Wycherley*, who was then in the height of his Vigour both of Body and Mind, thought himself oblig'd to exert himself, and the Duke was charmed to that degree that he cryed out in a Transport, By God, my Cousin is in the sight of it, and from that very moment made a Friend of a Man whom he believed his happy Rival."

Dennis continues: "The Duke of *Buckingham* gave him solid, sensible Proofs of his esteem and Affection. For as he was, at the same time, Master of the Horse to King *Charles*, and Colonel of a Regiment as Master of the Horse he made him one of his Equeries, and as Colonel of a Regiment he made him captain Lieutenant of his own Company, resigning to him at the same time his own pay as Captain and all other advantages that could be justly made of the Company. I remember that about that time I, who was come up from the University to see my Friends in Town, happened to be one night at the *Fountain* Tavern in the *Strand* with the late Dr. *Duke*, *David*

[1] Ives, *Select Papers*, 4to, 1773, p. 39.

Loggan, the painter, and Mr. *Wilson*,[1] of whom *Otway* has made honourable mention in *Tonson's* first Miscellany, and that after supper we drank Mr. *Wycherley's* Health by the name of Captain *Wycherley*."

Charles Dalton in *English Army Lists* 1661–1714 gives the following details of interest: "The Duke of Buckingham's Regiment of Foot. (This regiment was disbanded 1673. . . . Two or three of the officers first appointed appear to have been transferred to other regiments almost immediately.) Lieutenants: Wm. Wycherley (Captain Lieutenant). All the commissions bear date 19 June, 1672."[2] Also: "Wm. Wycherley, Captain of that company whereof Geo. Duke of Buckingham was Capt. before the regiment under his command was disbanded. Commission signed at Whitehall, 27 Feb., 1674. Resigned his commission a week after."[3] In Dalton's Introduction he writes as follows: "The Merry Monarch's Court is well represented in the following pages by Soldiers of the stamp of Buckingham and Rochester, while we get a glimpse of the wheels within wheels of the Duchess of Cleveland's intrigues by her bringing her *protégé* William Wycherley, to the notice of both King Charles and Buckingham. . . . The latter gave him the appointment of captain lieutenant in his (Buckingham's) own regiment of foot. It is more than doubtful whether William Wycherley knew more of soldiering than is to be learnt on the Stage, but he knew as much as many of his companions in arms. If he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself in war, he made up for it by his success in love when he secured the hand and heart of the beautiful young Countess of Drogheda."

Wycherley took advantage of his friendship with the Duke of Buckingham generously to call His Grace's attention to the wants of Samuel Butler, who, in spite of the unprecedented vogue of his inimitable *Hudibras*, was at that time living in circumstances of poverty and need.[4] He did not hesitate roundly to tell his noble friend on more than one occasion that it was an open reproach to the Court for a poet of such loyalty and wit to be languishing in obscurity and distress. Buckingham, who had always lent a sympathetic ear to these representations, at length promised personally to bring Butler's hard case before the King, and in order to keep him to his word Wycherley persuaded him to make a definite appointment when the neglected poet might be introduced to his new patron. The place of rendezvous was the Roebuck, a well-known house of call. Wycherley and Butler arrived in good time, and presently the Duke joined them, but scarcely had he made his appearance, and the door of the room which gave on to the street was not yet fairly closed, when, as luck would have it, outside there tripped by with a couple of fair cyprians tucked under his arms, a certain knight of the Duke's acquaintance who was known not to be entirely above turning a guinea or two by a little discreet pimping. Up starts His Grace, and in a flash hot-foot follows Sir Leno. The like opportunity of interesting him in Butler's misfortunes never again occurred.

[1] "Wilson, professing Friendship, yet a Friend." Otway's *Epistle to Mr Duke*, first published in Tonson's *Miscellany Poems*, I, 8vo, 1684, as *An Epistle to R.D.*

[2] Vol. I, p. 120. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 170.

[4] It is said that Butler married a wealthy widow, and that they ruined their property by unfortunate speculations. Another story attributes their losses to the rascality of certain lawyers. In any case the facts are obscure, but there can be no doubt the poet died in acute penury.

INTRODUCTION

Encouraged by his remarkable success with *Love in a Wood*, and urged by his large circle of literary friends to essay the stage once again with a comedy, Wycherley was now devoting much care to the composition of a new play, which occupied him pretty considerably during the autumn and winter months of 1671. *Love in a Wood* had been most admirably performed at the King's house, and he was about to hand the script which he just completed to the same company, when a sad accident caused some alteration in his plans. On Thursday, 25 January, 1672, the Theatre Royal, standing in Bridges Street and Russell Street, was partially burned to the ground by a fierce conflagration which wrought terrible havoc in the vicinity. A news letter, dated 27 January, 1671–2, has the following report: "A fire at the King's playhouse between 7 and 8 o'clock on Thursday evening last, which half burned down the house and all their scenes and wardrobe; and all the houses from the Rose Tavern in Russell Street on that side of the way of Drury Lane are burned and blown up, with many in Vinegar Yard; 20,000 l damage. The fire began under the stairs where Orange Moll keeps her fruit. Bell the player was blown up."[1] Orange Moll was Mary Meggs, the chief vendor of fruit at the theatre, a figure of some importance in her line. Richard Bell, Downes tells us, had been bred up from a boy "under the Master Actors." Although still quite young, he had appeared with distinction in the famous revival of *Catiline*, Friday, 18 December, 1668; as Cæsar in *Julius Cæsar ;* as Frapolo, the bandit chief, in *The Sisters ;* whilst he had created such rôles as Amariel in *Tyrannick Love ; or, The Royal Martyr*, and Mr. Vincent in Wycherley's own *Love in a Wood.*

No more terrible blow than the destruction of their home could have fallen upon the company, and for a time they must have been completely paralysed. To add to their misfortunes the rival actors had only two months before moved into a new house, the Dorset Garden theatre, where they had opened on Thursday, 9 November, 1671, with the popular *Sir Martin Mar-all*, which never failed to draw crowded audiences. Hart and his fellows, however, soon gathered together their resources, and they were glad to take advantage of this change by occupying the disused Lincoln's Inn Fields playhouse whence Betterton had so recently migrated. On Monday, 26 February, 1671–2, the "shipwrackt Passengers," as Dryden calls them in a Prologue specially written for the occasion, pluckily commenced here with *Wit without Money*, Mohun playing Valentine. But it was not to be expected that in such difficult circumstances they could undertake a new production, they must depend on their stock fare for at least several months to come, and so Wycherley, seeing at best a very distant prospect of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* being given by this company, handed over his script to Dorset Garden; the piece was immediately put into rehearsal, and produced in March, 1672, being "the third new Play acted there." The cast has not been

[1] The puritan fanatics, of course, saw in this fire the vengeance of Heaven on the theatre. A ballad "On the Burning of the Theatre Royal" has this couplet :

> He cryes just Judgement and wished when poor *Bell*
> Rung out his last, 't had been the Stage's kNell.

A contemporary manuscript note on a copy of this lampoon in the British Museum says that this was construed into a reflection on Nell Gwyn, and the printer was threatened with a prosecution by Sir Roger L'Estrange for making a capital N, although the verses had been duly licensed.

recorded, but there can be no reasonable doubt that, as was suggested by Genest, Edward Angel created Don Diego and James Nokes Monsieur de Paris.

As Wycherley had taken a hint or two from the Spanish theatre for *Love in a Wood*, so he again made use of a few incidents in a Spanish drama, Calderon's *El Maestro de Danzar*, to garnish his second comedy. More than this it is hardly just to assert, and a comparison of the two plays will at once show how trifling is Wycherley's obligation to the greatest and most sublime of Castilian poets.

As this "Comedia Famosa"[1] *El Maestro de Danzar* is scarcely amongst the best-known of Calderon's works, some brief account thereof, so far as it has been used by Wycherley, may not be altogether impertinent. It is conventionally divided into 3 Jornadas, and the characters are as follows: Don Enrique, Galàn; Don Juan, Galàn; Don Felix, Galàn; Don Diego, Viejo; Chacon, Bacayo; Leonor, Dama; Beatriz, Dama; Ines, Criada; Isabel, Criada; Juana, Criada; Celio, Criada. The scene: Valencia. The heroine of the piece, Leonor, is secretly granting her gallant, Don Enrique, an interview in an apartment of her father's house. Meanwhile, lest their voices should by chance be overheard, Ines, Leonor's maid, is placed in an ante-chamber, by the door, where she sings carelessly and accompanies herself upon a guitar. Presently, however, she runs in and tells the lovers that so inharmonious an instrument is bound to excite suspicion, and Don Enrique promptly takes the guitar for the purpose of tuning it. He has, upon entering the house, inadvertently left the street door on the jar, and at this very moment Don Diego, Leonor's father, suddenly appears. The following scene (Jornada II, xxiii) ensues:

Don Diego. Quién es este caballero,
Que, tan hallado en mi casa,
Viene á divertise á ella?
Leonor De qué de verle te espantas?
Como en la corte, señor,
Se usan tan poco las danzas,
No aprendi esa habilidad;
Y hallándome desairada
En Valencia (donde están
Tan en uso, qué no hay dama
Que no luzca en sus primores,
Pues cuando juntas se hallan,
Todos sus divertimientos
Son saraguetes que llaman,
Sin los publicos saraos,
En que suele caerse en falta
De grave ó de descortes,
Mayormente si la saca
Person a de autoridad),
Dije ayer à Doña Juana,
Mi prima, enviase al maestro.
Preguntó si habia guitarra

[1] Spanish plays are always styled *comedias*. Lope de Vega tried to introduce the title *tragi-comedia*, but this never found favour. The *autos*, of course, belong to another class.

En casa ó si la traeria,
Que el hombre que le acompaña
Iria volando por ella;
Sacóle esta esta criada,
Y apénas la tomó, cuando
Entraste. Si esto te cansa,
Habrà mas de que no vuelva?

Chacon. (*ap.*) Mentira mas adecuada
Al caso, no vi en mi vida,
Pues dió papel en su farsa
A la guitarra, à él y á mi.

Don Diego Una cosa es que me haga
Novedad, y otra, Leonor,
Que yo me canse de nada
Que tú gustes, cuando todas
Has de hacer; y me pesara
Que no entrases en los usos
De la tierra, y que te hallaras
Corta en ninguna ocasion.
Y para ver si me agrada
O no el que tù te diviertas,
Por vida del maestro, vaya (*Siéntase*)
De leccion; que aunque cuidados
Por ahora no me faltan,
Para ellos se hizo el alivio
Mayormente cuando paran
En ajenos. Vaya pues
De leccion.

Don Enrique (*ap.*) Loque me saca
De un riesgo, me pone en otro;
Que ha de conocer la falta
Que poco ó nada sé desto.

Chacon. (*ap. à su amo*) Tirar coces, dar patadas
Y cátate ahi danzarin,

Leonor. La primera vez turbada
He de estar; y asi, señor,
Hasta que tomado haya
Algunas lecciones, no
Lo has de ver.

Don Diego. No temas nada

Leonor. Si no tengo otro galan
Y ese presente se halla,
No he de temer el desaire?

Don Diego. Tampoco tengo otra dama
Yo, y en fe de enamorado,
Aun el desaire hará gracia,
Vaya, por vida del maestro.

Don Enrique. Volveré á templar. Mal haya La prima![1] (*sube la clavija hasta que hace sallar la cuer da.*)
Don Diego. Qué fué?
Don Enrique. Saltó.
Leonor. Ello está de Dios, que no haya De tomar hoy lecion.
Don Enrique. Todas Las cuerdas están rozadas, Y aun la guitarra está rota.
Leonor. Fué trasto olvidado en casa. Llévela el maestro, haga que Lo aderecen, y mañana O á la tarde volver puede.
Don Diego. Si haré, de muy buena gana. Mire, maestro, que no deje De volver, y fie la paga De mi.
Don Enrique. Aunque muchas lecciones Tengo, en esta no haré falta.
Don Diego. Vaya con Dios.
Chacon (*ap.*) La primera Vez es esta, que una dama Dió guitarras de favores.
Don Enrique (*ap.*) Qui én crêrá, que á aprender vaya, Queriendo firme á Leonor, El cómo he de hacer mudanzas?

(*Vanse* Don Enrique *y* Chacon.)

In Scene XXIV Don Enrique is again with Leonor, of whose fidelity he has conceived unjust suspicions, and whilst he is jealously reproaching her, Ines warns them that Don Diego is approaching:

Ines. Hablad mas quedo Y disimulad, que viene Mi señor.
Chacon. Aquesto es hecho. Toma la guitarra.
Don Enrique. Yo Habia de tacer tal? No quiero.
Leonor. Enrique mio, si algo A tus finezas merezco, Disimula con mio padre, Valiéndonos del primero Engaño; que yo te doy Palabra, que satisfecho Quedes.

[1] This incident is used by Wycherley towards the end of Act IV.

Ines. Quieres que te halle
Quien te dejó ayer maestro
De danzar, maestro hoy de esgrima?
Leonor. De la dama lo primero
Ha de ser siempre el honor;
Mira por él. (*Toma* Don Enrique *la guitarra.*)
Don Enrique. Habrá, cielos,
Otro, à quien haya obligado
Tan no imaginado empeño
De amor y honor, á que haya
De hacer festin á sus celos?
Chacon. Si mandábanle bailar,
Por otro dijo el proverbio,
Qué mucho que por ti diga,
Mandábanle danzar?
Leonor Esto
Has de hacer: hállenos como
Dando leccion.
Y sea presto
Que entre ya. (*Sale* Don Diego, *y los halla locando, y él con el sombrero en la espada, haciendo la reverencia.*)

In Scene XXV Don Diego inquires if his daughter has improved, and insists upon seeing her dance. Accordingly Don Enrique leads Leonor through various figures, instructing her aloud and very ostentatiously:

Bien! En habiendo acabado
La reverencia el izquierdo
Piè delante, pasear
La sala, midiendo el cerco
En su proporcion, de cinco
En cinco los pasos. Bueno!

Whilst he whispers angrily in her ear:

Ah ingrata! Quién sino yo
Por ti se pusiera á esto?

In a few moments a servant calls Don Diego from the room, and in his absence the feigned lesson ceases, only to be recommenced immediately he returns. In Scene XXVIII of the Second Jornada of *El Maestro de Danzar* we have the following dialogue:[1]

Don Diego. . . . Maestro, en qué estada está esto?
Don Enrique. En romper, como quedamos.
Leonor. Y es á lo que yo no acierto.
Don Enrique. Si aciertas. Con que bradillo
Entrar ahora en el paseo.

[1] *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, III, 1.

Uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco,
Señalados, y á concierto.

Don Diego. Digo que en mi vida vi
Mejor aire, y me prometo
Que ha de salir bien con todo.

Don Enrique. Si saldrá. . . .

And again in Scene IX of the Third Jornada:[1]

Don Diego. Es ya iros,
Maestro?

Don Enrique. Habemos acabado
Con todo ya.

Don Diego. Y cómo ha ido?

Don Enrique. Esta vez no negará
Cuán ciertas mundanzas hizo.

Don Diego. Mire que le he menester,
Y que traiga los amigos
Con todos los instrumentos;
Porque muy presto, imagino
Que tendrémos hoda en casa.

Don Enrique. Siempre estoy para serviros. (*Vase.*)

It will be obvious from the conduct of these few incidents which Wycherley has employed, and which are in truth the only points of resemblance between the two plays, that the comedies differ one from another as widely as the genius of Calderon differs from the genius of our English dramatist. The Spanish piece almost entirely lacks that wit and vigour, that bustle and fun, which rattle along so blithely through the scenes of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*. Mrs. Caution, the ancestress of a long line of jailer-aunts, Argus-eyed duennas, verjuiced and domineering spinsters, is Wycherley's own. His no less are the pictures of the French House, Mr. Paris, and the brace of termagant cracks, an admirably realistic episode. The name Don Diego is obviously from that of Leonor's father, but Mr. James Formal is wholly original.[2] On the other hand Wycherley has nothing of that romantic passion and sedate Castilian beauty which flows through the "music of all moods and climes," the sweetly chiming redondillas of Don Pedro Calderon.

Monsieur de Paris is a pleasant exaggeration of the English Gallomaniac, who was so common a type at that time. James Howard had already laughed at him in *The English Mounsieur*, a "mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant," which was seen by Pepys on Saturday, 8 December, 1666, and which had, perhaps, been produced at the Theatre Royal some time during that autumn or winter. In this excellent old comedy Frenchlove is drawn with the most diverting strokes; his foreign foppishness knows no bounds. In the words of Charles Lamb: "The Monsieur comforts himself when his mistress rejects him that 'twas a denial with a French tone of voice, so that was agreeable'; and at the final departure, 'Do you see, sir, how she leaves us! She walks away with a French step.'" This complete coxcomb even finds a French noise

[1] *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, IV, 1.

[2] Mrs. Centlivre reproduces him as Sir Jealous Traffick in *The Busy-Body*.

pleasant, and differentiates it from a mere English noise. British beef, too, is so obnoxious to him that on being invited to dine in the orthodox English manner, he threatens to challenge his host, whose "greasy proposition" he takes as "an affront to the palate."

Dryden's Melantha in *Marriage à-la-Mode* is an exquisite piece of pure comic wit. Her affectations, her lists of French words which begin "at Sottises and end *en Ridicule*," her purchase of the adjective *languissant* with an Indian gown, her wooing by Palamede who wins her *en François* "with abundance of Noise and no sense," are all in the very highest vein of comedy.

When acting at Dover in May, 1670, before King Charles, Madame the Duchess of Orleans, the English court, and a large number of French nobles, Nokes as Sir Arthur Addle in John Caryl's *Sir Salomon; or, The Cautious Coxcomb*, had the bad taste to mimic the visitors to their faces, "at which the *French* look'd very Shaggrin, to see themselves ap'd by such a buffoon as *Sir Arthur*," whilst the English sovereign and his retinue were "put to an excessive laughter."

Caricatures of the French, more or less foolish, were particularly common in the theatre after the Revolution. We have such figures as La Roch in Shadwell's *Busy Fair;* Monsieur Le Prate in D'Urfey's *Love for Money;* the Marquis of Hazard, who is, however, plain Robin Skipp, a lackey, in Mrs. Centlivre's *The Gamester;* Monsieur Marquis in Farquhar's *Sir Harry Wildair;* Count Bellair in *The Beaux Stratagem;* and a score beside. But these, save in the case of the Marquis of Hazard, are coarsely drawn burlesques of actual Frenchmen rather than satires upon French affectations adopted in this country. For such we should, maybe, more properly instance Vanbrugh's Mademoiselle and Steele's Mademoiselle D'Épingle.

Upon the stage *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* seems to have been "liked but indifferently."[1] It is difficult to account for the coolness with which so excellent a comedy was received, and one can but attribute it to the caprice of the audience. Both the plot and construction of the play are simpler than *Love in a Wood*, and although the same situation is repeated it is presented so agreeably and varied with such wit and humour that so far from wearying, it seems to gain a fresh interest as the intrigue develops. Strictly speaking the scene in the last act between Monsieur and Flirt is perhaps a little impertinent to the issue, but it is so exquisitely happy and so brilliantly written that nobody could wish it away. We may notice that Wycherley has by now a complete understanding of theatrical effect; the situations are extremely well-managed and adroit. In Hippolita we have one of the most charming of Restoration heroines.

The Gentleman Dancing-Master was published at the end of 1672 with the date 1673 upon the title-page.

26 March, 1673–4, the second Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,[2] was after a period of considerable difficulty opened by Killigrew's company, a prologue and epilogue specially written by Dryden being spoken on that occasion. Accordingly when in the winter of the same year Wycherley had completed *The Country-Wife*, he entrusted it to those actors who had so brilliantly presented his first comedy. *The Country-Wife*

[1] In the Prologue to *The Country-Wife* Wycherley frankly speaks of himself as: "The late so bafled Scribler."

[2] It is described in a legal document as "in or neare Covent Garden commonly called the King's Playhouse."

was first performed in January, 1674–5, and, as was indeed inevitable, at once achieved the most triumphant success. Many of the cast were the same as those who had appeared in *Love in a Wood*. Thus Hart played Horner; Mohun, Pinchwife; Kynaston, Harcourt; Mrs. Boutell, Mrs. Pinchwife; Mrs. James, Alithea; Mrs. Mary Knepp, My Lady Fidget; Mrs. Margaret Rutter, Old Lady Squeamish; and Mrs. Cory, Lucy the maid. Dorilant, a young gallant, was sustained by Lydal, an actor of considerable talents, who had won applause in such rôles as Prince Abdalla in *The Conquest of Granada*; Argaleon, *Marriage à-la-Mode*; Mr. Collins, *Amboyna*; Piso, *The Tragedy of Nero*; Tiberius, *Gloriana*; Lelius, Scipio's lieutenant, *Sophonisba; or, Hannibal's Overthrow*. Sparkish was entrusted to the irrepressible and migratory Joe Haines. The famous William Cartwright, in person a large-faced man of tall stature and portly habit, with a loud resonant voice, acted the formal cuckold Sir Jasper. Cartwright, who had an immense repertory, was one of the finest Falstaffs the stage has ever known. He was also the recognized Morose, Sir Epicure Mammon, Corbaccio, whilst among the many parts he created were Alderman Whitebroth in *The Cheats*, Don Bertram in Corye's *The Generous Enemies*; Hircanio in *Love in the Dark*; Spitzaferro in Ravenscroft's Italianesque pantomime *Scaramouch a Philosopher, Harlequin a School-Boy, Bravo, Merchant, and Magician*. Downes has more than a word of praise for him, whilst Aubrey pronounces his playing excellent. He died about the middle of December, 1687, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Dulwich has reason to revere his memory. Robert Schotterel, the exponent of the Quack, was an author as well as an actor, and a keen toxophilist. He joined with D'Urfey in the composition of *Archery Revived; or, The Bow-man's Excellency*. "An Heroick Poem; being a description of the use and noble Vertues of the Long Bow. . . . Exhorting all brave Spirits to the banishment of Vice, by the use of so noble and healthful an Exercise" (Octavo, 1677). He is described by Downes as a "good actor," and we find him cast for important rôles: Voltore; Sir John Daw; Calianax in *The Maid's Tragedy*; Bessus, *A King and No King*; Maskall, in *An Evening's Love*.

Mrs. Corbet, who appeared as Mrs. Dainty Fidget, was an actress of no mean powers. In *Julius Cæsar* she played Portia to the Brutus of Hart; Melesinda in *Aureng-Zebe*; the Countess of Nottingham in Banks' pathetic and deservedly popular *The Unhappy Favourite*, with Anne Quin as Queen Elizabeth; Clark, the Earl of Essex; and Mohun, Burleigh; Monima, *Mithridates, King of Pontus*; Narcissa, *Gloriana*; Sabina, *Trick for Trick*; Gratiana, *Sir Barnaby Whigg*. Of Mrs. Wyatt, who acted Mrs. Squeamish, no details are certainly known.

The Country-Wife at once took its place in the dramatic repertory, and being frequently acted was as frequently received with unbounded applause. It is undoubtedly Wycherley's masterpiece of satirical comedy, as *The Plain-Dealer* is a masterpiece of philosophical comedy. In no play in the English theatre, or in any other theatre I know, is the wit more sparkling, the humour more cleverly poised, the sequence of incidents more naturally deployed; nowhere are the situations more brilliantly sustained, the characters drawn with keener observation and acuter intellectual insight and truth. It is the very acme of comedy, of its kind unsurpassable, as it is unsurpassed. Laughter is often the truest applause, and as two hundred and fifty years ago Drury Lane, crowded to suffocation, was unable for sheer ecstasies of merriment to cheer Hart, Mrs. Knepp, and the lovely Mrs. Boutell, so to-day at the most recent revival of this great and glorious play a thronging theatre could scarce for laughter applaud

Baliol Holloway, the exquisite comedy of Athene Seyler, and the consummate perfection of Isabel Jeans. No greater tribute can be paid to this immortal work.

Molière says: " L'affaire de la comédie est de représenter en général tous les défauts des hommes, et en particulier des hommes de son siècle." Wycherley may be said to have taken this profound maxim for the text of his comedies. He has given us the full-blooded world of his day, the brilliant society in which he moved, their dazzling wit, their finished graces, their lively affectations, their lewd impudence, their vices, their intrigues; all without mitigation, without glozing, without excuse. The province of comedy is not apologetics. There is the hard selfishness of the gay gallant Horner, whose scheme is planned, we verily believe, as much for the sheer intellectual delight in the novelty of the adventure as for the ends to which it serves. Throughout the play one realizes that Horner's greatest joy is the knowledge of his infinite mental superiority over the silly cuckolds, who for all their busy importance and endless precautions are but puppets dancing to the tune he calls, and he pleases to pipe an amorous lay. But in my Lady Fidget he has met his match. She is every whit as clever and every whit as selfish as he. With an exaggerated care for her dear reputation she combines the morals of Messalina. Utterly egoistical and self-centred, she has no more affection for her lover than for her husband. But appearances must be maintained at all costs. And private pleasures must be satisfied—at all costs. Yet if a whore, she is a fine lady too, and a *faux pas* will meet with a frown and a rebuff. Even when on the point, one cannot write of yielding, but, of giving herself to Horner, she checks a trifling freedom in speech with " Fie, let us not be smutty." A charming creature, so long as she gets what she wants, and so long as her gallants are careful not to allow sentiment to enter in the case.

Mr. Pinchwife is a very exact figure of a man who has drunk deep of all the pleasures of town, and in whom satiety has succeeded enjoyment, and satiety disgust. He shuns his former haunts, not out of wisdom but out of moroseness, and in some rambling lone house in Hampshire[1] fodders an exacerbated mind with the sullenness and rusticity of companions whom he despises and employments which he distastes. For his wife he takes a girl, who is not innocent but merely ignorant, and the opportunities, slight though they may be, of acquiring knowledge, which she so eagerly seizes and so obviously desires, are to him moments of the most exquisite annoyance and even bitter torment. Mrs. Pinchwife herself is young and beautiful. But she is a very child, both in the simplicity with which she blabs of her lover to her husband and the voluble delight she shows when told she has been casually admired at the theatre, as also in her bewilderment at her husband's growls and threats and violence and the cunning wherewith she circumvents his jailership when the situation gradually dawns upon her. She has the methods and morals of a schoolboy; she is as shallow and as deep as a fifth-form scholar who deludes and evades his master. There is a good deal of pathos in her situation; one feels for her as one feels for a caged bird beating his pretty breast against the bars. For those who can fully appreciate there are few lines more full of tender beauty than the postscript of the letter wherein she warns her lover against her husband: " Let him not see this, lest he should come home, and pinch me, or kill my Squirrel."

[1] Hampshire seems to have been regarded as an ultima Thule. In *The Man of Mode* Harriet comes up to London from Hampshire where in an old manor one could find her mother, an old lame aunt, and herself " Perch'd up on Chairs at a distance in a large Parlour; Sitting moping like three or four melancholly Birds in a spacious Vollary."

Sparkish is a coxcomb who, as the author intended, is somewhat coarsely drawn. He is not perfectly genteel, not of the line of Sir Fopling Flutter, Sir Courtly Nice, and Baron Foppington. His father, I imagine, might have been a worthy citizen, and he himself was probably born well within the sound of the bells of Bow. Yet he is a joyous moth, albeit his markings are a trifle garish, and he imitates skilfully enough the imperial butterflies.

Sir Jaspar Fidget is an important man, a very important man. One conceives him with his huge periwig, plumed hat, costly suit of plum velvet or gredalin, unwrinkled silk stockings, cod-fish staring eyes, round moon-like face, florid complexion, which becomes a little more mottled when he discovers his wife in Horner's embrace, but it seems she was only tickling him. An eminently respectable and respected, conventional, worldly-wise individual, and "when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end."

There is a tradition, preserved by Oldys, that Mr. and Mrs. Pinchwife had their originals in Mr. and Mrs. Smith of North Tedworth, Wilts, "in which family Wycherley was very conversant," and that he had drawn other persons of his comedy, particularly Horner, from individuals living in that neighbourhood. And in order thoroughly to appreciate *The Country-Wife* one must remember that banishment into the country was regarded in Restoration days as a veritable calamity. A rural life then had not even the amenities which could be enjoyed fifty years later in the same circumstances. Country houses were remote and might only be reached under conditions of considerable difficulty and actual danger by the way of miry roads and ill-made lanes. The occupations for the ladies were the still-room and the tambour-frame, employments which were seldom, if ever, interrupted by the welcome appearance of a visitor. For society they had turkeys and cabbages. Their lords and masters might fill in the day by hunting and hard-riding, whilst at night they would drink at home till they were completely foxed with claret and canary, or tope small beer in the village ale-house amid the yokels and hinds of the estate. London was wellnigh as inaccessible as though it had been built the other side of the Styx. Above all, the country was the prison-house wherein jealous husbands closely kept their errant spouses, the bane and terror of pretty wives.

It has been very superficially alleged in disparagement of *The Country-Wife*[1] that Wycherley has extensively plagiarized from *L'École des Maris* and *L'École des Femmes*. This is an exaggeration, for while it is true that he derives certain incidents from Molière, the comedy is hardly made up of the few episodes he has borrowed, and, what is more, so entirely made his own. Molière, as he himself said, took good things whencesoever he found them. The actual plot of a play is in itself of secondary importance. He knew how to give the material he had conveyed new life, how to stamp it with the hall-mark of his genius. Precisely the same may be said of Wycherley. He can borrow the outlines of a character or the hint of a scene, but he so transforms and transmutes them that they become, and are truly, his own. And herein lies originality. The whole world knows that, not to enter into minuter details and closer parallels, *L'École des Maris* is founded upon Terence's *Adelphi*, itself adapted from the Greek Ἀδελφοὶ of Menander, whilst *L'École des Femmes* is made up of Scarron's *Précaution Inutile* and *El Viejo Celoso* of Cervantes. If we are to wield the lash of plagiarism who shall 'scape whipping? Not Terence, not Molière, not Shakespeare.

[1] There is a French translation, *La Femme de Campagne*, by P. J. Fiquet de Bocage.

The affected prudery which professes itself scandalized at Horner's device is not worth consideration. The central theme of *The Country-Wife* is as old as Menander and Terence. It has, moreover, been borrowed by other English dramatists.

Crowne in his excellent political satire *City Politiques*, and Duffett in *The Amorous Old Woman* are both indebted to Wycherley. Sir Charles Sedley for his best comedy *Bellamira, or, The Mistress*, and Thomas Cooke for his musical farce *The Eunuch* went directly to Terence. Charles Burnaby in his first-rate comedy *The Ladies Visiting-Day* is greatly indebted to *The Country-Wife*. In order to escape a marriage into which his father would force him, Polidore, who is travelling in Italy, writes home a letter with the sad news that an Italian, through jealousy of his mistress who had granted her favours to the English stranger, invited him to a hunt, and slyly drawing him to a remote spot "in a Corner of a Forrest with three Ruffians Qualified the rather for a Querister than a Husband." Before Polidore has returned his father dies, and Sir Testy Dolt, the Executor, finds the letter amongst the papers left. Suspecting nothing, he encourages Polidore to be familiar with his wife, of whom he is inordinately jealous. The lady is willing enough, but the gentleman, who loves elsewhere, is cold. It may be seen that the situation differs in detail, but the last scene, where Sir Testy produces the letter and reads it amid the angry cries of the women, and the scene where Lady Dolt writes under her husband's direction, are both closely modelled upon Wycherley. *The Ladies Visiting-Day* was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the spring of 1701. Verbruggen played Polidore; Dogget, Sir Testy; and Mrs. Bowman, Lady Dolt. With the exception of Polidore's device Cibber shamelessly reproduced Burnaby's play as *The Double Gallant; or, The Sick Lady's Cure*, produced at the Haymarket, 1 November, 1707. It proved very popular, and remained a stock piece, being revived at the Haymarket as late as March, 1848. Farren, Webster, Vandenhoff, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mrs. Humby were in the cast.

The Country-Wife firmly and unassailably fixed Wycherley's reputation on the topmost pinnacle of literary fame. "His company was not only courted by the men, but his person was as well received by the ladies; and as King *Charles* was extremely fond of him upon some account of his wit, some of the royal mistresses, I have been credibly informed, set no less value upon these parts in him, of which they were more proper judges. Thus the circle of his life was filled with all the delightful variety that freedom, favour, and easie fortune could administer to an elegant mind and vigorous constitution."[1] He lived at this time in one of the most fashionable quarters of the town, his lodgings being at Widow Hilton's house, Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the west side, three doors beyond where a few years later the famous physician Dr. John Radcliffe had his residence, and over against the notorious Cock Tavern. When an old man he often used to repeat to his intimates racy anecdotes of those merry years, and not infrequently entertained them long and late with gossip of the time of good King Charles. Such is the story Pack retails: "I cannot forbear to mention (just for the Oddness of the thing) one Piece of Gallantry, among many others, that Mr. *Wycherley* was once telling me they had in these Days. It was this: there was an House at the Bridge-Foot, where Persons of better Condition used to resort (you see how distant the Scene then lay to what it doth now) for Pleasure and Privacy. The Liquor the Ladies and their Lovers used to drink at these Meetings was Canary; and among other Compliments the Gentlemen paid their Mistresses, this it seems was always one, to take hold of the bottom

[1] Richardson Pack.

of their Smocks, and, pouring the Wine through that Filtre, feast their Imaginations with the thought of what gave the Zesto, and so drink a Health to the Toast." To this piece of amorous folly Dryden makes allusion in *The Kind Keeper* (produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1677–8), when in the First Act old Aldo cries: "Before *George*, I grew tory rory, as they say, and strain'd a Brimmer through the Lily-white Smock, i' faith." It may be remembered that similar absurdities in health-drinking were practised by the Elizabethan gallants.

The time had now come when, to use Dryden's phrase, "all honest and virtuous Men" were to be obliged, and our stage enriched "by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful Satyrs which has ever been presented on the *English* Theatre." *The Plain-Dealer* is certainly among the most powerful and philosophical plays in English literature. The giant strength of the conception and the bold strokes of the painting cannot be denied, the brutal philosophy of some scenes may be disliked but cannot be burked. It is quite understandable that there are many who find Manly's pessimistic hatred of the vices and banalities, the shallowness and fopperies, the hypocrisy and superficiality of the society about him, delivered in too mordant a vein. He is Wycherley's Superman, and, as a superman always must, he falls into extravagance and excess. There are two, and two alone, in whom he completely trusts, his mistress and his friend. During his absence his mistress jilts and chouses him; he finds her in her drawing-room entertaining the idlest coxcombs in Town; he overhears her discussing his love with them in terms of the utmost coarseness and callousness; when he makes himself known she repels him and flouts him with the brazen impudence of a common courtesan; she listens to his reproaches with a mocking smile and leaves him with a cruel jest upon her lips; she is mercenary, too, and even though his need is pressing, she retains the jewels and money he deposited in her hands, confident he will be too proud to beg 'em again. Vernish, Manly's friend, behaves with the foulest treachery and promptly betrays him with circumstances of ignoblest dishonour and perfidy. This precious couple, man and wife, are at length unmasked, their intrigues and double-dealing exposed. And herein lies a great stroke of Wycherley's art. Another author might have plunged Manly, galled and wither-wrung at being so gulled, into deeper misery and discontent; but not so Wycherley. The scales drop from Manly's eyes, and very frankly acknowledging his errors, which have been to no small extent, at least, the cause of his misanthropy, he renounces them to be made happy in the friendship of Freeman and the love of Fidelia.

The character of Fidelia Grey is very tenderly and beautifully drawn. Pure and gracious, for love's sake she follows her rough and reckless captain through perils on sea, through perils on shore. At his behest she undertakes with a breaking heart the most difficult and distasteful of functions, the rôle of Pandarus. She realizes that his attraction for Olivia is merely physical, that he is allured by the strumpet's beauty, and she who loves him for his bravery and true courage, for those sterling qualities she has perceived beneath the scurf of anger and bitter mistrust, executes all his commands save one—to leave him. In a situation of peculiar embarrassment she behaves with perfect modesty and propriety. Her loyalty and the pathos of her lot call unashamed tears to our eyes.

Olivia, who is portrayed with the most pregnant and biting strokes, is governed by self-interest and self-interest alone. The hardened assurance with which, after having confided her guilt to Eliza, she turns round, fortune favouring her, and denies all she

has previously said, even accusing her cousin of maliciously inventing the whole tale, has something almost terrible in its impudence, so base and lying is she. She has no love, hardly sensuality, but merely animal passion and desire. Flamboyantly physical, she immediately captivates men, and is herself as readily attracted by them. There is in particular one acute piece of psychology which should be noted: she does not seem in the least degree fascinated by the vigour and strength of Manly, but her lust is at once stirred by the feminine graces and gentle comeliness of the disguised Fidelia. The bold abandoned woman seeks for the immaturity and softness of a bashful boy, whose embraces she craves with the most unrestrained ardour, whose kisses she snatches in a frenzy of sadistic vampirism. She preys upon the vitals of men, stripping her lovers bare and casting them aside like empty husks. A true daughter of the horse-leech, crying always, "Give, give," she is as the grave and the barren womb, as the earth that is not filled with water, and the fire that saith not "It is enough."

It is obvious that Olivia has nothing in common with Molière's Célimène, and although Wycherley has made use of *Le Misanthrope*, Manly is just as far removed from Alceste. It has been admirably put that "Wycherley has so overlaid his appropriations with the colouring of his own brilliant individuality that his play appears almost equally a masterpiece of originality as of ingenuity. It is scarcely too much to say that in *The Plain-Dealer* we are conscious of a fertility of invention, a richness of wit and satire, which make even *Le Misanthrope* seem tame in comparison."

Nor must it be supposed that Freeman in any way corresponds to Philinte. The amiable and urbane raillery of Philinte is once or twice, indeed, recalled by Lord Plausible's comments, but Philinte is a polished man of the world, exquisitely tactful and highly intelligent, whilst Lord Plausible is a supple fool. Freeman's affection for Manly seems loyal and sincere, but his scheme to secure the Widow Blackacre and the plot upon her son must be relegated to the realm of pure comedy if we are to entertain that liking for him which the author doubtless intended. It says much for Wycherley's genius that the buzzing crowd of impertinents, coxcombs, fops, chatterers, and lawyers, which circle round Manly and incessantly chafe him with their hum and sharp brize-stings, should all be so severally and entirely differentiated, should each one be a real living person, and not mere puppets to vanish away in shadowy fashion before the strong glare of his personality. The Widow Blackacre herself is, of course, supreme. As Hazlitt said: "The Widow Blackacre and her son are like her lawsuit —everlasting. A more lively, palpable, bustling, ridiculous picture cannot be drawn." Litigation rules her life and sways every action. She can only think in legal terms, and can talk of nothing but law, of which she has all the technicalities at her fingers' ends, and to which she can immediately twist any business or any conversation. Vexatious as a dozen attorneys, and as implacable as a parson suing for his tithes, she will listen to a chancery suit as another might listen to a play, she will even purchase the defence of a case from a pure love of friction and quarrel. Her brief bag, her deeds, and her parchments are never apart from her; she is restless and resistless as the waves of the sea. We know her very looks, her sharp scolding voice, the clothes she wears, her mantle and bedraggled petticoat, the meat she eats, soused venison, and the wine she drinks. She is all bustle and pother, noise and obstruction and hurry. In fine, the Widow Blackacre is, as Voltaire wrote, "la plus plaisante créature et le meilleur caractère qui soit au théâtre."[1]

[1] *Lettre sur la Comédie Anglaise.*

INTRODUCTION

The Plain-Dealer[1] was produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1676. There is a tradition, which hardly seems probable, that at first it did not meet with general applause, but being highly praised by the best judges, and especially by the Earl of Dorset, in a short time the new comedy began to be appreciated by the Town. It is very certain that *The Plain-Dealer* was long the most popular of Wycherley's plays, it was continually seen upon the stage, and by the end of the century it has passed through at least nine editions.[2] In the original cast we note three actors and one actress who had not before appeared in Wycherley's pieces. According to Downes, Philip Griffin and Charleton joined Killigrew's company about 1664, but probably a somewhat later date would be more exact. Griffin became an actor of great merit and created many important parts. He was the original Surly in *Sir Courtly Nice*, and Sir Edward Belfond in *The Squire of Alsatia*. After the union of the two companies in 1682 he succeeded Hart as Manly. Downes comments thus: "Note, Mr. *Griffin* so excell'd in *Surly*, *Sir Edward Belfond*, *The Plain Dealer*, none succeeding in the 2 former have equall'd him, except his predecessor Mr. *Hart* in the latter." Of Charleton no details are known. He is cast for Jacomo, Cornanti's man, a small rôle in Fane's *Love in the Dark*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1675.

Clark, who played Novel, was a young actor, much admired for his handsome face. He seems to have joined the theatre about 1672–3, and amongst his many rôles were Drusillus in *Nero, Emperour of Rome;* Massina, *Sophonisba;* Ovid, *Gloriana;* Hephestion, *The Rival Queens;* Aquilius, *Mithridates;* Franck, *Trick for Trick;* Wilding, *Sir Barnaby Whigg;* Dolabella, *All for Love;* the Earl of Essex, *The Unhappy Favourite;* Tachmas, the hero of Southerne's first drama *The Loyal Brother*. He also spoke the prologue to Leanerd's *The Country Innocence*. Clark is particularly mentioned by Cibber as one of the younger members of the company who about the time of the retirement of Hart claimed for himself principal rôles. In the summer of 1682 he visited Scotland, but he had returned to London by February, 1683–4. His name, however, does not appear after the union of the two companies.

Frances Maria Knight, who sustained Lettice, was an actress of great powers in tragedy and comedy alike, who was long applauded as a popular favourite. She created a large number of important parts in the best-known plays of the time. Amongst these may be mentioned: Teresia in *The Squire of Alsatia;* Miss Jenny, *Love for Money;* Mrs. Spruce, *The Fortune-Hunters;* Mrs. Raison, *Greenwich-Park;* the Queen of Navarre, *The Massacre of Paris;* Dorothea, *The Comical History of Don Quixote*, I, and the Duchess, Part II; Julia, *The Fatal Marriage;* Widow Lackitt, *Oroonoko;* Leonora, *Woman's Wit;* Queen Elizabeth, *The Albion Queens*.

It should be noticed that Goldsmith has closely copied Tony Lumpkin from Jerry Blackacre, and it cannot be said that he has improved his original. The scene of the theft, in particular, is closely imitated. There is something, too, of Widow Blackacre in Mrs. Hardcastle, though here the traits are less distinctly marked. *She Stoops to*

[1] The origin of the term Plain Dealer is possibly due to a game of cards called Plain Dealing, which is described by Cotton in his *Compleat Gamester*, 1680. From the immense popularity of Wycherley's play the phrase came into very common use. There is a journal *The Plain Dealer*, which was issued under the direction of Aaron Hill and W. Bond twice a week from 23 March, 1724, until 7 May, 1725.

[2] Voltaire, in the preface to *La Prude*, 1747, wrote: "Cette pièce (*The Plain-Dealer*) a encore en Angleterre la même réputation que le *Misanthrope* en France."

Conquer was produced at Covent Garden 13 March, 1773, and barely eight years before, 7 December, 1765, Bickerstaffe's mediocre adaptation of Wycherley had been produced at Drury Lane, and printed in 1766, which, perhaps, had served to direct Goldsmith's attention to the older play.

Sheridan also has borrowed freely from the greater dramatist. Not only are incidents and characters in *S. Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna* conveyed wholesale from *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* and *The Country-Wife*, but those passages of *The School for Scandal* which are generally supposed to be the most brilliant are but a faint reflection of the wit of *The Plain-Dealer*. Sheridan is a mere copyist, and his scenes are often tawdry and flat. They are commonplace, wherefore he will always be assured of a hearing among the commonplace. Wycherley has not a little of the mordant humour of Aretino, who scourged the vices from which he did not stand apart.

Voltaire attempted a version of *The Plain-Dealer* under the title *La Prude ; ou, la Gardeuse de Casette*, a comedy in five acts, written in unsatisfactory verse "de dix syllables" and performed 15 December, 1747, at the theatre of the Château de Sceaux in the presence of the Duchesse du Maine. The prude is Olivia (Madame Dorfise, a widow), who is the leading character, and Manly (Blandford) takes a somewhat subordinate place. We have Darmin, Blandford's friend, and Fidelia is metamorphosed into Adine, Darmin's niece, who is disguised as a young Greek. The Widow Blackacre and Jerry, Freeman and Major Oldfox have all completely disappeared. "Cette pièce," says Voltaire, "est moins traduction qu'une esquisse légère de la fameuse comédie de Wycherley. . . . Je ne connais point de comédie chez les anciens, ni chez les modernes, ou il y ait autant d'esprit. Mais c'est une sorte d'esprit qui s'évapore dès qu'il passe chez l'étranger." Voltaire is quite right in both particulars. *The Plain-Dealer* is all that he claims for it. *La Prude* is very dull.[1]

About a year after the production of *The Plain-Dealer* Wycherley fell dangerously ill of a lingering fever which not only prematurely turned his hair grey, perhaps no irremediable matter in the days of Chedreux, but also seriously impaired his memory to the sad detriment of his later work. It was, no doubt, this sickness which has deprived us of another play from his pen. During his long convalescence he was not neglected by his friends of the court, a fact that is of itself no small evidence of the real esteem and affection with which they regarded him, for it is not everyone who will be at the pains to cheer up the sick-room of a lonely invalid, however brisk a companion he may be when in health and spirits. He was honoured, moreover, at his Bow Street lodgings, where he lay, by a visit from King Charles, who sat by his bedside, chatted awhile, and, seeing the feeble state to which the disease had reduced him, gave him the best of advice, namely that he should pass some months in the South of France as soon as his strength would permit him to travel, and in order that the means for this recuperative change should not be lacking, with rare generosity bestowed upon him a royal bounty of five hundred pounds. Wycherley appears to have left England in the autumn of 1678, and to have spent the following winter and spring at Montpellier, a town which enjoyed a vast reputation as a health resort, both for the sovereign quality of its air and the skill of its many physicians.

[1] The French translation of *The Plain-Dealer* (*L'Homme Franc*) in Volume XI of *Chefs-d'œuvre des théâtres étrangers*, 1822, Vol. V, is unhappily made from Bickerstaffe's inept mutilation. It is the work of E. Mennechet.

Thoroughly recuperated, save for his defective memory, a weakness which unhappily increased with years, Wycherley returned to London in 1679 and was greeted by the King with the utmost kindness. He now received the welcome news of yet another favour, his appointment as tutor to the King's son by the Duchess of Portsmouth, the young Duke of Richmond. Charles Lennox was born 29 July, 1672, and 9 August, 1675, created Baron of Settrington, Earl of March, and Duke of Richmond (Yorks), in the English peerage, and the following 9 November Baron Methuen, Earl of Darnley, and Duke of Lennox in the peerage of Scotland. He married, January, 1692–3, Anne, second daughter of Francis, Lord Brudenell, and widow of Henry, second Lord Belasyse of Worlaby. He died at Goodwood, 27 May, 1723. In October, 1684, Evelyn speaks of him as "a very pretty boy," whilst Macky (*Characters*) in 1704, though he calls him "well shaped," adds "black complexion; much like King Charles." He further describes him as "an enemy to business; very credulous," whilst Swift more tersely summed him up in the words, "a shallow Coxcomb."

The Duke of Richmond was to be educated as a prince of the blood, and Wycherley's salary was fixed at no less than the munificent sum of fifteen hundred pounds, which carried with it an ample pension when the Duke no longer required his services. It would seem as though fortune had smiled her brightest upon the dramatist, but all too soon he was to experience the wanton's frown.

At this time the favourite resort of the gay and fashionable who were surfeited for a while with the restless routine of London life was Tunbridge Wells, so admirably pictured by Grammont when he writes: "Tunbridge est à la même distance de Londres que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au temps des eaux. La compagnie, toujours nombreuse, y est toujours choisie. Comme ceux qui ne cherchent qu'à se divertir l'emportent toujours sur le nombre de ceux qui n'y vont que par nécessité, tout y respire les plaisirs et la joie. La contrainte en est bannie, la familiarité établie dès la première connaissance, et la vie qu'on y mène est delicieuse."[1]

Rochester has a famous satire *Tunbridge Wells.* A good comedy, *Tunbridge Wells; or a Daies Courtship*, often ascribed to Rawlins, by Anthony à Wood to Sedley, was produced at the Duke's House early in 1678, and printed quarto the same year. In a letter to Dennis, dated 11 August, 1695, and written from Tunbridge, Congreve expatiates on "the Pleasures of the Place."[2]

The incident which, without undue exaggeration, may be said from this point to have ruined Wycherley's career, is best related in the words of Dennis. "It was immediately after Mr. *Wycherley* had received these gracious Offers from the King, that the Water-drinking Season coming on he went down to *Tunbridge* to take either the benefit of the Waters or the diversions of the Place, when walking one day upon the *Wells Walk* with his friend Mr. *Fairbeard* of *Gray's Inn*, just as he came up to the Bookseller's, my Lady *Drogheda*, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to the Bookseller and inquired for the *Plain-Dealer*. Madam, says Mr. Fairbeard, since you are for the Plain Dealer there he is for you, pushing Mr. *Wycherley* towards her. Yes, says Mr. *Wycherley* with his usual promptitude and gallantry, this Lady

[1] *Memoires du Chevalier du Grammont*, c. xii.

[2] For a full account of this famous resort Burr's *History of Tunbridge Wells* may be consulted.

can bear Plain Dealing for she appears to be so accomplished that what would be Compliment said to others, spoke to her would be Plain Dealing. No, truly, sir, said the Lady, I am not without my faults any more than the rest of my Sex, and yet, notwithstanding my faults, I love Plain Dealing and never am more fond of it than when it tells me my faults. Then, Madam, said Mr. *Fairbeard*, who appears to have played his Part in the Scene with excellent Taste and Good Humour, you and the Plain Dealer seem design'd by Heaven for each other. In short Mr. *Wycherley* walked with her upon the *Walks*, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her Lodgings while she staid at *Tunbridge* and, after she went to *London*, at her Lodgings in *Hatton Garden*, where in a little time he got her consent to marry her, which he did, by his father's command, without acquainting the King; for it was reasonably suppos'd, that the Lady having a great Independent Estate, and noble and powerful Relations, the acquainting the King with the intended Marriage might be the likeliest way to prevent it."

Lætitia Isabella,[1] daughter of John Robartes, first Earl of Radnor, by his second wife Lætitia Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith of Bidborough, Kent, knight, married in 1669 Charles Moore, second Earl of Drogheda, who died 18 June, 1679. Wycherley, then, met her at Tunbridge in the summer of that year, and the clandestine wedding seems to have taken place, if not in the following winter, at least early in 1680.

It was scarcely possible, however, that the marriage, however guarded and private, should long remain a secret. It was whispered at Whitehall, and soon reached the ears of the King, who was not only seriously annoyed at the breach of etiquette but also bitterly resented the lack of confidence he not unreasonably considered Wycherley to have shown. There can be no doubt that Daniel Wycherley's advice, or rather command, was the most injudicious policy that could have been adopted. There was no more talk of Wycherley's appointment in the household of the Duchess of Portsmouth, for both he and his wife were tacitly if not officially banished from the Court, an exile which the lady contemplated with equanimity but which filled her husband with something like despair. Moreover, Wycherley found that his wings were very shortly clipped. His wife proved so eternally suspicious of his every action, so vehemently passionate and loud in her recriminations if she but imagined, and her imagination was very lively that way, the most trifling neglect, that his life was a continual round of angry upbraidings and open jars. Often did the poor dramatist sigh with wise Solomon: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." In the well-known words of Dennis: "The Lady was jealous of him to Distraction, jealous to that degree that she could not endure he should be one Moment out of her Sight. Their lodgings were in *Bow Street*, *Covent Garden*, over against the *Cock*, whither if he, at any time, went with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that the Lady might see there was no Woman in Company, or she would be immediately in down-right raving Conditions. Whether this outrageous jealousy proceeded from the excess of her Passion, for she loved her Husband with the same violence with which she had done her Lover, or from the great things she had heard reported of his Manly Prowess which were not answered by her experience, or from them both together, Mr. *Wycherley* thought that he was obliged to humour it, and that he could not be too indulgent to a Lady

[1] She is the Mademoiselle Robartes mentioned by Grammont as a Maid of Honour.

who had bestowed both her Person and her Fortune upon him." But even a fortune may be bought too dearly, and what it must have meant to a man of Wycherley's temperament to live day by day with an hysterical and vituperative shrew will not bear contemplating. The constant fret and cantankerousness must have tattered the strongest nerves, and there is scant wonder he had neither the quiet nor the inspiration for another immortal comedy.

However, the Countess died in 1681, bequeathing the whole of her estate to her husband. Fresh troubles immediately accrued. Probably the Radnor family were not particularly wealthy, and certainly they did not intend to let this diverted legacy go without a struggle. Robert, Viscount Bodmin, the eldest son of the first Earl of Radnor, died in February, 1682, and was succeeded by his grandson, Charles Bodville Robartes (1660–1723), who had married Elizabeth,[1] the daughter of Sir John Cutler,[2] the wealthy old miser, from whom no dowry was forthcoming. Chagrined by his double loss, the fortunes of his aunt and his wife, the young Earl prosecuted his claims with unwonted determination and vigorously disputed the Countess of Drogheda's will. The greater portion of the expenses of the case in which he was so unhappily involved had to be borne by Wycherley, and he now found himself in circumstances of great difficulty. His *Epistles to the King and Duke* were written about this time, no doubt with the object of regaining Charles' favour, which they signally failed to do. Above all things King Charles resented ingratitude, and he could not bring himself again to befriend a man who had, as he thought, repaid his many and great kindnesses by disloyalty and mistrust. Lord Mulgrave, however, came to his assistance and lent him five hundred pounds upon his bond. This alas! was soon swallowed up in the Prerogative Court, and Wycherley's distress began to grow acute. His father could not or would not help him, and James Magnes, the publisher whose pockets *The Plain-Dealer* had amply filled, callously refused him twenty pounds at a moment of dire necessity. At length he was thrown into the Fleet Prison for debt, a sojourn he has celebrated in a copy of verses, and here he remained for several years.[3] It is a sad reflection that his brother George also was detained at the same time in the same captivity, where he died in December, 1688.

The Country-Wife and *The Plain-Dealer* still appeared on the stage season after season, and still met with triumphant applause.

14 December, 1685, *The Plain-Dealer* was acted at Whitehall before King James, his Queen and Court. Tradition says that the performance was suggested by Colonel Brett, who was in high favour with the King. When James expressed his lively satisfaction at so excellent a comedy and applauded with more than ordinary enjoyment, the Colonel was able to drop a word about the author's distress and imprisonment. The great and good King at once asked for definite information, and upon hearing the facts, gave instant orders that not only should Wycherley be at once released, but his debts discharged, and a pension of two hundred pounds a year paid him so long as he chose to reside in England. Lord Mulgrave was commissioned to inquire into the details of the poet's liabilities, but unfortunately, either through a modest fear of seeming to presume overmuch upon the royal favour or else by reason of a delicate hesitation,

[1] She died issueless 13 January, 1696.

[2] He died 15 April, 1693, worth, according to Lutrell, £300,000. Wycherley's verses on Cutler banter this avarice.

[3] Generally said to be seven, but more probably three or four.

Wycherley did not return a full total,[1] and even after the generosity of the King he was for some time burdened by financial anxieties. According to Spence these remaining debts, which amounted to some three hundred pounds, were at length settled by the poet's father, and it would appear that about this time a better understanding was arrived at between the two.

Wycherley's health was now far from good. He suffered from gravel, and Dryden in a letter to Etherege, dated February, 1687, mentions that he has had an apoplectic seizure.

At the Revolution he found it convenient for his pocket's sake, at least, to retire into the country, indeed it was the only course open for him, and so he took up his abode at Clive Hall, where he seems for some years to have led a life of entire and enforced seclusion, only broken by a few scattered visits to Town. Whenever in London he was generally to be found at Will's Coffee House, No. 1 Bow Street, Covent Garden, on the west side corner of Russell Street. Here he had his own place in the wits' room, upstairs, on the first floor. In summer, at the open window, where Wycherley sat by the side of his old friend, John Dryden, in the warm sunshine, the young authors and all the fledglings would listen open-mouthed to hear talk of a play to be written in conjunction by the two leading dramatists of the day. But more often the Plain Dealer was far away in his Shropshire village, not a little moped and wistful for Town. So Southerne in his lines to Congreve, prefixed to *The Old Batchelour* and published in January, 1693, speaking of Dryden and his poetic tribe wrote:

His eldest Wicherly *in wise Retreat*
Thought it not worth his quiet to be great.

And Dennis in a letter 19 January, 1693–4, addressed to "Mr. *Wycherley* at *Clive* near *Shrewsbury*" salutes him as "the humble Hermit at *Clive*."

5 May, 1697, Daniel Wycherley died at the age of eighty-one, and two days later was buried in the chancel of All Saints, Clive. Thenceforward his son lived in London with occasional visits to Clive. He had inherited the paternal estate indeed, but it was tied up with complex conditions and heavy charges, not a few of which had been incurred by endless and futile litigation and pettifogging chicane. His mother still lived, aged even for her eighty years. He himself was no longer the brave gallant who basked in the smiles of the wanton Barbara, and who had shared the bed of more than one mistress of King Charles. Illness, severe and lasting, anxiety, misfortune, disappointments, had raddled his handsome face and crooked his supple limbs. He was bent and shaken, his head was palsied, his hands trembled, his memory had almost completely failed, only his fine eyes now and again lit up and blazed with tragic fire from among the wrinkles. Those eight years from 1689 to 1697 must often have seemed an eternal and remorseless purgatory. It is indeed piteous to think of that fine spirit being prisoned, for it was little less, in a remote old hall, surrounded by persons whom he could not understand and by whom he was not understood, amid a continual jar and clash of temperaments, for companions a crotchety and cross-grained litigant, a querulous old lady, and a meagre choice of toping squireens.

During all this while he was working at his collection of *Miscellany Poems*, and at length after twenty-one years' silence they were published in a folio volume, 1704.

[1] "A spendthrift never reveals all his debts. . . . We must not expect people to do what they cannot." *The Sentimentalists*, Part II, 1.

The book had been long projected and widely discussed. It is advertised in *The London Gazette*, 30 November—3 December, 1696, whilst Dryden in a letter to Walsh, 9 or 10 May, 1699, says: "Mr. Wycherley's Poems will not come out until Michaelmas Terme: if his versification prove as well as his wit I shall believe it will be extraordinary. However, Congreve and Southern and I shall not faile to appear before it, and if you will come in he will have reason to acknowledge it for a favour." It must be confessed that these Poems for the most part show his genius in its decline. They are the result of reflection rather than of inspiration, and his ear seems to have been very treacherous so that we often stumble over awkward and rough-hewn rhymes. Yet they merit examination, and from a psychological point of view they are of considerable interest. They should be compared with the eight Prologues and Epilogues that introduce and close his comedies. Some of these are extremely happy. Such are the lines spoken by Mrs. Knepp, Mrs. Corey, and the actress who played Flirt. It is a sad thing that the *Miscellany Poems* are not fully sprinkled with this salt, but we must remember that they were all written after that fever which so marred his life. As I think the best and fairest judgement of these pieces to be that of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, which he has given us in *A Letter Containing a Character of Mr. Wycherley*,[1] I herewith subjoin it as an excellent example of true criticism. Having spoken very warmly of Wycherley as a friend, and having mentioned that "King *Charles* the Second, a nice Discerner of Men, and himself a Man of Wit, often chose him for a companion at his leisure Hours, as *Augustus* did *Horace*," he continues in this strain: "There are who object to his *Versification*. It is certain he is no Master of Numbers; but a Diamond is not less a Diamond for not being polish'd. In Poetry, a smooth and harmonious Versification is the same with a fine Colouring in Painting; but if the Proportions are right, the Posture just, the Figure bold, and the Resemblances true to Nature, such a Piece may give infinite Delight, and be of inestimable Value, tho' the Colours should happen to be rough or carelesly laid on. A beautiful Face may charm, without the Help of Complexion; but the fairest Skin, with all its Lilies and Roses, makes Ugliness but more remarkable. Where Justness is wanting in the Design, and Spirit in the Execution, the finest Colouring Art can invent, is but Paint upon a frightful Face: Yet many of our modern Writers look no farther, they lay the whole stress of their Endeavours upon the Harmony of Words; like Eunuchs, they sacrifice their Manhood to a Voice, and reduce Poetry, like Echo, to be nothing but Sound.

In my Friend, every Syllable, every Thought is masculine: His Muse is not led forth as to a Review, but as to a Battle; not adorn'd for Parade, but Execution; he would be tried by the Sharpness of his Blade, and not by the Finery: Like your Heroes of Antiquity, he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament but intrinsick Merit." "And, like those Heroes, has therefore added another Name to his own; and by the unanimous Assent of the World, is call'd, The *Manly Wycherley*."[2]

As a frontispiece to the *Miscellany Poems* was placed a mezzotint portrait of the author, engraved by Smith in 1703, from the picture by Sir Peter Lely, and under-

[1] First published in a very rare collection by Abel Boyer, *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, 8vo, 1701. Here, however, the text differs in some detail from that given in Lansdowne's *Collected Works*, Tonson, three volumes, 1736, whence I have quoted.

[2] This concluding sentence is from the text in Boyer's *Letters*, 1701.

neath the old man caused to be engraved the Vergilian "Quantum mutatus ab illo!" It would seem that a second folio volume was planned, but this never appeared. The first was issued by subscription, and the bookseller bilked the poet by withholding the list of subscribers and refusing him his royalties.

The Plain Dealer still made a very considerable figure in London literary circles, and strangers would visit the coffee-houses that he might be pointed out to them by their London friends. Occasionally, very occasionally, he visited Tunbridge Wells and Bath, probably for the sake of the waters, and in after-years men remembered having seen and talked with the great Mr. Wycherley. His conversation still preserved flashes of wit, although some of the younger folk, belonging to the bourgeois age of good Queen Anne, were inclined to be a little shocked by his freedom. So Gwinnet, in a letter subscribed "Bath, Sept. 15, 1709," and directed to Elizabeth Thomas, writes: "My dear Corinna. Here is a great deal of Company. Being but a fresh Comer I can send you no News from this Place; except it be that Yesterday Mr. *Wycherley* dined with Sir *John* [Guise], whose Conversation I find like his Poetry, is very much decayed; unless plain fulsom Obscenity (not to be borne with in a Young Man, but unpardonable in an Old one) may pass for Wit and good Breeding."[1]

It is not to be wondered at that a certain young poet of sixteen who had already completed four books of an epic, *Alcander Prince of Rhodes*, and composed a tragedy on S. Geneviève, should have been ambitious of meeting the famous dramatist. Even as a precocious boy Alexander Pope had one of his sharp eyes on the main chance, and who knew whether he might not shine in the reflected glory of old Wycherley? It is no easy task to obtain a true idea of the relations between Wycherley and Pope from their published correspondence, which it must be remembered has continually to be checked from copies of the originals which were found in the Marquis of Bath's library at Longleat, and which establish yet one more piece of evidence of Pope's ape-like cunning, vivid imagination, and temperamental incapacity to divulge the truth. In after-years it suited Pope's purpose to pretend that he was far more intimate with Wycherley than really seems to have been the case. There were few who could, or cared to, contradict his fictions, and accordingly he furnished no mean number of interesting anecdotes, a few of which may be founded upon half-recollections of what the old dramatist had said to him in some odd moments of forgetful senility, vainly trying to grope back into the forgotten past, but more of which are undoubtedly sprigs of his own florid invention. It may not impertinently be remembered that Spence reports Pope as relating how Addison had given the venal Charles Gildon ten guineas for writing "a thing about Wycherley." In the course of this Pope was abused, and he retorted with the "Character of Atticus." No copy of anything about Wycherley that at all corresponded with these details was known, and for many years the story was not unreasonably thought to be but another example of Pope's mendacity. We owe, however, ample confirmation of the tale to the research of an eminent authority, Mr. Thorn-Drury, who by his discovery of a little biography, a

[1] Pylades (Gwinnet) to Corinna (Elizabeth Thomas). *The Honourable Lovers*, 1732, 8vo, II, 15. But this account of Wycherley is flatly contradicted by a writer in Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, 1701, who says in Letter III (p. 215), *Containing an Account of* Will's *Coffeehouse:* "Mr. Wycherley is a little shy and reserv'd in Conversation." Lord Lansdowne also asserts: Mr. Wycherley is "in his Conversation, gentle, modest, inoffensive."

" thing " of two-and-forty pages, *Memoirs of the Life of William Wycherley, Esq., with a character of his writings*,[1] published by Edmund Curll in 1718, proved that for once, at least, Pope did not lie. This pamphlet very sharply scarifies " one *Pope*, a little diminutive Creature, who had got a sort of Knack in smooth versification." He is described as an " *Æsopic* sort of an animal in his own cropt Hair and Dress agreeable to the Forest he came from." He is represented as persistently hanging on to Wycherley, and even as claiming Wycherley's poem on the *Pastorals* as his own composition.[2] There is gross exaggeration, of course, but I suggest that there was much which was too near the truth for Pope's liking.

Pope's correspondence with Wycherley, after having been duly revised and re-orientated by the poet, was first published in 1729 as The Posthumous WORKS / of / *William Wycherley*, Esq; / In Prose and Verse. / VOL. II. / Consisting of / LETTERS and POEMS / PUBLISH'D from / Original Manuscripts. / LONDON: / Printed for J. ROBETRS in *Warwick-lane*. 1729 / Price 1s. 6d., or to be had Bound together, Price 5s. / This, as will be noticed, purports to be the Second Volume of *The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq ; in Prose and Verse*. . . . In Two Parts, which was seen through the press by Theobald and to which were prefixed Pach's *Memoirs*. But this book was printed for " A. Betterworth, J. Osborn, W. Mears, W. and J. Innys, J. Peele, T. Woodward, and F. Clay," and there is no doubt that the *Works* of 1729, purporting to be the Second Volume, have been extensively tinkered at by Pope, with whose connivance the volume appeared. No doubt we have here also one cause of his enmity with Theobald, who had been given the editing of a great dramatist's remains, which Pope regarded as his own perquisite and property. A prefatory " To the Reader " informs us that the letters are from the Harley Library, and also that if anyone should inquire why so long a time has lapsed before they were published it was owing to the difficulty of deciding which portion of Wycherley's verses to include. There is incidentally a good deal of more or less indirect puffing of Pope. But there seem to have been copies of Wycherley's letters to Pope in other hands, and no doubt he was informed that if he allowed this book containing the garbled letters to be publicly sold and circulated the original drafts would be printed. Threatened in this way, Pope instantly withdrew this Second Volume, and the consequence of this hurried suppression is that now it has become so great a rarity that its very existence has often been denied, and that by persons of no small knowledge and authority, who were quite unable to get a sight of so scarce a collection.[3] It was not until 1735 that Pope was able to publish his amended correspondence, and meanwhile he had, no doubt, taken good care that the original copies should not be immediately forthcoming.

As the undiluted Wycherley's letters may be read it is not necessary to give a detailed analysis of them here. Their tenour is obvious and the story sufficiently plain. Pope seems to have met the aged dramatist in the winter of 1704,[4] and during the following year several letters, full of literary courtesies, were exchanged. In 1706 Wycherley

[1] It should be mentioned that Mr. Thorn-Drury generously allowed the British Museum to acquire his copy of this rarity on easy terms.

[2] Dennis has the same insinuation.

[3] The British Museum lacks a copy, and I am informed that only one copy has occurred at sale during many years. For this edition of Wycherley the Bodleian copy has been collated.

[4] First letter of Pope is dated 26 December, 1704.

asks Pope to revise and correct a number of manuscript verses, a task of peculiar delicacy and difficulty when we consider that the old dramatist would repeat the same thought in the same words at an interval of two or three lines, and when this was pointed out to him apologize for his failing memory and erase it. Pope, no doubt, immensely improved a great deal of Wycherley's verse. As we have seen, Wycherley's chief fault was an almost entire lack of ear for rhythm, whereas no lines can be neater and smoother than the couplets of Pope, whom the harsh assonances of his old friend must often have made writhe in agony and dismay. As might have been expected, Pope's alterations became more frequent, his criticisms more trenchant and direct. But in 1708 Wycherley sends Pope his complimentary address upon the *Pastorals*, the third of which, *Autumn*, is dedicated to Wycherley, and the correspondence did not break off until 1710, although there have been for some time clear signs of mutual irritation and misunderstanding. In after-years Pope said: "Wycherley was really angry with me for correcting his verses so much. I was extremely plagued, up and down, for almost two years with them." Leslie Stephen has written: "To discover the rights and wrongs of the quarrel is now impossible, though unfortunately one thing is clear, namely, that Pope was guilty of grossly sacrificing truth in the interests of his own vanity." There is, none the less, one very plain explanation which, although it may not entirely cover the facts of the case, goes a very long way towards doing so. Pope was weary of continuing a correspondence from which he could reap no benefit. In 1710 he was on the high-road to success, and Wycherley was now of no further use to him in any way.

On more than one occasion Wycherley professed himself ready to heal the breach, but although Pope, after long silences, would send polite messages through a friend, such as Henry Cromwell, these were mere empty civilities.

In the autumn of 1711 Wycherley was at Bath, drinking the waters. "He went to Gloucester on his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a boat, and so returned to the Bath."[1] Cromwell was also at Bath, a convalescent. Whenever the two met they spoke of Pope, and did not forget to praise the *Essay on Criticism*. Wycherley indeed often declared his intention of paying a visit to Pope, whom he invited to London in two or three letters. But the waspish little man would be solicited and perhaps not consent. "Mr. Wycherley," writes Cromwell again, "came to town on Sunday last, and kindly surprised me with a visit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I saying, *To our loves*, he replied, *It is Mr. Pope's health*." There was probably an exchange of letters between the old dramatist and Pope, and the latter also visited Wycherley a few days before his death.

The evening of Wycherley's life was not happy. He was old, older than his years; he was infirm and often sick, on several occasions he had been attacked by painful and dangerous complaints; he had survived all his friends; he had outlived his generation. Money difficulties continually oppressed him; his father's will forbade him unconditionally to sell or alienate the property, and it seemed as though the whole estate must devolve upon the eldest son of his brother John, William Wycherley, who had been baptized at Wem, 2 February, 1684. This nephew had long shown the greatest ill-will towards his uncle and continued to vex and thwart him in every possible way. It is certain that there had been very considerable disagreements and that these were of long standing. Although the estate was entailed,

[1] Cromwell to Pope, 26 October, 1711.

yet power was left to settle a widow's jointure, and accordingly eleven days before his death, 20 December, 1715, Wycherley married again. In the Register of S. Paul's, Covent Garden, we find: "20 Dec., 1715. William Wycherley, gentleman of this parish, and Elizabeth Jackson of St. James, Westminster, Married at Mr. Wycherley's lodgings in Bow Street, by Mr. John Harris, by especial lycence." Harris was the assistant curate of the church, and he has duly signed this entry. Wycherley died a Catholic, and one must remember that this was long before the days of *Ne temere* and the regulations of Pius X. Whatever one may think of it the fact remains, and the young widow found herself with a jointure of four hundred a year, the nephew with a mortgaged estate upon which this was a charge. The story goes that the night before he expired Wycherley called his young wife to his bedside and earnestly said to her: "My dear, I have one thing to ask you. Do not again marry an old man." Two hours after signing his will, 31 December, 1715, Wycherley passed quietly away, almost in his sleep. He is buried in the vault of S. Paul's, Covent Garden.

About three months after his death his young wife married Captain Thomas Shrimpton,[1] the sole executor of her late husband's will, and a close connexion on the maternal side.

That Wycherley was a man of fascinating presence and brilliant conversation is shown by a multitude of references. His faults were largely the faults of his own day, his virtues his own. No man enjoyed so completely the friendship of every eminent figure both in court and literary circles; no man was more warm-hearted, more generous, more sincerely beloved, even in the late days of Anne, when the wits and new poets gazed admiringly at him, senile and decayed, and cried: "You may behold old excellent *Cassius*, who in our comedy has furnished more wit than could *Plautus* and *Terencius* in their whole compositions."[2] Of his attachment to his friends he gave many proofs. Caught up in the glittering world of Restoration London, petted and fêted, applauded and caressed, we yet find very different traits in his life and work from the traits in the lives and works of Sedley, Etherege, or Buckingham. A keen sincerity informs his every line, and this was recognized even by Jeremy Collier, who, when attacking the stage, has singularly little to say against Wycherley. Wycherley was a great satirist,[3] and a great satirist may be, not necessarily must be, a moralist. So Aretino, whose knowledge of society from the lowest to the highest was intimate and personal, who had rubbed elbows with sharping bullies and their punks, and fraternized with foul-minded flunkeys in half the gaming-dens and antechambers of Italy, and was equally at home in the ceremonious palaces of high nobles and purpled prelates, gives in his comedies a series of intensely vivid sketches of contemporary life, detailing all its vices and vileness but without malignity and almost without reproach save that which the mere painting of the public implies.

[1] In the *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Anne Oldfield*, 1731, a long letter, said to be written by Captain Shrimpton, is printed. Shrimpton collected money at Clive for Wycherley from his tenants, and details are given of various annoyances the nephew caused.

[2] Mrs. Manley's *New Atalantis*. Cassius=Mr. Wycherley (Key).

[3] Evelyn's oft-quoted lines run:

> As long as Men are false and Women vain,
> Whilst Gold continues to be Virtue's Bane,
> In pointed Satire *Wycherley* shall reign.

INTRODUCTION

In some well-known lines Rochester wrote:

> Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me
> Once to have toucht upon true Comedy,
> But hasty *Shadwel*, and slow *Wycherley*.

Upon this Lord Lansdowne comments: "This Character, however just in other Respects, yet injures Mr. *Wycherley* in one particular, being represented as a laborious Writer, which every one can contradict, who has the least personal knowledge of him. Those indeed who form their Judgment only by his Writings, may be apt to imagine, that so many admirable Reflections, such diversity of Images and Characters, such strickt Enquiries into Nature; so thorow an Inspection, and such close Observations upon the several Humours, Manners, Sentiments, and Affections of Men, and, as it were, so true, and so perfect a *Dissection* of Humane-kind, as appears in his Comedies, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Labour and Application. Whereas others who have the happiness to be acquainted with the Author, as well as his Works, are able to affirm that all these Perfections are due to his Genius, and natural Penetration. We owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertain'd and instructed by him, to his facility of doing it; for if I mistake him not extreamly, had it been a Trouble to him to write, he wou'd have spar'd himself that Trouble. What he has perform'd, would, indeed, have been difficult for a Genius of less Force, but the *Club* which a Man of ordinary size could not lift, was no more than a Walking-Staff for *Hercules*."[1]

In a contemporary letter, purporting to be "From a *French* Gentleman in *London*, to his Friend in *Paris*," and "Containing an Account of *Will*'s Coffeehouse," Wycherley is mentioned with Rochester, the Marquis of Normanby, Sedley, Roscommon, Dorset, Etherege, Dryden, as among "the first-rate Wits that flourish'd in King Charles II's Reign," and the following passage occurs: "Mr. Wycherley is universally allow'd the first place among the *English* Comick-Poets, who have writ since *Ben. Johnson*. His *Plain-Dealer*, (of which he took the first hint from *Moliere's Misanthrope*) is the best Comedy that ever was compos'd in any Language. The only Fault that has been found in it, is its being too full of *Wit*; a Fault which few Authors can be guilty of. He has also writ three other Plays, the best of which is the *Country Wife*. Mr. *Wycherley* is one of the politest Gentlemen in *England*, and the most civil and affable to Strangers, especially to those of our Nation, for whom he has an Esteem; he is a little shy and reserv'd in Conversation, but when a Man can be so happy as once to engage him in Discourse, he cannot but admire his profound Sense, Masculine Wit, vast Knowledge of Mankind, and noble but easie Expressions. These qualities gain'd Mr. *Wycherley* the Love and Esteem of his Master King *Charles* II. and of his Successor the like King of *Britain*, as the Comeliness and Gracefulness of his Person did the Hearts of several Ladies of their Amorous Courts."[2]

Wycherley's work may be disliked, it cannot be neglected. His verses have already been considered. His prose will be found, even in the *Maxims* and *Reflexions*, to be of an extraordinarily high quality. In his comedies it is supreme. And it is by his comedies

[1] Boyer's *Letters of Wit, Politicks, and Morality*, 1701, Letter X, pp. 254–5.
[2] *Ibid.*, Letter III, p. 217.

that Wycherley will live, and it is by two of these, *The Country-Wife* and *The Plain-Dealer*, that he has assured to himself a serene immortality. These masterpieces remain unsurpassed in the English theatre, indeed few comic dramatists in any land or of any tongue have equalled, none have excelled our great and glorious William Wycherley.

MONTAGUE SUMMERS.

Bologna, 1924.

Love in a Wood

OR,

St. James's Park

A

COMEDY

As it is ACTED BY

His MAJESTIES servants

Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY

—Excludit ſanos helicone poetas
Democritus;—Horat.

Source

THE suggestion, which is demonstrably incorrect, that *Love in a Wood* owes anything to Sir Charles Sedley's *The Mulberry-Garden*, produced at the Theatre Royal on Monday, 18 May, 1668 (4to, 1668), has already been sufficiently discussed in the Introduction.

The incident in Act IV when Sir Simon, on being teased by Lady Flippant, kisses and afterwards pursues her, may be found in a novel by Monseigneur de Commesuram, *La Procureuse passe la Raye*, the twenty-third novel of *Les Cent Nouvelles*. The earliest Western form of this anecdote seems to be the fabliau, *Le Curé qui posa une pierre;* it has also been used by Celio Malespini in his *Ducento Novelle*, by Granucci, and by the illustrious Bandello himself. Wycherley probably derived it directly from the Sieur D'Ouville's *Contes aux heures perdues*, two volumes, Paris, 1644, wherein are collected a vast number of tales from *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, *Cento Novelle Antiche*, *Le Tombeau de la Melancholie*, from Poggio, Domenichi, Pietro Fortini, Il Lasca, and a score of other writers.

It has not hitherto been noticed that the more serious episodes of *Love in a Wood*, the plots and somewhat intricate counter-plots of Ranger, Vincent, and Lydia, and above all the passionate jealousy of Valentine and Christina's niceties of honour and love, have all the atmosphere and intrigue of the Spanish theatre, whence they are undoubtedly derived. Very similar situations and characters frequently occur in the comedias of Calderon, Lope de Vega, Ruiz de Alarcón, Moreto, and the other Spanish dramatists.

It should, perhaps, be remarked that *Love in a Wood; or, The Country Squire*, a banal little farce by Charles Jacob, published 12mo, 1714, has no connexion whatsoever with Wycherley's comedy.

Theatrical History

LOVE in a Wood, which was originally received with great favour by the Town and especially patronized by the Duchess of Cleveland, passed into the regular repertory of Killigrew's company, and, for some six or seven years, was, it would seem, not infrequently played. After an interval this comedy was reprinted in 1693 and again in 1694 " As it is Acted By Their Majesties Servants," whence it is obvious that there was a revival about this time, which attracted attention and applause. The quarto of 1711 also indicates a performance at this later date, for it may generally be stated that the reissue of a play by the publishers argues a revival in the theatre.

During the summer season of 1718, on 15 August, *Love in a Wood* was given at Drury Lane with the following cast: Ranger, Mills; Valentine, Tom Walker, the original Macheath; Vincent, Charles Williams; Dapperwit, Young Wilks; Sir Simon, Joe Miller; Gripe, " Jubilee " Dick Norris; Lady Fidget, Mrs. Moor; Christina, the beautiful Mrs. Seymour, whom Ryan partially preferred even to Mrs. Oldfield; Lydia, Mrs. Garnet; Mrs. Crossbite, Mrs. Willis, "a most excellent actress in low humour "; Mrs. Joyner, Mrs. Hunt; Martha, Miss Tenoe; and Lucy, Miss Seal. The play was announced as " Not acted 30 years," but this cannot be taken at all literally. The bills often employed such phrases as " Not acted 20 years," " Not acted 30 years," which meant nothing more than " Not having been performed for a considerable time."

TO HER
GRACE
THE
Dutchefs of *CLEAVLAND*

MADAM,

ALL Authors whatever in their Dedications are Poets; but I am now to Write to a Lady, who ſtands as little in need of Flattery, as her Beauty of Art; otherwiſe, I ſhou'd prove as ill a Poet to her in my Dedication, as to my Reader in my Play: I can do your Grace no Honour, nor make you more Admirers than you have already; yet I can do my ſelf the honour to let the World know, I am the greateſt you have; you will Pardon me, Madam, for you know, 'tis very hard for a new Author, and Poet too, to govern his Ambition; for Poets, let them paſs in the world never ſo much, for modeſt, honeſt Men, but begin praiſe to others, which concludes in themſelves; and are like Rooks, who lend People money, but to win it back again, and ſo leave them in debt to 'em for nothing; they offer Laurel and Incenſe to their Hero's, but wear it themſelves, and perfume themſelves. This is true, Madam, upon the honeſt word of an Author, who never yet writ Dedication; yet though I cannot lye like them, I am as vain as they, and cannot but publickly give your Grace my humble acknowledgments for the Favours I have receiv'd from you: This, I ſay, is the Poets Gratitude, which in plain Engliſh, is only Pride and Ambition; and that the World might know your Grace did me the honour to ſee my Play twice together; yet perhaps my Enviers of your Favour will ſuggeſt 'twas in Lent, and therefore for your Mortification; then, as a jealous Author, I am concern'd not to have your Graces Favours leſſen'd, or rather, my reputation; and to let them know, you were pleas'd, after that, to command a Copy from me of this Play; the way without Beauty and Wit, to win a poor Poets heart. 'Tis a ſign your Grace underſtands nothing better, then obliging all the World, after the beſt and moſt proper manner; But, Madam, to be obliging to that exceſs as you are, (pardon me, if I tell you, out of my extream concern, and ſervice for your Grace) is a dangerous quality, and may be very incommode to you; for Civility makes Poets as troubleſom, as Charity makes Beggars; and your Grace will be hereafter as much peſter'd with ſuch ſcurvy Offerings as this,

Poems, Panegyricks, and the like, as you are now with Petitions : And, Madam, take it from me, no Man with Papers in's hand, is more dreadful than a Poet, no, not a Lawyer with his Declarations; Your Grace ſure did not well conſider what you did, in ſending for my Play; you little thought I wou'd have had the confidence to ſend you a Dedication too : But, Madam, you find I am as unreaſonable, and have as little Conſcience, as if I had driven the Poetick trade longer than I have, and ne're conſider you had enough of the Play; but (having ſuffer'd now ſo ſeverely) I beſeech your Grace, have a care for the future, take my Counſel, and be (if you can poſſible) as proud, and ill-natur'd, as other people of Quality, ſince your quiet is ſo much concern'd, and ſince you have more reaſon than any to value your ſelf; for you have that perfection of Beauty (without thinking it ſo) which others of your Sex, but think they have; that Generoſity in your Actions, which others of your Quality, have only in their Promiſes; that Spirit, Wit, and Judgment, and all other Qualifications, which fit Hero's to Command, and wou'd make any but your Grace proud. I begin now elevated by my Subject, to write with the Emotion and Fury of a Poet; yet the Integrity of an Hiſtorian; and I cou'd never be weary, nay, ſure this were my only way, to make my Readers never weary too, though they were a more impatient Generation of people than they are. In Fine, ſpeaking thus of your Grace, I ſhou'd pleaſe all the world but you; therefore I muſt once obſerve and obey you againſt my will, and ſay no more, then that I am,

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Moſt Obliged, and moſt

humble Servant,

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

PROLOGUE

CUſtom, which bids the Thief from Cart Harangue,
All thoſe that come to make, and ſee him hang,
Wills the damn'd Poet (though he knows he's gone)
To greet you, e're his Execution.
Not having fear of Critick 'fore his eyes,
But ſtill rejecting wholſome, good advice;
He e'en is come to ſuffer here to day,
For counterfeiting (as you judge) a Play,
Which is againſt dread Phœbus *higheſt treaſon,*
Damn'd damning Judges, therefore you have reaſon;
You he do's mean, who for the ſelf ſame fault,
That damning Priviledge of yours have bought;
So the huge Bankers when they needs muſt fail,
Send the ſmall Brothers of their trade to Goal;
Whilſt they by breaking Gentlemen, are made,
Then more than any ſcorn, poor men o' th' trade;
You hardn'd Renegado Poets, who
Treat Riming Brother, worſe then Turk wou'd do;
But vent your Heatheniſh rage, hang, draw, and quarter,
His Muſe will dye to day a fleering Martyr;
Since for ball'd Jeſt, dull Libel, or Lampoon,
There are who ſuffer perſecution,
With the undaunted briſkneſs of Buffoon,
And ſtrict Profeſſors live of Raillery,
Defying Porters Lodge, or Pillory:
For thoſe who yet write on our Poets fate,
Shou'd as Co-ſufferers commiſerate;
But he in vain their pity now wou'd crave,
Who for themſelves (alas) no pity have,
And their own gaſping credit will not ſave;
And thoſe, much leſs, our Criminal wou'd ſpare,
Who ne'r in Rhyme trangreſs, (if ſuch there are).
Well then, who nothing hopes, needs nothing fear;
And he, before your cruel Votes ſhall do it,
By his deſpair, declares himſelf no Poet.

The Perſons

Mr. *Hart.* Mr. *Bell.* Mr. *Kinnaſton.*	Mr. *Ranger*, Mr. *Vincent*, Mr. *Valentine*, } Young Gentlemen of the Town.
Mr. *Lacy.*	Alderman *Gripe*, ſeemingly preciſe, but a covetous, leacherous, old Uſurer of the City.
Mr. *Winterſell.*	Sir *Simon Addleplot*, a Coxcomb, always in purſuit of Women of great Fortunes.
Mr. *Mohun.*	Mr. *Dapperwit*, a brisk conceited, half-witted Fellow of the Town.
Mrs. *Boutell.*	*Chriſtina*, *Valentines* Miſtreſs.
Mrs. *Betty Cox.*	*Lydia*, *Rangers* Miſtreſs.
Mrs. *Knepp.*	My Lady *Flippant*, *Gripe*'s Siſter, an affected Widow, in diſtreſs for a Husband, though ſtill declaiming againſt marriage.
Mrs. *Farlowe.*	Mrs. *Martha*, *Gripe*'s Daughter.
Mrs. *Cory.*	Mrs. *Joyner*, a Match-maker, or preciſe City-Bawd.
Mrs. *Rutter.*	Mrs. *Croſsbite*, an old cheating Jilt, and Bawd to her Daughter.
Mrs. *Betty Slade.*	Miſs *Lucy*, her Daughter.
Mrs. *James.*	*Iſabel*, *Chriſtina*'s Woman.
Mrs. *Gartreight.*	*Leonore*, Servant to *Lydia*.

Croſsbites Landlord, and his Prentices, Servants, Waiters, and other Attendants.

The Scene *LONDON.*

Love in a Wood

OR,

St James's Park.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Gripes *Houſe in the Evening.*

Enter My Lady Flippant, *Mrs.* Joyner.

Flip. NOT a Husband to be had for mony.
Come, come, I might have been a better Houſe-Wife for my ſelf (as the World goes now,) if I had dealt for an Heir with his Guardian, Uncle, or Mother-in-Law; and you are no better than a Chouſe, a Cheat.

Joyn. I a Cheat, Madam.

Flip. I am out of my Mony, and my Patience too.

Joyn. Do not run out of your patience whatever you do,
'Tis a neceſſary virtue for a Widow without
A Joynture in truly.

Flip. Vile Woman, though my Fortune be ſomething
Waſted, my Perſon's in good repair;
If I had not depended on you, I had had a Husband
Before this time; when I gave you the laſt five pound,
Did not you promiſe I ſhould be Marryed by Chriſtmaſs.

Joyn. And had kept my promiſe if you had Cooperated.

Flip. Cooperated, what ſhould I have done?
'Tis well known no Woman breathing could uſe more
Induſtry to get her a Husband than I have;
Has not my Husbands Scutcheon walk'd as much ground
As the Citizens Signs ſince the Fire,
That no quarter of the Town might be ignorant
Of the Widow *Flippant.*

Joyn. 'Tis well known Madam indeed.

Flip. Have I not own'd my ſelf (againſt my
Stomach) the Relict of a Citizen to credit my Fortune?

Joyn. 'Tis confeſt, Madam.

Flip. Have I not conſtantly kept *Covent-Garden*-Church, St. *Martins*, the Play-Houſes, *Hide-Park*, *Mulbery-Garden*, and all other the Publick Marts where Widows and Mayds are expos'd?

Joyn. Far be it from me to think you have an
Averſion to a Husband;
But why Madam have you refus'd ſo many good Offers?

Flip. Good Offers, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll be ſworn
I never had an Offer ſince my late Husbands; if I had had an Offer, Mrs. *Joyner*; there's the thing, Mrs. *Joyner*.

Joyn. Then your frequent, and publick deteſtation of
Marriage, is thought real;
And if you have had no Offer, there's the thing, Madam.

Flip. I cannot deny, but I always rail againſt Marriage
Which is the Widows way to it certainly.

Joyn. 'Tis the deſperate way of the deſperate
Widows, in truly.

Flip. Wou'd you have us as tractable as the Wenches that eat Oatmeal; and fool'd like them too.

Joyn. If no body were wiſer then I, I ſhould think, ſince the Widow wants the natural alurement which the Virgin has, you ought to give men all other incouragements in truly.

Flip. Therefore on the contrary, becauſe the Widows Fortune (whether ſuppos'd or real) is her chiefeſt Bait, the more chary ſhe ſeems of it, and the more ſhe withdraws it, the more eagerly the buſie gaping frye will bite: with us Widows Husbands are got like Biſhopricks, by ſaying no; and I tell you, a young Heir is as ſhie of a Widow, as of a Rook, to my knowledge.

Joyn. I can alledge nothing againſt your practice,
But your ill ſucceſs; and indeed you muſt uſe
Another Method with Sir *Simon Addleplot*.

Flip. Will he be at your Houſe at the hour?

Joyn. He'll be there by ten, 'tis now nine:
I warrant you he will not fail.

Flip. I'll warrant you then I will not fail,
For 'tis more than time I were ſped.

Joyn. Mr. *Dapperwit* has not been too buſie with you, I hope, your experience has taught you to prevent a miſchance.

Flip. No, no, my miſchance (as you call it) is greater then that; I have but three Months to reckon, e're I lye down with my Port and Equipage;

and muſt be delivered of a Woman, a Foot-man and a Coach-man. For my Coach muſt down, unleſs I can get Sir *Simon* to draw with me.

Joyn. He will payr with you exactly if you knew all. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, nothing grieves me like putting down my Coach; for the fine Cloathes, the fine Lodgings, let 'em go; for a Lodging is as unneceſſary a thing to a Widow that has a Coach, as a Hat to a Man that has a good Peruque, for as you ſee about Town ſhe is moſt properly at home in her Coach, ſhe eats, and drinks, and ſleeps in her Coach; and for her Viſits ſhe receives them in the Play-houſe.

Joyn. Ay, ay, let the Men keep Lodgings
(As you ſay, Madam) if they will.

[Gripe *and Sir* Simon Addleplot *following him as his Man in the Habit of a Clarke at one door, and Mrs.* Martha *at the other.*

Flip. Do you think if things had been with me as they have been, I would ever have hous'd with this counter faſhion Brother of mine, (who hates a Veſt as much as a Surplice) to have my Patches aſſaulted every day; at Dinner my Freedom ſenſured, and my Viſitants ſhut out of Doors; poor Mr. *Dapperwit* cannot be admitted.

Joyn. He knows him too well to keep his
Acquaintance.

Flip. He is a cenſorious rigid Fop, and knows nothing.

Gripe. So, ſo——— [*Behind.*

Joyn. Is he here? [*Aſide.*

To my Lady Flip.] Nay with your pardon, Madam, I muſt contradict you there. He is a prying Common-Wealths-man, an implacable Magiſtrate, a ſturdy Pillar of his Cauſe, and———
But oh me is your Worſhip ſo near then? if I had [*To* Gripe.
Thought you had heard me.———

Gripe. Why, why, Mrs. *Joyner*,
I have ſaid as much of my ſelf e're now,
And without vanity I profeſs.

Joyn. I know your Virtue is proof againſt Vain-glory;
But the truth to your face, looks like flattery in your
Worſhip's ſervant.

Gripe. No, no, ſay what you will of me in that kind,
Far be it from me to ſuſpect you of flattery.

Joyn. In truly your Worſhip knows your ſelf,
And knows me, for I am none of thoſe———

Flip. Now they are in——— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Joyner*, I'll go before to your Houſe,
You'll be ſure to come after me. [*Exit* Flippant.

Joyn. Immediately; but as I was ſaying,
I am none of thoſe——

Gripe. No, Mrs. *Joyner*, you cannot ſew Pillows
Under Folks elbows; you cannot hold a Candle to the Divel;
You cannot tickle a Trout to take him, you——
Joyn. Lord how well you do know me indeed;
And you ſhall ſee I know your Worſhip as well,
You cannot backſlide from your Principles;
You cannot be terrify'd by the laws,
Nor brib'd to Alegiance by Office, or Preferment;
You———
Gripe. Hold, hold, my praiſe muſt not interrupt yours.
Joyn. With your Worſhip's Pardon, (In truly) I muſt on.
Gripe. I am full of your praiſe, and it will run over.
Joyn. Nay ſweet Sir, you are——
Gripe. Nay ſweet Mrs. *Joyner*, you are——
Joyn. Nay good your Worſhip, you are——
[*Stops her mouth with his Handkerchief.*
Gripe. I ſay you are——
Joyn. I muſt not be rude with your Worſhip.
Gripe. You are a Nurſing Mother to the Saints;
Through you they gather together;
Through you they fructify and encreaſe; and through you
The Child cries from out of the Hand-Basket.
Joyn. Through you Virgins are marryed or provided
For as well; through you the Reprobate's Wife
Is made a Saint; and through you the Widow is not
Diſconſolate, nor miſſes her Husband.
Gripe. Through you———
Joyn. Indeed you will put me to the bluſh
Gripe. Bluſhes are badges of Imperfection.
Saints have no ſhame: You are the flower of,
Matrons, Mrs. *Joyner.*
Joyn. You are the Pink of courtious Aldermen.
Gripe. You are the Muffler of Secreſy.
Joyn. You are the Head-band of Juſtice.
Gripe. Thank you ſweet Mrs. *Joyner*, do you think
So indeed *?* you are———
You are the Bonefire of Devotion.
Joyn. You are the Bellows of Zeal.
Gripe. You are the Cup-board of Charity.
Joyn. You are the Fob of Liberality.
Gripe. You are the Rivet of ſanctify'd Love or Wedlock.
Joyn. You are the Picklock and Dark-Lanthorn of Policy;
And in a word, a Conventicle of Virtues.

Gripe. Your Servant, your Servant, ſweet Mrs. *Joyner*,
You have ſtopt my mouth.

Joyner. Your Servant, your Servant, ſweet Alderman,
I have nothing to ſay.

Sir Simon. The half Pullet will be cold, Sir.

Gripe. Mrs. *Joyner* you ſhall Sup with me.

Joyner. Indeed I am engag'd to 'Supper with ſome
Of your Man's Friends; and I came on purpoſe
To get leave for him too.

Gripe. I cannot deny you any thing; but I have forgot to tell you what a kind of Fellow my Siſters *Dapperwit* is; before a full Table of the Coffee-Houſe *Sages*, he had the impudence to hold an Argument againſt me in the defence of Veſts and Protections; and therefore I forbid him my houſe; beſides when he came, I was forc'd to lock up my Daughter for fear of him, nay, I think the poor Child her ſelf was afraid of him: Come hither Child, were you not afraid of *Dapperwit?*

Martha. Yes indeed, Sir, he is a terrible Man.
Yet I durſt meet with him in the Piazzo at Midnight. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. He ſhall never come into my doors again.

Martha. Shall Mr. *Dapperwit* never come hither again then *?*

Gripe. No, Child.

Martha. I am afraid he will.

Gripe. I warrant thee.

Martha. I warrant you then I'le go to him. [*Aſide.*
I am glad of that, for I hate him as much as a Biſhop.

Gripe. Thou art no Child of mine, if thou doſt not hate Biſhops and Wits: Well, Mrs. *Joyner*, I'le keep you no longer. *Jonas*, wait on Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. Good night to your Worſhip.

Gripe. But ſtay, ſtay, Mrs. *Joyner*, have you ſpoken with the Widow *Croſsbite* about her little Daughter, as I deſir'd.

Joyn. I will to morrow early, it ſhall be the firſt thing I'le do after my Prayers.

Gripe. If *Dapperwit* ſhould contaminate her; I cannot reſt till I have redeem'd her from the Jaws of that Lyon, good night.

Joyn. Good Gentleman. [*Exeunt* Gripe *and* Martha.

Manent Sir Simon Addleplot *and* Joyner.

Sir Sim. Hah, hah, ha, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. What's the matter, Sir *Simon?*

Sir Sim. Hah, hah, ha,——let us make haſte to your Houſe, or I ſhall burſt, faith and troth to ſee what Fools you and I make of theſe People.

Joyn. I will not rob you of any of the credit, I am but a feeble Inſtrument, you are the Engeneer.

Sir Sim. Remember what you ſay now when things ſucceed, and do not tell me then, I muſt thank your wit for all.

Joyn. No in truly, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. Nay I'm ſure *Dapperwit* and I have been Partners in many an Intrigue and he uſes to ſerve me ſo.

Joyn. He is an ill Man to Intrigue with, as you call it.

Sir Sim. I, ſo are all your Wits; a pox, if a man's underſtanding be not ſo publick as theirs, he cannot do a wiſe action but they go away with the honour of it, if he be of their acquaintance.

Joyn. Why do you keep ſuch Acquaintance then ?

Sir Sim. There is a Proverb, Mrs. *Joyner*, You may know him by his Company.

Joyn. No, no, to be thought a Man of parts, you ſhou'd always keep Company with a Man of leſs wit than your ſelf.

Sir Sim. That's the hardeſt thing in the World for me to do, faith and troth.

Joyn. What, to find a man of leſs wit then your ſelf ?
Pardon my Raillery, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. No, no, I cannot keep Company with a Fool, I wonder how men of parts can do't, there's ſomething in't.

Joyn. If you cou'd, all your wiſe actions wou'd be your own, and your money wou'd be your own too.

Sir Sim. Nay, faith and troth that's true; for your Wits are plaguely given to borrow; they'l borrow of their Wench, Coach-man, or Link-Boy their hire. Mrs. *Joyner*, *Dapperwit* has that trick with a vengeance.

Joyn. Why will you keep Company with him then, I ſay ? for to be plain with you, you have followed him ſo long, that you are thought but his Culley; for every Wit has his Culley, as every Squire his lead Captain.

Sir Sim. I his Culley, I his Culley, Mrs. *Joyner !*
Lord that I ſhould be thought a Culley to any Wit breathing.

Joyn. Nay do not take it ſo to heart, for the beſt Wits
Of the Town, are but Culleys themſelves.

Sir Sim. To whom, to whom, to whom, Mrs. *Joyner ?*

Joyn. To Sem'ſtreſſes, and Bawds.

Sir Sim. To your knowledge, Mrs. *Joyner.*
There I was with her.

Joyn. To Taylors and Vintners, but eſpecially to the *French* Houſes.

Sir Sim. But *Dapperwit* is a Culley to none of them; for he ticks.

Joyn. I care not, but I wiſh you were a Culley to none but me, that's all the hurt I wiſh you.

Sir Sim. Thank you Mrs. *Joyner*; well, I will throw off *Dapperwit's* acquaintance when I am marryed, and will only be a Culley to my Wife, and that's no more than the wiſeſt Husband of 'em all is.

Joyn. Then you think you ſhall carry Mrs. *Martha.*

Sir Sim. Your hundered Guineys are
As good as in your Lap.

Joyn. But I am afraid this double plot of yours
Should fail, you wou'd ſooner ſucceed,
If you only deſign'd upon Mrs. *Martha,*
Or only upon my Lady Flippant.

Sir Sim. Nay then you are no Woman of Intrigue, faith and troth 'tis good to have two ſtrings to one Bow; if Mrs. *Martha* be coy; I tell the Widow I put on my diſguiſe for her; But if Mrs. *Martha* be kind to *Jonas*, Sir *Simon Addleplot* will be falſe to the Widow, which is no more then Widows are us'd to; for a Promiſe to a Widow is as ſeldome kept as a Vow made at Sea, as *Dapperwit* ſays.

Joyn. I am afraid they ſhou'd diſcover you.

Sir Sim. You have nothing to fear, you have your twenty Guineys in your pocket for helping me into my Service, and if I get into Mrs. *Martha's* Quarters, you have a hundred more, if into the Widdows, fifty, happy goe lucky will her Ladiſhip be at your houſe at the hour.

Joyn. Yes.

Sir Sim. Then you ſhall ſee when I am Sir *Simon Addleplot*, and my ſelf, I'll look like my ſelf, now I am *Jonas* I look like an Aſs; you never thought Sir *Simon Addleplot* cou'd have look'd ſo like an Aſs by his ingenuity.

Joyn. Pardon me Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. Nay do not flatter, Faith and troth.

Joyn. Come let us goe, 'tis time.

Sir Sim. I will carry the Widdow to the French Houſe.

Joyn. If ſhe will goe.

Sir Sim. If ſhe will go; why, did you ever know a Widow refuſe a treat? no more than a Lawyer a Fee, faith and troth, yet I know too,

No treat, ſweet words, good meen, but ſly Intrigue,
That muſt at length, the jilting Widow fegue. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes to the French *Houſe, a Table, Wine, and Candles.*

Enter Vince ntRanger, Dapperwit.

Dap. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no drinking to night.

Vin. Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no *Dapperwit* to night.

Rang. Nay, nay, *Vincent.*

Vin. A Pox, I hate his impertinent Chat more then he does the honeſt *Burgundy.*

Dap. But why ſhou'd you force Wine upon us? we are not all of your guſto.

Vin. But why ſhould you force your chaw'd Jeſts, your damn'd ends of your mouldy Lampoones, and laſt years Sonnets upon us, we are not all of your guſto?

Dap. The Wine makes me ſick, let me periſh.

Vin. Thy Rhymes make me ſpew.

Ran. At Repartee already, come *Vincent*, I know you would rather have him pledge you, here *Dapperwit*; [*Gives him the Glaſs.* but why are you ſo eager to have him drink always?

Vin. Becauſe he is ſo eager to talk always, and there is no other ways to ſilence him.

Waiter to them.

Wait. Here is a Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with Mr. *Vincent.*

Vin. I come. [*Exit* Vin.

Dap. He may drink becauſe he is obliged to the Bottle, for all the Wit and Courage he has, 'tis not free and natural like yours.

Ran. He has more Courage then Wit, but wants neither.

Dap. As a Pump gone dry, if you powr no Water down you will get none out, ſo———

Ran. Nay I bar ſimiles too, to night.

Dap. Why is not the thought new, don't you apprehend it.

Ran. Yes, yes, but———

Dap. Well, well, will you comply with his ſottiſhneſs too, and hate brisk things in complaiſance to the ignorant dull age? I believe ſhortly 'twill be as hard to find a patient friend to communicate ones wit to, as a faithful friend to communicate ones Secret to. Wit has as few true Judges, as painting I ſee.

Ran. All people pretend to be judges of both.

Dap. I they pretend———but ſet you aſide,
And two more.———

Ran. But why, has *Vincent* neither courage nor wit?

Dap. He has no courage, becauſe he beat his Wench for giving me *les douces yeux* once; and no wit, becauſe he does not comprehend my thoughts; and he is a Son of a Whore for his ignorance; I take ignorance worſe from any man then the Lye, becauſe it is as much as to ſay I am no Wit.

Vincent *Returns.*

You need not take any notice, though, to him of what I ſay.

Vin. Ranger, there is a Woman below in a Coach wou'd ſpeak with you.

Ran. With me. [*Exit* Ran.

Dap. This *Ranger*, Mr. *Vincent*, is as falſe to his Friend as his Wench.

Vin. You have no reaſon to ſay ſo,
But becauſe he is abſent.

Dap. 'Tis diſobliging to tell a Man of his faults to his Face, if he had but your grave parts, and manly wit, I ſhou'd adore him; but a pox he is a meer Buffoon, a Jack-pudding let me periſh.——

Vin. You are an ungrateful fellow, I have heard him maintain you had wit, which was more than e're you cou'd do for your ſelf; I thought you had own'd him your *Mæcenas!*

Dap. A pox he cannot but eſteem me, 'tis for his honour; but I cannot but be juſt for all that, without favour or affection, yet I confeſs I love him ſo well, that I wiſh he had but the hundredth part of your Courage.

Vin. He has had the Courage to ſave you from many a beating to my knowledge.

Dap. Come, come, I wiſh the man well, and next to you, better then any man, and I am ſorry to ſay it, he has not a courage to ſnuff a Candle with his Fingers; when he is drunk indeed, he dares get a Clap, or ſo—— and ſwear at a Conſtable.

Vin. Detracting Fop, when did you ſee him deſert his Friend.

Dap. You have a rough kind of Raillery, Mr. *Vincent*, but ſince you will have it, (though I love the man heartily, I ſay) he deſerted me once in breaking of Windows, for fear of the Conſtable, Ranger *Returns.* but you need not take notice to him, of what I tell you; I hate to put a Man to the bluſh.

Ran. I have had juſt now a viſit from my Miſtreſs, who is as jealous of me, as a Wife of her Husband when ſhe lies in; My Couſin *Lydia*, you have heard me ſpeak of her.

Vin. But ſhe is more troubleſome then a Wife that lies in, becauſe ſhe follows you to your haunts; why do you allow her that priviledge before her time?

Ran. Faith, I may allow her any priviledge and be too hard for her yet; how do you think I have cheated her to night? Women are poor credulous Creatures, eaſily deceived.

Vin. We are poor credulous Creatures, when we think 'em ſo.

Ran. Intending a Ramble to St. *James*'s Park to night, upon ſome probable hopes of ſome freſh Game I have in Chaſe, I appointed her to ſtay at home, with a promiſe to come to her within this hour, that ſhe might not foil the ſcent and prevent my ſport.

Vin. She'll be even with you when you are married, I warrant you: in the mean time here's her health, *Dapperwit.*

Ran. Now had he rather be at the window writing her Anagram in the Glaſs, with his Diamond, or biting his nails in the corner, for a fine thought, to come and divert us with at the Table.

Dap. No a pox I have no wit to night, I am as barren and hide-bound as one of your damn'd ſcribling Poets, who are sotts in Company for all their wit, as a Miſer is poor for all his mony; how do you like the thought.

Vin. Drink, drink.

Dap. Well, I can drink this, becauſe I ſhall be repreiv'd preſently.

Vin. Who will be ſo civil to us.

Dap. Sir *Simon Addleplot*, I have beſpoke him a Supper here, for he treats to night a new rich Miſtreſs.

Ran. That Spark who has his fruitleſs deſigns upon the bed-ridden rich Widow, down to the ſucking Heireſſes in her piſſing cloute; He was once the ſport, but now the publick grievance of all the Fortunes in Town; for he watches them like a younger Brother that is afraid to be mump'd of his ſnip, and they cannot ſteal a Marriage, nor ſtay their ſtomachs, but he muſt know it.

Dap. He has now pitch'd his Nets for *Gripe*'s Daughter the rich Scrivener, and ſerves him as a Clerk to get admiſſion to her, which the watchful Fop her Father, denies to all others.

Ran. I thought you had been nibling at her once, under pretence of love to her Aunt.

Dap. I confeſs I have the ſame deſign yet, and *Addleplot* is but my Agent whilſt he thinks me his; he brings me Letters conſtantly from her, and carries mine back.

Vin. Still betraying your beſt Friends.

Dap. I cannot in honour but betray him (let me periſh,) the poor young Wench is taken with my perſon, and wou'd ſcratch through fowr walls to come to me.

Vin. 'Tis a ſign ſhe is kept up cloſe indeed.

Dap. Betray him, I'll not be Traytor to Love for any Man.

Sir Simon Addleplot *to them with the Waiter.*

Sir Sim. Know 'em, you are a ſawcy Jack-ſtraw to queſtion me, (faith and troth) I know every body, and every body knows me.

All. Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon.*

Ran. And you are a welcome Man to every body.

Sir Sim. Now Son of a Whore, do I know the Gentlemen *?* a dog, he wou'd have had a ſhilling of me before he wou'd let me come to you.

Ran. The Rogue has been bred at Court ſure;
Get you out, Sirrah.

Sir Sim. He has been bred at a *French* Houſe, where they are more unreaſonable.

Vin. Here's to you, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. I cannot drink, for I have a Miſtreſs within, though I wou'd not have the people of the houſe to know it.

Ran. You need not be aſham'd of your Miſtreſſes, for they are commonly rich.

Sir Sim. And becauſe ſhe is rich, I wou'd conceal her, for I never had a rich Miſtreſs yet, but one or other got her from me preſently, faith and troth.

Ran. But this is an ill place to conceal a Miſtreſs in, every Waiter is an Intelligencer to your Rivals.

Sir Sim. I have 'trick for that, I'll let no Waiters come into the Room, I'll lay the Cloth my ſelf rather.

Ran. But who is your Miſtreſs.

Sir Sim. Your Servant,——your Servant,——
Mr. *Ranger.*

Vin. Come, will you pledge me?

Sir Sim. No, I'll ſpare your Wine, if you will ſpare me *Dapperwit*'s company, I came for that.

Vin. You do us a double favour, to take him and leave the Wine.

Sir Sim. Come, come, *Dapperwit.*

Ran. Do not go unleſs he will ſuffer us to ſee his Miſtreſs too. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Come, come man.

Dap. Would you have me ſo uncivil as to leave my company; they'll take it ill?

Sir Sim. I cannot find her talk without thee; Pray Gentlemen perſwade Mr. *Dapperwit* to go with me.

Ran. We will not hinder him of better company.

Dap. Yours is too good to be left rudely.

Sir Sim. Nay Gentlemen I wou'd deſire your company too, if you knew the Lady.

Dap. They know her as well as I, you ſay I know her not.

Sir Sim. You are not every body. [*Aſide.*

Ran. Perhaps we do know the Lady, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. You do not, you do not, none of you ever ſaw her in your lives; but if you cou'd be ſecret, and civil——

Ran. We have drunk yet but our Bottle a piece.

Sir Sim. But will you be civil, Mr. *Vincent?*

Ran. He dares not look a Woman in the Face under three Bottles.

Sir Sim. Come along then; but can you be civil Gentlemen *?* will you be civil Gentlemen? pray be civil if you can, and you ſhall ſee her.

[*Exit Sir* Sim.

[*Returns with my Lady* Flippant *and Mrs.* Joyner.

Dap. How, has he got this Jilt here? [*Aſide.*

Ran. The Widow *Flippant!*—— [*Aſide.*

Vin. Is this the Woman we never ſaw *?* [*Aſide.*

Flip. Does he bring us into company, and *Dapperwit* one? though I had marryed the Fool, I thought to have reſerv'd the Wit as well as other Ladies. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Nay, look as long as you will, Madam, you will find them civil Gentlemen, and good Company.

Flip. I am not in doubt of their civility but yours.

Joyn. You'll never leave ſnubbing your Servants, did you not promiſe to uſe him kindly. [*Behind.*

Flip. 'Tis true. [*Aſide.*

We wanted no good company, Sir *Simon*, as long as we had yours.

Sir Sim. But they wanted good company, therefore I forc'd them to accept of yours.

Flip. They will not think the Company good they were forc'd into certainly.

Sir Sim. A pox I muſt be uſing the words in faſhion though I never have any luck with 'em, Mrs. *Joyner*, help me off.

Joyn. I ſuppoſe, Madam, he means the Gentlemen wanted not inclination to your company, but confidence to deſire ſo great an honour, therefore he forc'd 'em.

Dap. What makes this Bawd here *?* ſure Miſtreſs you Bawds ſhould be like the ſmall Cards, though at firſt you make up the Pack, yet when the play begins, you ſhould be put out as uſeleſs.

Joyn. Well, well, jibeing Companion, you wou'd have the Pimps kept in only *?* you would ſo ?

Vin. What, they are quarrelling ?

Ran. Pimp and Bawd agree nowadays like Doctor and Apothecary.

Sir Sim. Try, Madam, if they are not civil Gentlemen, talk with 'em, while I go lay the cloath, no Waiter comes here:
My Mother us'd to tell me, I ſhould avoid all occaſions of talking before my Miſtreſs, becauſe ſilence is a ſign of love as well as prudence. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Methinks you look a little yellow on't,
[*Sir* Simon *laying the Cloath.*
Mr. *Dapperwit*; I hope you do not ſenſure me
because you find me paſſing away a night with this Fool;
he is not a Man to be jealous of ſure.

Dap. You are not a Lady to be jealous of ſure.

Flip. No certainly, but why doe you look as if you were jealous then.

Dap. If I had met you in *Wheatſtone's*-Park, with a drunken Foot-Soldier, I ſhould not have been jealous of you.

Flip. Fye, fye, now you are jealous certainly, for people always when they grow jealous, grow rude; but I can pardon it ſince it proceeds from love certainly.

Dap. I am out of all hopes to be rid of this eternal old acquaintance, when I jear her, ſhe thinks her ſelf prais'd, now I call her Whore in plain Engliſh, ſhe thinks I am jealous. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Sweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, be not ſo ſenſorious, I ſpeak for your ſake,

not my own, for jealouſie is a great torment, but my honour cannot ſuffer certainly.

Dap. No certainly, but the greateſt torment I have is your Love.

Flip. Alas ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, indeed Love is a torment, but 'tis a ſweet torment; but Jealouſie is a bitter torment; I do not go about to cure you of the torment of my love.

Dap. 'Tis a ſign ſo.

Flip. Come, come, look up man, is that a Rival to conteſt with you?

Dap. I will conteſt with no Rival, not with my old Rival your Coachman, but they have heartily my reſignation, and to do you a favour, but my ſelf a greater, I will help tye the knot you are fumbling for now, betwixt your Culley here, and you.

Flip. Go, go, I take that kind of jealouſie worſt of all, to ſuſpect I would be debauch'd to beaſtly Matrimony; but who are thoſe Gentlemen, pray? ——are they Men of Fortunes, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. I believe ſo.

Flip. Do you believe ſo indeed; Gentlemen.——

[*Advancing towards* Ranger *and* Vincent.

Ran. If the civility we owe to Ladies, had not controul'd our Envy to Mr. *Dapperwit*, we had interrupted e're this your private Converſation.

Flip. Your interruption, Sir, had been moſt civil, and obliging, for our diſcourſe was of Marriage.

Ran. That is a ſubject, Madam, as grateful as common.

Flip. O fye, fye, are you of that Opinion too? I cannot ſuffer any to talk of it in my Company.

Ran. Are you Married then, Madam?

Flip. No certainly.

Ran. I am ſure ſo much Beauty cannot deſpair of it.

Flip. Diſpair of it——

Ran. Only thoſe that are married, or cannot be married, hate to hear of Marriage.

Flip. Yet you muſt know, Sir, my averſion to marriage is ſuch, that you nor no Man breathing, ſhall ever perſwade me to it.

Ran. Curs'd be the man ſhou'd do ſo rude a thing as to perſwade you to any thing againſt your inclination; I wou'd not do it for the World, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, though you ſeem to be a civil Gentleman, I think you no better than your Neighbours; I do not know a man of you all, that will not thruſt a Woman up into a corner, and then talk an hour to her impertinently of marriage.

Ran. You wou'd find me another man in a corner, I aſſure you, Madam, for you ſhou'd not have a word of marriage from me, whatſoever you might find in my actions of it; I hate talking as much as you.

Flip. I hate it extreamly.

Ran. I am your man then, Madam, for I find juſt the ſame fault with your Sex as you do with ours; I ne're cou'd have to do with Woman in my life, but ſtill ſhe wou'd be impertinently talking of marriage to me.

Flip. Obſerve that, Mrs. *Joyner.* [*Aſide.*

Dap. Pray Mr. *Ranger*, let's go, I had rather drink with Mr. *Vincent*, then ſtay here with you; beſides 'tis Park-time.

Ran. I come. [*To* Dap.

Since you are a Lady that hate marriage, I'll do you the ſervice to withdraw the company, for thoſe that hate marriage, hate loſs of time.

Flip. Will you go then, Sir; but before you go, Sir, pray tell me is your averſion to marriage real *?*

Ran. As real as yours.

Flip. If it were no more real than mine—— [*Aſide.*

Ran. Your Servant, Madam.

Flip. But do you hate Marriage certainly *?* [*Plucks him back.*

Ran. Certainly.

Flip. Come, I cannot believe it, you diſſemble it, only becauſe I pretend it.

Ran. Do you but pretend it then, Madam?

Flip. I ſhall diſcover my ſelf——— [*Aſide.*

I mean, becauſe I hold againſt it, you do the ſame in complaiſance; for I have heard ſay, cunning men think to bring the coy and untractable women to tameneſs, as they do ſome mad People by humoring their frenzies.

Ran. I am none of thoſe cunning men, yet have too much wit to entertain the preſumption of deſigning upon you.

Flip. 'Twere no ſuch preſumption neither.

Dap. Come away, 's death don't you ſee your danger *?*

Ran. Thoſe aims are for Sir *Simon*, good night, Madam.

Flip. Will you needs go then *?* the Gentlemen are a going, Sir *Simon*, will you let 'em *?*

Sir Sim. Nay, Madam, if you cannot keep 'em, how ſhould I *?*

Flip. Stay, Sir, becauſe you hate marriage, I'll ſing you a new Song againſt it.

She Sings.

A Spouſe I do hate,
For either ſhe's falſe or ſhe's jealous;
But give us a Mate,
Who nothing will ask us, or tell us.

She ſtands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture,
Her love for your Farms;
But takes her kind man at a venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Proceſs, or Warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd in the Morning.

When Parents are Slaves,
Their Bratts cannot be any other;
Great Wits, and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

Flip. Though it be the faſhion for women of quality to ſing any Song whatever, becauſe the Words are not diſtinguiſh'd; yet I ſhould have bluſh'd to have done it now, but for you, Sir.

Ran. The Song is edifying, the Voice admirable, and once more I am your ſervant, Madam.

Flip. What, will you go too, Mr. *Dapperwit?*

Sir Sim. Pray, Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not you go too.

Dap. I am engag'd.

Sir Sim. Well, if we cannot have their company, we will not have their Room, ours is a private back Room; they have paid their reckoning, let's go thither again.

Flip. But pray, ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit*, do not go; keep him, Sir *Simon.*

Sir Sim. I cannot keep him. *Exeunt* Vin. Ran. Dap.

It is impoſſible; (*the World is ſo,*)
One cannot keep ones Friend, and Miſtreſs too. [Ex. Omnes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. James's *Park at night.*

Enter Ranger, Vincent, Dapperwit.

Ran. HAng me if I am not pleas'd extreamly with this new faſhion'd catterwouling, this midnight courſing in the Park.

Vin. A Man may come after Supper with his three Bottles in his head, reel himſelf ſober, without reproof from his Mother, Aunt, or grave relation.

Ran. May bring his baſhful Wench, and not have her put out of Countenance by the impudent honeſt women of the Town.

Dap. And a Man of wit may have the better of the dumb ſhew, of well trim'd Veſt, or fair Peruque; no man's now is whiteſt.

Ran. And now no woman's modeſt, or proud, for her bluſhes are hid, and the rubies on her Lips are died, and all ſleepy and glimmering Eyes have loſt their attraction.

Vin. And now a man may carry a Bottle under his Arm, inſtead of his Hat, and no obſerving ſpruce Fop will miſs the Crevat that lies on ones ſhoulder, or count the pimples on ones face.

Dap. And now the brisk reparty ruins the complaiſant Cringe, or wiſe Grimace; ſomething 'twas, we Men of virtue always lov'd the night.

Ran. O bleſſed ſeaſon.

Vin. For good-Fellows.

Ran. For Lovers.

Dap. And for the Muſes.

Ran. When I was a Boy I lov'd the night ſo well, I had a ſtrong vocation to be a Bellman's Apprentice.

Vin. I a Drawer.

Dap. And I to attend the Waits of *Weſtminſter*, let me periſh.

Ran. But why do we not do the duty of this and ſuch other places, walk, cenſure, and ſpeak ill of all we meet?

Dap. 'Tis no fault of mine, let me perriſh.

Vin. Fye, fye, Satyrical gentlemen, this is not your time, you cannot diſtinguiſh a Friend from a Fop.

Dap. No matter, no matter, they will deſerve amongſt 'em the worſt we can ſay.

Ran. Who comes here, *Dapperwit?*

Dap. By the toſs of his head, training of his feet, and his elbows playing at bo-peep Behind his back, it ſhould be my Lord *Eaſy*. [*People walking ſlowly over the Stage.*

Ran. And who the Woman?

Dap. My Lord, what d'ye call's Daughter That had a Child by——

Vin. Dapperwit, hold your tongue?

Ran. How are you concern'd?

Vin. Her Brother's an honeſt Fellow, and will drink his Glaſs.

Ran. Prithee, *Vincent*; *Dapperwit* did not hinder drinking to night, though he ſpeak againſt it; why then ſhou'd you interrupt his ſport? now let him talk of any body.

Vin. So he will, till you cut his throat.

Ran. Why ſhou'd you in all occaſions thwart him, contemn him, and malicioufly look grave at his jeſts only?

Vin. Why do's he always rail againſt my friends then, and my beſt friend a Beer-glaſs?

Ran. *Dapperwit*, be your own Advocate, my Game I think is before me there? [*Exit* Ran.

Dap. This *Ranger*, I think has all the ill qualities, of all your Town Fops, leaving his Company for a ſpruce Lord,
Or a Wench.

Vin. Nay, if you muſt rail at your own beſt friends, I may forgive you, railing at mine.

[Lydia *and my Lady* Flippant *walking over the Stage.*

Lyd. Falſe *Ranger*, ſhall I find thee here? [*Aſide.*

Vin. Thoſe are Women, are they not? [*To* Dap.

Dap. The leaſt, ſeems to be my *Lucy* ſure. [*Aſide.*

Vin. Faith I think I dare ſpeak to a woman in the Dark, let's try.

Dap. They are perſons of quality of my acquaintance; hold.

Vin. Nay, if they are perſons of quality of your acquaintance, I may be the bolder with 'em.

The Ladies go off; *they follow them*; Lydia *and* Flippant *re-enter.*

Lyd. I come hither to make a diſcovery to night.

Flip. Of my love to you certainly; for no body but you cou'd have debauch'd me to the Park certainly; I wou'd not return another night, if it were to redeem my dear husband from his grave.

Lyd. I believe you, but to get another, Widow.

Flip. Another Husband, another Husband, foh!

Lyd. There does not paſs a night here, but many a match is made.

Flip. That a woman of honour ſhou'd have the word match in her mouth: but I hope, Madam, the Fellows do not make honourable Love here, do they? I abominate honourable Love, upon my Honour.

Lyd. If they ſhould make honourable Love here, I know you would prevent 'em.

Vincent *and* Dapperwit *Re-enter, and walk ſlowly towards them.*

But here come two men will inform you what they do.

Flip. Do they come? are they men certainly?

Lyd. Prepare for an aſſault, they'l put you to't.

Flip. Will they put us to't certainly? I was never put to't yet; if they ſhou'd put us to't, I ſhould drop down, down certainly.

Lyd. I believe, truly, you wou'd not have power to run away.

Flip. Therefore I will not ſtay the puſh, they come, they come, oh the Fellows come!

Flippant *runs away*, Lydia *follows, and* Vincent *and* Dapperwit *after them.*

Flippant *Re-enters at t'other door alone.*

So, I am got off clear: I did not run from the men, but my companion, for all their brags, men have hardly courage to ſet upon us, when our number is equal; now they ſhall ſee I defie 'em: for we women have

always moſt courage when we are alone; but a Pox—the lazie Rogues come not, or they are Drunk and cannot run; Oh drink, abominable drink! inſtead of inflaming Love, it quenches it, and for one Lover it incourages, it makes a thouſand impotent.
Curſe on all Wine, even Rheniſh-Wine and Sugar——

Enter Addleplot *muffled in a Cloak.*

But Fortune will not ſee me want, here comes a ſingle Bully, I wiſh he may ſtand;

For now anights the joſtling Nymph is bolder,
Than modern Satyr with his Cloak o're ſhoulder.

Well met, Sir. [*She puts on her Mask.*

Sir Sim. How ſhall I know that, forſooth, who are you? do you know me?

Flip. Who are you? don't you know me?

Sir Sim. Not, I faith and troth.

Flip. I am glad on't, for no Man e're lik'd a Woman the better for having known her before.

Sir Sim. I, but then one can't be ſo free with a new acquaintance, as with an old one; ſhe may deny one the civility.

Flip. Not till you ask her.

Sir Sim. But I am afraid to be deny'd.

Flip. Let me tell you, Sir, you cannot diſ-oblige us women more, then in diſtruſting us.

Sir Sim. Piſh, what ſhou'd one ask for, when you know on's meaning? but shall I deal freely with you?

Flip. I love of my life men ſhould deal freely with me; there are ſo few men will deal freely with one——

Sir Sim. Are you not a Fireſhip? a Punk, Madam?

Flip. Well, Sir, I Love Raillery.

Sir Sim. Faith and troth I do not railly, I deal freely.

Flip. This is the time and place for freedom, Sir.

Sir Sim. Are you handſom?

Flip. *Joan*'s as good as my Lady in the dark, certainly; but Men that deal freely, never ask queſtions, certainly.

Sir Sim. How then! I thought to deal freely, and put a woman to the queſtion, had been all one.

Flip. But let me tell you, thoſe that deal freely indeed, take a woman by——

Sir Sim. What, what, what, what?

Flip. By the hand and lead her aſide.

Sir Sim. Now I underſtand you, come along then.

Enter Torches and Muſick at a diſtance.

Flip. What unmannerly Raſcals are thoſe that bring light into the Park? 'twill not be taken well from 'em by the women certainly; ſtill diſappointed—— [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Oh the Fiddles, the Fiddles, I ſent for them hither to oblige the women, not offend 'em; for I intend to Serenade the whole Park to night; but my Frolick is not without an intrigue, faith and troth: for I know the Fiddles will call the whole Herd of vizard Masks together; and then ſhall I diſcover if a ſtray'd Miſtreſs of mine be not amongſt 'em, whom I treated to night at the *French-Houſe*; but as ſoon as the Jilt had eat up my meat, and drank her two bottles, ſhe run away from me, and left me alone.

Flip. How! is it he! *Addleplot*, that I cou'd not know him by his faith and troth. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Now I wou'd underſtand her tricks, becauſe I intend to Marry her, and ſhou'd be glad to know what I muſt truſt to.

Flip. So thou ſhalt, but not yet. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Though I can give a great gueſs already; for if I have any intrigue or ſenſe in me, ſhe is as arrant a Jilt, as ever pull'd pillow from under husband's head, Faith and troth: moreover ſhe is bow-legg'd, hopper-hipp'd, and betwixt Pomatum and Spaniſh Red, has a Complexion like a Holland Cheeſe, and no more Teeth left, than ſuch as give a Hauſt-gouſt to her breath; but ſhe is rich (faith and troth.)

Flip. Oh Raſcal! he has heard ſome body elſe ſay all this of me; but I muſt not diſcover my ſelf, leſt I ſhould be diſappointed of my revenge, for I will marry him. [*Aſide.*

The Torches and Muſick approaching. *Ex.* Flippant.

Sir Sim. What gone? come then, ſtrike up my lads.

Enter Men and Women in Vizards, and Dance.

Addleplot *for the moſt part ſtanding ſtill in a Cloak and Vizard, but ſometimes going about peeping, and examining the Womens cloaths; the Dance ended.* *Exeunt Dancers, Torches, Muſick, and* Addleplot.

Enter Flippant, Lydia, *after them* Vincent, Dapperwit.

Flip. Nay, if you ſtay any longer, I muſt leave you again. [*To* Lydia.

Vin. We have over-taken them at laſt again. Theſe are they: they ſeparate too, and that's but a challenge to us. [Flip. *going off.*

Dap. Let me periſh, Ladies——

Lyd. Nay, good Madam, let's unite, now here's the common enemy upon us.

Vin. Dam me, Ladies——

Dap. Hold, a Pox you are too rough, let me periſh, Ladies.

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Lyd. Not for want of breath, Gentlemen, wee'l ſtay rather.

Dap. For want of your favour rather, ſweet Ladies.

Flip. That's *Dapperwit*, falſe villain; but he muſt not know I am here; if he ſhould, I ſhould loſe his thrice agreeable Company, and he would run from me, as faſt as from the Bayliffs. What you will not talk with 'em I hope?

Lyd. Yes, but I will.

Flip. Then you are a Park-Woman certainly, and you will take it kindly if I leave you.

Lyd. No, you muſt not leave me. [*Apart.*

Flip. Then you muſt leave them.

Lyd. I'll ſee if they are worſe Company then you firſt.

Flip. Monſtrous Impudence, will you not come? [*Pulls* Lydia.

Vin. Nay, Madam, I never ſuffer any violence to be us'd to a woman, but what I do my ſelf; ſhe muſt ſtay, and you muſt not go.

Flip. Unhand me, you rude fellow.

Vin. Nay, now I am ſure you will ſtay and be kind; for coyneſs in a Woman is as little ſign of true modeſty, as huffing in a Man, is of true courage.

Dap. Uſe her gently, and ſpeak ſoft things to her.

Lyd. Now do I gueſs I know my Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Sir, I am extremely glad I am fallen into the hands of a Gentleman, that can ſpeak ſoft things; and this is ſo fine a night to hear ſoft things in; morning I ſhou'd have ſaid.

Dap. It will not be morning, dear Madam, till you pull off your Mask; that I think was brisk——— [*Aſide.*

Lyd. Indeed, dear Sir, my face would frighten back the Sun.

Dap. With glories, more radiant than his own;

I keep up with her, I think. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. But why wou'd you put me to the trouble of lighting the World, when I thought to have gone to ſleep?

Dap. You can only do it, dear Madam, let me periſh.

Lyd. But why wou'd you (of all Men) practice Treaſon againſt your Friend *Phœbus*, and depoſe him, for a meer Stranger?

Dap. I think ſhe knows me. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. But he does not do you juſtice I believe, and you are ſo poſitively cock-ſure of your wit, you wou'd refer to a meer ſtranger your Plea to the Bay-tree.

Dap. She jears me, let me periſh. [*Aſide.*

Vin. Dapperwit, a little of your aid, for my Lady's invincibly dumb.

Dap. Wou'd mine had been ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Vin. I have us'd as many arguments to make her ſpeak, as are requiſite to make other women hold their tongues.

Dap. Well, I am ready to change ſides, yet before I go, Madam; ſince the Moon conſents, now I ſhou'd ſee your Face, let me deſire you to pull off your Mask, which to a handſom Lady is a favour, I'm ſure.

Lyd. Truly, Sir, I muſt not be long in debt to you for the obligation; pray, let me hear you recite ſome of your verſes, which to a Wit, is a favour I'm ſure.

Dap. Madam, it belongs to your ſex to be oblig'd firſt; pull off your Mask, and I'll pull out my paper.
Brisk again of my ſide. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. 'Twou'd be in vain, for you would want a Candle now.

Dap. I dare not make uſe again of the luſtre of her [*Aſide.*
face: I'll wait upon you home then, Madam.

Lyd. Faith no, I believe it will not be much to our advantages, to bring my face or your Poetry to light, for I hope, you have yet a pretty good opinion of my face, and ſo have I of your wit; but if you are for proving your wit, why do not you write a Play?

Dap. Becauſe 'tis now no more reputation to write a Play than it is honour to be a Knight: your true wit deſpiſes the Title of Poet, as much as your true gentleman the title of Knight; for as a man may be a Knight and no Gentleman, ſo a Man may be a Poet and no Wit, let me periſh.

Lyd. Pray, Sir, how are you dignifi'd or diſtinguiſh'd amongſt the rates of Wits? and how many rates are there?

Dap. There are as many degrees of Wits, as of Lawyers; as there is firſt your Sollicitor, then your Aturney, then your Pleading-Counſel, then your Chamber-Counſel, and then your Judge; ſo there is firſt your Court-Wit, your Coffee-Wit, your Poll-Wit, or Pollitick-Wit, your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit, and laſt of all, your Judg-Wit, or Critick.

Lyd. But are there as many Wits as Lawyers? Lord, what will become of us? what employment can they have? how are they known?

Dap. Firſt your Court-Wit is a faſhionable, inſinuating, flattering, cringing, grimacing, Fellow; and has wit enough to ſollicit a ſuit of Love; and if he fail, he has malice enough to ruin the woman with a dull Lampoon, but he rails ſtill at the man that is abſent, for you muſt know, all Wits rail; and his wit properly lies in combing Perruques, matching Ribbonds, and being ſevere as they call it, upon other peoples cloaths.

Lyd. Now, what is the Coffee-Wit?

Dap. He is a lying cenſorious, goſſiping quibling wretch, and ſets people together by the ears over that ſober drink Coffee; he is a Wit, as he is a commentator upon the Gazet, and he rails at the Pyrats of *Algiere*, the Grand Signior of *Conſtantinople*, and the Chriſtian Grand Signior.

Lyd. What kind of Man is your Poll-Wit?

Dap. He is a fidgeting, buſie, dogmatical, hot-headed Fop, that ſpeak always in Sentences and Proverbs, (as others in ſimilitudes) and he rails

perpetually againſt the preſent government; his Wit lies in projects and monopolies, and penning ſpeeches for young Parliament Men.

Lyd. But what is your Chamber-Wit, or Scribble-Wit *?*

Dap. He is a poring, melancholy, modeſt Sot, aſham'd of the world; he ſearches all the Records of Wit, to compile a Breviate of them for the uſe of Players, Printers, Book-ſellers, and ſometimes Cooks, Tabacca-men; he imploys his railing againſt the ignorance of the Age, and all that have more mony than he.

Lyd. Now your laſt.

Dap. Your Judg-Wit or Critick, is all theſe together, and yet has the Wit to be none of them; he can think, ſpeak, write, as well as all the reſt but ſcorns (himſelf a Judg) to be judg'd by poſterity; he rails at all the other claſſes of Wits, and his Wit lies in damming all but himſelf: he is your true Wit.

Lyd. Then, I ſuſpect you are of his Form.

Dap. I cannot deny it, Madam.

Vin. Dapperwit, you have been all this time on the wrong ſide, for you love to talk all, and here's a Lady wou'd not have hindred you.

Dap. A Pox, I have been talking too long indeed here; for Wit is loſt upon a ſilly weak Woman, as well as courage. [*Aſide.*

Vin. I have us'd all common means to move a womans tongue and mask; I call'd her ugly, old, and old acquaintance, and yet ſhe wou'd not diſprove me: but here comes *Ranger*, let him try what he can do, for ſince my Miſtreſs is dogged, I'll go ſleep alone. [*Exit.*

Ranger *Enters.*

Lyd. Ranger! 'tis he indeed; I am ſorry he is here, but glad I diſcovered him before I went, yet he muſt not diſcover me, leſt I ſhould be prevented hereafter, in finding him out, falſe *Ranger.* [*Aſide.*

Nay, if they bring freſh force upon us, Madam, 'tis time to quit this Field. [*Ex.* Lyd. Flip.

Ran. What, play with your quarrey till it fly from you.

Dap. You frightened it away.

Ran. Ha*!* is not one of thoſe Ladies in mourning?

Dap. All Women are ſo by this light.

Ran. But you might eaſily deſcern it, don't you know her?

Dap. No.

Ran. Did you talk with her?

Dap. Yes, ſhe's one of your brisk ſilly Baggages.

Ran. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, I was afraid I ſaw her before, let us follow 'em, prithee make haſte.

'Tis *Lydia.* [*Aſide. Exeunt.*

Lydia, *my Lady* Flippant *return at the other door,*
Ranger, Dapperwit, *following them at a diſtance.*

Lyd. They follow us yet I fear.

Flip. You do not fear it certainly, otherwiſe, you wou'd not have encourag'd them.

Lyd. For heavens ſake, Madam, wave your quarrel a little; and let us paſs by your Coach, and ſo on foot to your acquaintance in the old *Pell-Mell*; for I would not be diſcover'd by the man that came up laſt to us.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Chriſtina's *Lodging.*

Enter Chriſtina, Iſabel.

Iſa. For Heavens ſake undreſs your ſelf, Madam; they'l not return to night, all People have left the Park an hour ago.

Chri. What is't a Clock?

Iſa. 'Tis paſt one.

Chri. It cannot be.

Iſa. I thought, that time had only ſtolen from happy Lovers; the Diſconſolate have nothing to do but to tell the Clock.

Chri. I can only keep account with my Misfortunes.

Iſa. I am glad they are not innumerable.

Chri. And truly my undergoing ſo often your impertinency, is not the leaſt of them.

Iſa. I am then more glad, Madam, for then they cannot be great, and it is in my power, it ſeems, to make you in part happy, if I cou'd but hold this villanous tongue of mine, but then let the people of the Town hold their tongues if they will, for I cannot but tell you what they ſay.

Chri. What do they ſay?

Iſa. Faith, Madam, I am afraid to tell you, now I think on't.

Chri. Is it ſo ill?

Iſa. Oh, ſuch baſe unworthy things.

Chri. Do they ſay, I was really *Clerimont*'s Wench as he boaſted; and that the ground of the quarrel betwixt *Valentine* and him, was not *Valentine*'s Vindication of my honour, but *Clerimont*'s jealouſie of him.

Iſa. Worſe, worſe a thouſand times, ſuch villanous things to the utter ruin of your reputation.

Chri. What are they?

Iſab. Faith, Madam, you'll be angry, 'tis the old trick of Lovers to hate their informers, after they have made 'em ſuch.

Chri. I will not be angry.

Iſab. They ſay then, ſince Mr. *Valentine*'s flying into *France*, you are grown mad, have put your ſelf into Mourning, live in a dark room, where you'l ſee no body, nor take any reſt day or night, but rave and talk to your ſelf perpetually.

Chri. Now what elſe?

Iſab. But the ſureſt ſign of your madneſs is, they ſay, becauſe you are deſperately reſolv'd (in caſe my Lord *Clerimont* ſhould dye of his wounds) to Tranſport your ſelf and Fortune into *France*, to Mr. *Valentine*, a man that has not a groat to return you in Exchange.

Chri. All this hitherto, is true; now to the reſt.

Iſab. Indeed Madam, I have no more to tell you, I was ſorry, I'm ſure, to hear ſo much of any Lady of mine.

Chri. Inſupportable inſolence.

Iſab. This is ſome revenge for my want of ſleep to night; ſo I hope my old ſecond is come; 'tis ſeaſonable relief.

[*Aſide.* [*Knocking at the door.*

Chri. Unhappy *Valentine*, cou'dſt thou but [*Exit* Iſabella. ſee how ſoon thy abſence, and miſ-fortunes have disbanded all thy Friends, and turn'd thy Slaves all Renegades, thou ſure wou'dſt prize my only faithful heart.

Enter my Lady Flippant, Lydia, Iſabel, *to her.*

Flip. Hail Faithful Shepherdeſs; but truly, I had not kept my word with you, in coming back to night, if it had not been for this Lady, who has her intrigues too with the fellows, as well as you.

Lyd. Madam, under my Lady *Flippants* protection, I am confident to beg yours; being juſt now purſu'd out of the Park, by a relation of mine, by whom it imports me extreamly not to be diſcover'd; but I fear he is now at the door. [*Knocking at the door.*

Let me deſire you to deny me to him couragiouſly, [*To* Iſabel *going out.* For he will hardly believe he can be miſtaken in me.

Chri. In ſuch an occaſion where impudence is requiſite, ſhe will ſerve you, as Faithfully as you can wiſh, Madam.

Flip. Come, come, Madam, do not upbraid her with her aſſurance, a qualification that only fits her for a Ladies Service; a fine Woman of the Town, can be no more without a woman that can make an excuſe with an aſſurance, than ſhe can be without a glaſs certainly.

Chri. She needs no Advocate.

Flip. How can any one alone manage an amorous intrigue; though the Birds are tame, ſome body muſt help draw the Net; if 'twere not for a Woman that could make an excuſe with aſſurance, how ſhou'd we wheedle, jilt, trace, diſcover, countermine, undermine, and blow up the ſtinking fellows, which is all the pleaſure I receive, or deſign by them; for I never admitted a Man to my converſation, but for his puniſhment certainly.

Chri. No body will doubt that, certainly.

Iſabel *returns.*

Iſab. Madam, the Gentleman will not be miſtaken he ſays you are here, he ſaw you come in; he is your Relation, his name's *Ranger*, and

is come to wait upon you home; I had much ado to keep him from coming up.

Lyd. Madam, for Heavens ſake help me, 'tis yet in your Power, if but while I retire into your Dining-room, you will pleaſe to perſonate me, [*To* Chriſtina.

and own your ſelf, for her, he purſu'd out of the Park; you are in Mourning too, and your Stature ſo much mine, it will not contradict you.

Chri. I am ſorry, Madam, I muſt diſpute any Command of yours; I have made a reſolution to ſee the face of no man, till an unfortunate Friend of mine, now out of the Kingdom, return.

Lyd. By that Friend, and by the hopes you have to ſee him let me conjure you to keep me from the ſight of mine now; Dear Madam, let your charity prevail over your Superſtition.

Iſab. He comes, he comes, Madam.

Ranger *enters.*
Lydia *withdraws and ſtands unſeen at the door.*

Ran. Ha! this is no *Lydia.*

Chri. What unworthy defamer has encouraged you to offer me this Inſolence.

Ran. She is liker *Lydia* in her ſtyle, then her Face; I ſee I am miſtaken, but to tell her I follow'd her for another, were an affront, rather than an excuſe; ſhe's a glorious creature. [*Aſide.*

Chri. Tell me, Sir, whence had you reaſon for this your rude purſuit of me, into my Lodging, my Chamber; why ſhould you follow me?

Ran. Faith, Madam, becauſe you run away from me.

Chri. That was no ſign of an acquaintance.

Ran. You'l pardon me, Madam.

Chri. Then it ſeems you miſtook me for another, and the night is your excuſe, which blots out all diſtinctions: but now you are ſatisfied in your miſtake, I hope, you will ſeek out your Woman in another place.

Ran. Madam, I allow not the excuſe you make for me; if I have offended, I will rather be condemned for my love, than pardon'd for my inſenſibility.

Lyd. How's that? [*Behind.*

Chri. What do you ſay?

Ran. Though the night had been darker, my heart wou'd not have ſuffer'd me to follow any one but you; he has been too long acquainted with you, to miſtake you.

Lyd. What means this tenderneſs; he miſtook me for her ſure? [*Behind.*

Chri. What ſayes the Gentleman? did you know me then, Sir?

Ran. Not I, the Devil take me, but I muſt on now. [*Aſide.*

Cou'd you imagine, Madam, by the innumerable crowd of your admirers,

you had left any man free in the Town, or ignorant of the power of your Beauty.

Chri. I never ſaw your face before, that I remember.

Ran. Ah Madam! you wou'd never regard your humb'leſt Slave; I was till now a modeſt Lover.

Lyd. Falſeſt of Men. [*Behind.*

Chri. My Woman ſaid, you came to ſeek a Relation here, not a Miſtreſs.

Ran. I muſt confeſs, Madam, I thought you wou'd ſooner diſprove my diſſembled error, than admit my viſit; and I was reſolv'd to ſee you.

Lyd. 'Tis clear. [*Behind.*

Ran. Indeed, when I follow'd you firſt out of the Park, I was afraid you might have been a certain Relation of mine, for your Statures and Habits are the ſame; but when you enter'd here, I was with joy convinc'd: Beſides, I would not for the world have given her troubleſom love, ſo much encouragement, to have diſturb'd my future addreſſes to you; for the fooliſh woman do's perpetually torment me, to make our relation nearer; but never more in vain, then ſince I have ſeen you, Madam.

Lyd. How ſhall I ſuffer this? 'tis clear he diſapointed me to night for her, and made me ſtay at home, that I might not diſappoint him of her company in the Park. [*Behind.*

Chri. I am amaz'd! but let me tell you, Sir, if the Lady were here, I wou'd ſatisfie her, the ſight of me ſhou'd never fruſtrate her ambitious deſigns upon her cruel Kinſman.

Lyd. I wiſh you cou'd ſatisfie me. [*Behind.*

Ran. If ſhe were here, ſhe wou'd ſatisfie you, ſhe were not capable of the honour to be taken for you (though in the dark) faith, my Couſin is but a tolerable woman to a man that had not ſeen you.

Chri. Sure to my Plague, this is the firſt time you ever ſaw me?

Ran. Sure to the Plague of my poor heart, 'tis not the hundredth time I have ſeen you; for ſince the time I ſaw you firſt, you have not been at the Park, Play-houſe, Exchange, or other publick place, but I ſaw you; for it was my buſineſs to watch and follow you.

Chri. Pray, when did you ſee me laſt at the Park, Play-houſe, or Exchange.

Ran. Some two, three days, or a week ago.

Chri. I have not been this month out of this Chamber.

Lyd. That is to delude me. [*Behind.*

Chri. I knew you were miſtaken.

Ran. You'll pardon a Lovers memory, Madam.
A pox, I have hang'd my ſelf in my own line, one would think, my perpetual ill luck in lying, ſhould break me of the quality; but like a looſing Gamſter, I am ſtill for puſhing on, till none will truſt me. [*Aſide.*

Chri. Come, Sir, you run out of one error into a greater, you would excuſe the rudeneſs of your miſtake, and intruſion at this hour, into my Lodgings, with your gallantry to me, more unſeaſonable and offenſive.

Ran. Nay, I am in love I ſee, for I bluſh, and have not a word to ſay for my ſelf.

Chri. But, Sir, if you will needs play the Gallant, pray leave my Houſe before Morning, leſt you ſhould be ſeen go hence, to the ſcandal of my honour.

Chri. Rather then that ſhou'd be, I'll call up the Houſe and Neighbours to bear witneſs, I bid you be gone.

Ran. Since you take a night-viſit ſo ill, Madam, I will never wait upon you again, but by day; I go, that I may hope to return, and for once, I wiſh you a good night without me.

Chri. Good night, for as long as I live. [*Ex.* Ranger.

Lyd. And good night to my love, I'm ſure. [*Behind.*

Chri. Though I have done you an inconſiderable ſervice, I aſſure you, Madam, you are not a little oblig'd to me.
Pardon me dear Valentine. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. I know not yet, whether I am more oblig'd then injur'd; when I do I aſſure you, Madam, I ſhall not be inſenſible of either.

Chri. I fear, Madam, you are as liable to miſtakes, as your Kinſman.

Lyd. I fear, I am more ſubject to 'em, it may be for want of ſleep, therefore I'll go home.

Chri. My Lady *Flippant*, good night.

Flip. Good night, or rather good morrow, faithful Shepherdeſs.

Chri. I'll wait of you down.

Lyd. Your Coach ſtays yet, I hope.

Flip. Certainly. [*Ex. Omnes.*

The Scene, the Street.

Enter Ranger, *and* Dapperwit.

Dap. I was a faithful Sentinel, no body came out, let me periſh.

Ran. No, no, I hunted upon a wrong ſcent; I thought I had follow'd a Woman, but found her an Angel.

Dap. What is her Name?

Ran. That you muſt tell me; What very fine Woman is there lies hereabouts *?*

Dap. Faith, I know not any, ſhe is I warrant you ſome fine Woman, of a Terms ſtanding or ſo in the Town; ſuch as ſeldom appear in publick, but in their Balcones, where they ſtand ſo conſtantly, one would think they had hir'd no other part of the Houſe.

Ran. And look like the Pictures, which Painters expoſe to draw in Cuſtomers; but I muſt know who ſhe is, *Vincents* Lodging is hard by, I'll go

and enquire of him, and lye with him to night; but if he will not let me, I'll lye with you, for my lodging is too far off———

Dap. Then I will go before, and expect you at mine. [*Ex.*

The Scene, Vincents *Lodging.*

Enter Vincent, Valentine, *in a riding habit, as newly from a Journey.*

Vin. Your Miſtreſs, dear *Valentine*, will not be more glad to ſee you; but my wonder is no leſs then my joy, that you wou'd return ere you were inform'd *Clerimont* were out of Danger; his Surgeons themſelves, have not been aſſur'd of his recovery, till within theſe two days.

Val. I fear'd my Miſtreſs, not my Life; my Life I cou'd truſt again with my old Enemy, Fortune; but not longer, my Miſtreſs, in the hands of my greater Enemies, her Relations.

Vin. Your fear was in the wrong Place then, for though my Lord *Clerimont* live, he and his Relations, may put you in more Danger of your Life, than your Miſtreſſes Relations can of looſing her.

Val. Wou'd any cou'd ſecure me her, I wou'd my ſelf ſecure my Life, for I ſhould value it then.

Vin. Come, come, her Relations can do you no hurt; I dare ſwear, If her Mother ſhou'd but ſay, your Hat did not cock handſomly, ſhe wou'd never ask her bleſſing again.

Val. Prithee leave thy fooling, and tell me, if ſince my departure, She has given evidences of her love, to clear thoſe doubts I went away with, for as abſence is the bane of common and baſtard Love; 'tis the vindication of that, which is true and generous.

Vin. Nay, if you cou'd ever doubt her Love, you deſerve to doubt on; for there is no puniſhment great enough for jealouſie, but jealouſie.

Val. You may remember, I told you before my flight, I had quarrell'd with the defamer of my Miſtreſs, but thought I had kill'd my Rival.

Vin. But pray give me now the anſwer, which the ſuddenneſs of your flight deny'd me; how cou'd *Clerimont* hope to ſubdue her heart, by the aſſault of her honour?

Val. Piſh, it might be the ſtratagem of a Rival, to make her deſiſt.

Vin. For ſhame, if 'twere not rather to vindicate her, then ſatisfie you, I wou'd not tell you, how like a *Penelope* ſhe has behav'd her ſelf in your abſence.

Val. Let me know.

Vin. Then know, the next day you went, ſhe put her ſelf into mourning, and———

Val. That might be for *Clerimont*, thinking him dead, as all the world beſides thought.

Vin. Still turning the daggers point on your ſelf, hear me out; I ſay ſhe put her ſelf into mourning for you——lock'd up her ſelf in her chamber, this month for you——ſhut out her barking Relations for you——has not ſeen the Sun or face of man, ſince ſhe ſaw you—thinks, and talks of no thing but you—ſends to me daily, to hear of you——and in ſhort (I think) is mad for you——all this I can ſwear, for I am to her ſo near a Neighbour, and ſo inquiſitive a Friend for you———

Servant to them.

Ser. Mr. *Ranger*, Sir, is coming up.

Vin. What brings him now? he comes to lye with me.

Val. Who, *Ranger?*

Vin. Yes, pray retire a little, till I ſend him off, unleſs you have a mind to have your arrival publiſh'd to morrow, in the Coffee-Houſes.

Ran. What, not yet a-bed? your Man is laying you to ſleep [Valentine *retires to the door behind.*
with Uſquebaugh or Brandy, is he not ſo?

Vin. What Punk will not be troubled with you to night, therefore I am, is it not ſo?

Ran. I have been turn'd out of doors indeed juſt now, by a Woman, but ſuch a Woman, *Vincent*———

Vin. Yes, yes, your women are always ſuch women.———

Ran. A Neighbour of yours, and I'm ſure the fineſt you have.

Vin. Prithee do not aſperſe my Neighbourhood with your acquaintance; 'twould bring a ſcandal upon an Alley.

Ran. Nay, I do not know her, therefore I come to you.

Vin. 'Twas no wonder, ſhe turn'd you out of doors then; and if ſhe had known you, 'twould have been a wonder ſhe had let you ſtay; but where does ſhe live?

Ran. Five doors off on the right hand.

Vin. Piſh, pſh———

Ran. What's the matter?

Vin. —— Does ſhe live there, do you ſay?

Ran. Yes, I obſerv'd them exactly, that my account from you, might be as exact; do you know who lives there?

Vin. Yes, ſo well, that I know you are miſtaken.

Ran. Is ſhe not a young Lady ſcarce eighteen, of extraordinary Beauty, her ſtature next to low, and in mourning?

Val. What is this? [*Behind.*

Vin. She is; but if you ſaw her, you broke in at window.

Ran. I chas'd her home from the Park, indeed, taking her for another Lady who had ſome claim to my heart, 'till ſhe ſhew'd a better title to't.

Vin. Hah, hah, hah.

Val. Was ſhe at Park then? and have I a new Rival? [*Behind.*

Vin. From the Park did you follow her, do you ſay I knew you were miſtaken.

Ran. I tell you I am not.

Vin. If you are ſure, it was that Houſe, it might be perhaps her Woman ſtollen to the Park, unknown to her Lady.

Ran. My Acquaintance does uſually begin with the Maid firſt, but now 'twas with the Miſtreſs, I aſſure you.

Vin. The Miſtreſs! I tell you, ſhe has not been out of her doors ſince *Valentines* flight; ſhe is his Miſtreſs, the great Heireſs *Chriſtina.*

Ran. I tell you then again I followed that *Chriſtina*, from the Park home, where I talk'd with her half an hour, and intend to ſee her to morrow again.

Val. Would ſhe talk with him too? [*Behind.*

Vin. It cannot be.

Ran. Chriſtina, do you call her? Faith I am ſorry ſhe is an Heireſs, leſt it ſhould bring the ſcandal of intereſt, and deſign of lucre upon my Love.

Vin. No, no, her face and vertues will free you from that cenſure; but however, 'tis not fairly done to Rival your Friend *Valentine* in his abſence; and when he is preſent, you know 'twill be dangerous, by my Lord *Clerimont*'s example; faith if you have ſeen her, I would not adviſe you to attempt it again.

Ran. You may be merry, Sir, you are not in Love; your advice I came not for, nor will I for your aſſiſtance; good night.

Val. Here's your *Penelope*, the Woman that [*Ex.* Ranger.
had not ſeen the Sun, nor face of Man, ſince my departure; for it ſeems ſhe goes out in the night, when the Sun is abſent, and faces are not diſtinguiſh'd.

Vin. Why, do you believe him?

Val. Shou'd I believe you?

Vin. 'Twere more for your intereſt, and you wou'd be leſs deceiv'd; if you believe him, you muſt doubt the chaſtity of all the fine Women in Town, and five miles about.

Val. His reports of them, will little invalidate his teſtimony with me.

Vin. He ſpares not the Innocents in Bibs and Aprons (I'le ſecure you) he has made (at beſt) ſome groſs miſtake concerning *Chriſtina*, which to Morrow will diſcover; in the mean time let us go ſleep.

Val. I will not hinder you, becauſe I cannot enjoy it my ſelf;

Hunger, Revenge, to ſleep are petty Foes,
But only Death the jealous Eyes can cloſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Croſsbites *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. *Joyner*, Mrs. *Croſsbite.*

Joyn. GOod Morrow, Goſſip.

Croſ. Good Morrow; but why up ſo early, good Goſſip?

Joyn. My care and paſſionate concern for you, and yours, wou'd not let me reſt (in truly.)

Croſ. For me and mine?

Joyn. You know, we have known one another long; I think it be ſome nine and thirty years ſince you were marryed.

Croſ. Nine and thirty years old, Miſtreſs? I'de have you to know, I am no far born Child; and if the Regiſter had not been burn'd in the laſt great fire, alas; but my face needs no Regiſter ſure: nine and thirty years old, ſaid you, Miſtreſs?

Joyn. I ſaid you had been ſo long marryed; but, indeed, you bear your years as well as any ſhe in *Pepper-Alley.*

Croſ. Nine and thirty, Miſtreſs.

Joyn. This it is; a woman, now-adays, had rather you ſhould find her faulty with a man, I warrant you, than diſcover her age, I warrant you.

Croſ. Marry and 'tis the greater ſecret far; tell a Miſer he is rich, and a Woman ſhe is old; you will get no money of him, nor kindneſs of her: to tell me I was nine and thirty (I ſay no more) 'twas unneighbourly done of you, Miſtreſs.

Joyn. My memory confeſſes my age, it ſeems, as much as my face, for I thought——

Croſ. Pray talk, nor think no more of any ones Age; but ſay, what brought you hither ſo early?

Joyn. How does my ſweet God-daughter? poor wretch.

Croſ. Well, very well.

Joyn. Ah ſweet Creature; alas, alas, I am ſorry for her.

Croſ. Why, what has ſhe done to deſerve your ſorrow, or my reprehenſion?

Lucy *comes to the dor.*

Lucy. What, are they talking of me? [*Behind.*

Joyn. In ſhort, ſhe was ſeen going into the Meeting-houſe of the Wicked, otherwiſe called the Play-Houſe, hand in hand, with that vile Fellow *Dapperwit.*

Croſ. Mr. *Dapperwit*; let me tell you, if 'twere not for Maſter *Dapperwit*, we might have liv'd all this Vacation upon Green Cheeſe, Tripe, and Ox-cheek; if he had it, we ſhould not want it; but poor Gentleman, it often goes hard with him, for he's a Wit.

Joyn. So then, you are the Dog to be fed, while the houſe is broken up; I ſay beware, the ſweet bits you ſwallow, will make your daughters belly ſwell, Miſtreſs; and after all your Junkets, there will be a bone for you to pick, Miſtreſs.

Croſ. Sure, Maſter *Dapperwit* is no ſuch manner of Man?

Joyn. He is a Wit, you ſay, and what are Wits? but contemners of Matrons, Seducers, or Defamers of married Women, and Deflourers of helpleſs Virgins, even in the Streets, upon the very Bulks; Affronters of midnight Magiſtracy, and Breakers of Windows in a word.

Croſ. But he is a little-Wit, a modeſt-Wit, and they do no ſuch outragious things as your great Wits do.

Joyn. Nay, I dare ſay, he will not ſay himſelf he is a little Wit, if you ask him.

Lucy. Nay, I cannot hear this with patience; with your pardon, [*Aſide.* Mother, you are as much miſtaken, as my God-mother in Mr. *Dapperwit*; for he is as great a Wit as any, and in what he ſpeaks or writes, as happy as any; I can aſſure you, he contemns all your tearing Wits, in compariſon of himſelf.

Joyn. Alas, poor young wretch, I cannot blame thee ſo much as thy Mother, for thou art not thy ſelf; his bewitching Madrigals have charm'd thee into ſome Heatheniſh Imp with a hard name.

Lucy. Nymph, you mean, God-mother.

Joyn. But you Goſſip, know what's what; Yeſterday, as I told you, a fine Old Alderman of the City, ſeeing your Daughter in ſo ill hands as *Dapperwit*'s, was Zealouſly, and in pure Charity, bent upon her redemption; and has ſent me to tell you, he will take her into his care, and relieve your neceſſities, if you think good.

Croſ. Will he relieve all our neceſſities?

Joyn. All.

Croſ. Mine, as well as my Daughter's?

Joyn. Yes.

Croſ. Well fare his heart; d'y hear, Daughter, *Mrs. Joyner* has ſatisfy'd me clearly; *Dapperwit* is a vile Fellow, and in ſhort, you muſt put an end to that ſcandalous familiarity between you.

Lucy. Leave ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit*— Oh furious ingratitude! was not he the Man that gave me my firſt Farrenden Gown, put me out of Worſted Stockings, and plain Handkerchiefs, taught me to dreſs, talk, and move well.

Croſ. He has taught you to talk indeed; but, Huſwife, I will not have my pleaſure diſputed.

Joyn. Nay, indeed you are too tart with her, poor ſweet Soul.

Lucy. He taught me to rehearſe too, wou'd have brought me into the Play-houſe, where I might have had as good luck as others: I might have had good Cloaths, Plate, Jewels, and things ſo well about me; that my Neighbours, the little Gentlemens Wives, of fifteen hundred, or Two thouſand pound a year, ſhould have retir'd into the Country, ſick with envy, of my proſperity and greatneſs.

Joyn. If you follow your mothers counſel, you are like to enjoy all you talk of ſooner, than by *Dapperwit*'s aſſiſtance; a poor wretch that goes on tick for the Paper he writes his *Lampoons* on; and the very Ale and Coffee that inſpires him, as they ſay.

Croſ. I am credibly informed ſo, indeed, Madam *Joyner.*

Joyn. Well, I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience; good Morrow to you both. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dapperwit, Ranger; Croſbites *Dining-room.*

Dap. This is the Cabinet, in which I hide my Jewel, a ſmall Houſe, in an obſcure, little, retired ſtreet too.

Ran. Vulgarly an Alley.

Dap. Nay, I hid my Miſtreſs with as much care, as a Spark of the Town do's his money from his Dun, after a good hand at Play; and nothing but you cou'd have wrought upon me for a ſight of her, let me periſh.

Ran. My obligation to you is great; do not leſſen it by delays, of the favour you promiſed.

Dap. But do not cenſure my honour, for if you had not been in a deſperate condition—for as one nail muſt beat out another, one poyſon expel another, one fire draw out another, one fit of drinking cure the ſickneſs of another; ſo the Surfeit you took laſt night of *Chriſtina*'s Eyes, ſhall be cured by *Lucy*'s this morning, or as———

Ran. Nay, I bar more ſimilitudes.

Dap. What, in my Miſtreſſes Lodging? that were as hard as to bar a young Parſon in the Pulpit, the fifth of *November*, railing at the Church of *Rome*, or as hard as to put you to bed to *Lucy*, and defend you touching her, or as——

Ran. Or as hard as to make you hold your tongue— I ſhall not ſee your Miſtreſs, I ſee?

Dap. Miſs *Lucy*, Miſs *Lucy*—— [*Knocks at the door, and returns.* the Devil take me, if good men (I ſay no more) have not been upon their knees to me, to ſee her, and you at laſt muſt obtain it.

Ran. I do not believe you.

Dap. 'Tis ſuch as ſhe, ſhe is beautiful, without affectation; amorous without impertinency; airy, and brisk without impudence; frolick without rudeneſs; and in a word, the juſteſt creature breathing to her aſſignation.

Ran. You praiſe her, as if you had a mind to part with her; and yet you reſolve, I ſee, to keep her to your ſelf.

Dap. Keep her, poor Creature, ſhe cannot leave me; and rather then leave her, I wou'd leave writing Lampoons or Sonnets almoſt.

Ran. Well, I'le leave you with her then.

Dap. What, will you go without ſeeing her?

Ran. Rather then ſtay without ſeeing her.

Dap. Yes, yes, you ſhall ſee her; but let me periſh if I have not been offered a hundred Guinnies, for a ſight of her; by—— I ſay no more.

Ran. I underſtand you now; if the favour be to be purchaſed, then I'll bid all I have about me for't. [*Aſide.*

Dap. Fye, fye, *Mr. Ranger*, you are pleaſant 'ifaith; do you think I would ſell the ſight of my rarity? like thoſe Gentlemen who hang out Flags at *Charing-croſs*, or like——

Ran. Nay, then I'm gone again.

Dap. What, you take it ill I refuſe your money? rather than that ſhou'd be, give us it; but take notice I will borrow it; now I think on't, *Lucy* wants a Gown, and ſome Knacks.

Ran. Here.

Dap. But I muſt pay it you again; I will not take it, unleſs you engage your honour, I ſhall pay it you again.

Ran. You muſt pardon me; I will not engage my honour for ſuch a trifle; go fetch her out.

Dap. Well, ſhe's a raviſhing Creature, ſuch Eyes, and lips, *Mr. Ranger.*

Ran. Prethee go.

Dap. Such neck and breaſts, *Mr. Ranger.*

Ran. Again, prethee go.

Dap. Such feet, legs, and thighs, *Mr. Ranger.*

Ran. Prethee let me ſee 'em.

Dap. And a mouth no bigger than your Ring; I need ſay no more.

Ran. Wou'd thou wer't never to ſpeak again.

Dap. And then ſo neat, ſo ſweet a Creature in bed, that to my knowledge, ſhe do's not change her Sheets in half a year.

Ran. I thank you for that allay to my impatience.

Dap. Miſs *Lucy*, Miſs *Lucy*, Miſs. [*Knocking at the door.*

Ran. Will ſhe not open?

Dap. I am afraid, my pretty Miſs is not ſtirring, and therefore will not admit us.

Dap. Fye, Fye, a quibble next your ſtomach in a morning; what if ſhe ſhou'd hear us, wou'd you loſe a Miſtreſs for a quibble? that's more than I cou'd do, let me periſh.

Ran. Is ſhe not gone her walk to Lambs Conduit?

Dap. She is within, I hear her.

Ran. But ſhe will not hear you; ſhe's as deaf, as if you were a Dun or a Conſtable.

Dap. Piſh, give her but leave to gape, rub her Eyes, and put on her day-Pinner; the long patch under the left eye: awaken the Roſes on her cheeks, with ſome Spaniſh wool, and warrant her breath with ſome Lemmon Peil; the door flies off of the hindges, and ſhe into my arms; ſhe knows there is as much Artifice to keep a victory, as to gain it; and 'tis a ſign ſhe values the conqueſt of my heart.

Ran. I thought her Beauty had not ſtood in need of Art.

Dap. Beauty's a Coward, ſtill without the help of Art, and may have the fortune of a Conqueſt, but cannot keep it; Beauty and Art can no more be aſunder, than Love and Honour.

Ran. Or to ſpeak more like your ſelf, wit and judgment.

Dap. Don't you hear the door wag yet?

Ran. Not a whit.

Dap. Miſs, Miſs, 'tis your ſlave that calls; come, all this tricking for him; lend me your Comb, Mr. *Ranger.*

Ran. No, I am to be preferred to day, you are to ſet me off; you are in Poſſeſſion; I will not lend you arms to keep me out——

Dap. A Pox, don't let me be ungrateful; if ſhe has ſmugg'd her ſelf up for me, let me Prune, and Flounce my Perruque a little for her; there's ne're a young fellow in the Town but will do as much for a meer ſtranger in the Play-Houſe.

Ran. A Wits Wig has the priviledge of being uncomb'd in the very Play-Houſe, or in the preſence——

Dap. But not in the preſence of his Miſtreſs; 'tis a greater neglect of her than himſelf; pray lend me your Comb.

Ran. I wou'd not have men of Wit, and Courage, make uſe of every Fops mean Arts, to keep, or gain a Miſtreſs.

Dap. But don't you ſee every day, though a man have ne're ſo much Wit and Courage, his Miſtreſs will revolt to thoſe Fops that wear, and Comb Perruques well; I'll break off the bargain, and will not receive you, my Partner.

Ran. Therefore you ſee I am ſetting up for my ſelf. [*Combs his Perruque.*

Dap. She comes, ſhe comes, pray, your Comb.

[*Snatches* Ranger's *Comb.*

Enter Mrs. Croſsbite *to them.*

Croſ. Bargain, what are you offering us to ſale?

Dap. A Pox, is't ſhe? here take your Comb again then.

[*Returns the Comb.*

Crof. Wou'd you ſell us? 'tis like you y'fads.

Dap. Sell thee, where ſhou'd we find a Chapman? go prithee Mother, call out my dear Miſs *Lucy*.

Crof. Your Miſs *Lucy*; I do not wonder you have the Conſcience to bargain for us behind our backs, ſince you have the impudence to claim a propriety in us to my face.

Ran. How's this, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. Come, come, this Gentleman will not think the worſe of a Woman, for my acquaintance with her; he has ſeen me bring your Daughter to the Leur with a Chiney Orange, from one ſide of the Play-Houſe, to the other.

Crof. I would have the Gentleman, and you to know, my Daughter is a Girl of reputation, though ſhe has been ſeen in your Company; but is now ſo ſenſible of her paſt danger, that ſhe is reſolved never more to venture her Pitcher to the Well, as they ſay.

Dap. How's that Widow? I wonder at your new confidence.

Crof. I wonder at your old impudence, that where you have had ſo frequent repulſes, you ſhou'd provoke another, and bring your Friend here to witneſs your diſgrace.

Dap. Hark you Widow a little.

Crof. What, you have Mortgaged my Daughter to that Gentleman; and now wou'd offer me a ſnip to joyn in the ſecurity.

Dap. She over-heard me talk of a bargain; 'twas unlucky: [*Aſide.* your wrath is grounded upon a Miſtake: Miſs *Lucy* her ſelf ſhall be judge, call her out pray.

Crof. She ſhall not, ſhe will not come to you.

Dap. Till I hear it from her own mouth, I cannot believe it.

Crof. You ſhall hear her ſay't through the doer.

Dap. I ſhall doubt it, unleſs ſhe ſay it to my face.

Crof. Shall we be troubled with you no more then?

Dap. If ſhe command my death, I cannot diſ-obey her.

Crof. Come out, Child. [Lucy (*holding down her head*) *to them.*

Dap. Your Servant, deareſt Miſs, can you have?——

Crof. Let me ask her.

Dap. No, I'le ask her.

Ran. I'll throw up Croſs or Pile who ſhall ask her.

Dap. Can you have the heart to ſay, you will never more break a Cheeſe-cake with me, at New Spring-garden, the Neat houſe, or *Chelſey*; never more ſit in my lap at a New Play, never more wear a Suit of Knots of my choice; and laſt of all, never more paſs away an Afternoon with me again, in the Green Garret? in——— do not forget the Green Garret.

Lucy. I wiſh I had never ſeen the Green Garret; Demm the Green Garret.

Dap. Demm the Green Garret, you are ſtrangely alter'd.

Lucy. 'Tis you are alter'd.

Dap. You have refus'd *Colby*'s Mulberry Garden, and the French-houſes, for the Green Garret; and a little ſomething in the Green Garret, pleas'd you more than the beſt Treat the other places cou'd yield; and can you of a ſudden quit the Green Garret?

Lucy. Since you have a deſign to Pawn me for the Rent, 'tis time to remove my Goods.

Dap. Thou art extremely miſtaken.

Lucy. Beſides, I have heard ſuch ſtrange things of you this Morning.

Dap. What things?

Lucy. I bluſh to ſpeak 'em.

Dap. I know my Innocence, therefore take my charge as a favour; what have I done?

Lucy. Then know, vile Wit, my Mother has confeſs'd juſt now, thou wer't falſe to me, to her too certain knowledge; and haſt forc'd even her to be falſe to me too.

Dap. Faults in drink, *Lucy*, when we are not our ſelves, ſhou'd not condemn us.

Lucy. And now to let me out to hire like Hackney; I tell you my own dear mother ſhall bargain for me no more; there are as little as I can bargain for themſelves now-adays, as well as properer women.

Croſ. Whiſpering all this while; beware of his ſnares again, come away, Child.

Dap. Sweet, dear, *Miſs.*

Lucy. Bargain for me; you have reckon'd without your Hoſteſs, as they ſay, bargain for me, bargain for me. [*Exit* Lucy.

Dap. I muſt return then, to treat with you.

Croſ. Treat me no treatings, but take a word for all; you ſhall no more diſhonour my Daughter, nor moleſt my Lodgings, as you have done at all hours.

Dap. Do you intend to change 'em, then, to *Bridewel*, or *Longs* powdering-Tub.

Croſ. No, to a Bailifs Houſe, and then you'll be ſo civil, I preſume, as not to trouble us.

Ran. Here, will you have my Comb again, *Dapperwit.*

Dap. A pox, I think Women take inconſtancy from me, worſe than from any man breathing.

Croſ. Pray, Sir, forget me, before you write your next Lampoon.

[*Ex.* Croſ.

Sir Simon Addleplot *in the dreſs of a Clark.*

To Ranger *and* Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. Have I found you? have I found you, in your by-walks, faith and troth? I am almoſt out of breath in following you; Gentlemen when

they get into an Alley, walk ſo faſt; as if they had more earneſt buſineſs there, then in the broad ſtreets.

Dap. How came this Sot hither? Fortune has ſent him to eaſe my choler. [*Aſide.*

You impudent Raſcal, who are you? that dare intrude thus on us. [*Strikes him.*

Sir Sim. Don't you know me, *Dapperwit*? ſure you know me. [*Softly.*

Dap. Wilt thou diſhonour me with thy Acquaintance too? thou raſcally, inſolent, pen and ink-man. [*Strikes him again.*

Sir Sim. Oh, oh ſure, you know me, pray know me. [*Speak ſoftly.*

Dap. By the ſawcy familiarity, thou ſhou'dſt be a Marker at a Tennis-Court, a Barber, or a Slave that fills Coffee.

Sir Sim. Oh, oh.

Dap. What art thou? [*Kicks him.*

Sir Sim. Nay, I muſt not diſcover my ſelf to *Ranger*, for a Kick or two; oh, pray hold, Sir, by that you will know me. [*Delivers him a Letter.*

Dap. How, Sir *Simon*!

Sir Sim. Mum, mum, make no excuſes, Man, I wou'd not *Ranger* ſhou'd have known me for five hundred——Kicks.

Dap. Your diſguiſe is ſo natural, I proteſt, it will excuſe me.

Sir Sim. I know that, prythee make no excuſes, I ſay; no ceremony between thee and I, Man; read the Letter.

Dap. What, you have not open'd it?

Sir Sim. Prythee don't be angry, the Seal is a little Crack'd; for I cou'd not help kiſſing Mrs. *Martha*'s Letter, the word is, now or never, her Father ſhe finds will be abroad all this day and ſhe longs to ſee your friend, Sir *Simon Addleplot:* faith 'tis a prety jeſt; While I am with her, and praiſing my ſelf to her, at no ordinary rate; let thee and I alone, at an intrigue.

Dap. Tell her, I will not fail to meet her, at the place, and time, have a care of your charge; and manage your buſineſs like your ſelf, for your ſelf.

Sir Sim. I warrant you.

Dap. The gaining *Gripe*'s Daughter, will make me ſupport the loſs of this young Jilt here. [*Aſide.*

Ran. What fellow's that?

Dap. A Servant to a Friend of mine.

Ran. Methinks, he ſomething reſembles our Acquaintance, Sir *Simon*, but it is no complement to tell him ſo; for that Knight is the moſt egregious Coxcomb, that ever plaid with Ladies Fan.

Sir Sim. So; thanks to my diſguiſe, I know my Enemies. [*Aſide.*

Ran. The moſt incorrigible Aſs, beyond the reproof of a kicking Rival, or a frowning Miſtreſs; but if it be poſſible, thou doſt uſe him worſe then his Miſtreſs, or Rival can; thou doſt make ſuch a Culley of him.

Sir Sim. Do's he think ſo too?—— [*Aſide.*

Dap. Go, friend, go about your buſineſs, [*Ex. Sir* Simon. a pox, you wou'd ſpoil all, juſt in the critical time of projection, he brings me here a Summons from his Miſtreſs, to meet her in the evening; will you come to my Wedding?

Ran. Don't ſpeak ſo loud, you'll break poor *Lucies* heart; poor creature, ſhe cannot leave you, and rather than leave her, you ſhou'd leave writing of Lampoons, or Sonnets——almoſt.

Dap. Come, let her go, ungrateful baggage; but now you talk of Sonnets; I am no living Wit, if her love has not coſt me two thouſand Couplets at leaſt.

Ran. But what wou'd you give now, for a new Satyr againſt women, ready made; 'twou'd be as convenient to buy Satyrs againſt women, ready made, as it is to buy Crevats ready ty'd.

Dap. Or as———

Ran. Hay, come away, come away, Mr. or as——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Joyner, Gripe.

Gripe. Peace, Plenty, and Paſtime be within theſe Walls.

Joyn. 'Tis a ſmall Houſe you ſee, and mean Furniture, for no Gallants are ſuffer'd to come hither; ſhe might have had ere now, as good lodgings, as any in Town; her *Moreclack* Hangings, great Glaſſes, Cabinets, *China* embroider'd Beds, *Perſia* Carpets, Gold-plate, and the like, if ſhe wou'd have put her ſelf forward; but your Worſhip may pleaſe, to make 'em remove to a place fit to receive one of your Worſhip's quality; for this is a little ſcandalous in truly.

Gripe. No, no, I like it well enough, I am not dainty; beſides privacy, privacy, Mrs. *Joyner*, I love privacy in oppoſition to the Wicked, who hate it.

Joyn. What do you look for, Sir? [*Looks about.*

Gripe. Walls have ears, Walls have ears; but beſides, I look for a private place to retire to, in time of need; oh here's one convenient.

[*Turns up a Hanging, and diſcovers the ſlender proviſions of the Family.*

Joyn. But you ſee poor innocent Souls, to what uſe they put it, not to hide Gallants.

Gripe. Temperance is the Nurſe of Chaſtity.

Joyn. But your Worſhip may pleaſe to mend their fare; and when you come, may make them entertain you, better than you ſee, they do themſelves.

Gripe. No, I am not dainty, as I told you; I abominate Entertainments; no Entertainments, pray, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. No. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. There can be no entertainment to me, more Luſcious and Sav-

oury, than the communion with that little Gentlewoman; will you call her out, I faſt till I ſee her.

Joyn. But intruly your Worſhip, we ſhou'd have brought a Bottle or two of Rheniſh, and ſome Naples Bisket, to have entertain'd the young Gentlewoman; 'tis the mode for Lovers to Treat their Miſtreſſes.

Gripe. Modes, I tell you, Mrs. *Joyner*, I hate Modes and Forms.

Joyn. You muſt ſend for ſomething to entertain her with.

Gripe. Again entertaining; we will be to each other a Feaſt.

Joyn. I ſhall be aſham'd, intruly your Worſhip; beſides, the young Gentlewoman will deſpiſe you.

Gripe. I ſhall content her, I warrant you, leave it to me.

Joyn. I am ſure you will not content me, if you will not content her; 'tis as impoſſible for a man to love, and be a miſer, as to love and be wiſe, as they ſay. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. While you talk of Treats, you ſtarve my Eyes; I long to ſee the fair One; fetch her hither.

Joyn. I am aſham'd ſhe ſhou'd find me ſo abominable a Lyar; I have ſo prays'd you to her, and above all your Vertues, your Liberality; which is ſo great a Vertue, that it often excuſes Youth, Beauty, Courage, Wit, or any thing.

Gripe. Piſh, piſh, 'tis the vertue of Fools, every Fool can have it.

Joyn. And will your worſhip want it then? I told her——

Gripe. Why wou'd you tell her any thing of me? you know I am a modeſt Man; but come, if you will have me as extravagant as the wicked; take that and fetch us a Treat, as you call it.

Joyn. Upon my life a Groat, what will this purchaſe?

Gripe. Two Black-Pots of Ale, and a Cake, at the next Cellar: come, the Wine has Arſenick in't.

Joyn. Well, I am miſtaken, and my hopes are abus'd: I never knew any Man ſo mortify'd a Miſer, that he would deny his Letchery any thing; I muſt be even with thee then another way. [*Goes out.* [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Theſe uſeful old Women are more exorbitant, and craving in their deſires, than the young ones in theirs; theſe Prodigals in white Peruques ſpoil 'em both; and that's the reaſon when the Squires come under my cluches, I make 'em pay for their folly and mine, and 'tis but Conſcience: Oh here comes the fair One at laſt.

Enter Joyner *leading in* Lucy, *who hangs backward as ſhe enters.*

Lucy. Oh Lord, there's a man, God-mother!

Joyn. Come in, Child, thou art ſo baſhful———

Lucy. My Mother is from home too, I dare not.

Joyn. If ſhe were here, ſhe'd teach you better manners.

Lucy. I'm afraid ſhe'd be angry.

Joyn. To ſee you ſo much an Aſs; come along, I ſay.

Gripe. Nay, ſpeak to her gently; if you won't, I will.

Lucy. Thank you, Sir.

Gripe. Pretty Innocent, there is, I ſee, one left yet of her Age; what hap have I! ſweet, little Gentlewoman, come and ſit down by me.

Lucy. I am better bred, I hope, Sir.

Gripe. You muſt ſit down by me.

Lucy. I'd rather ſtand, if you pleaſe.

Gripe. To pleaſe me, you muſt ſit, Sweeteſt.

Lucy. Not before my God-mother, ſure.

Gripe. Wonderment of Innocence!

Joyn. A poor baſhful Girl, Sir; I'm ſorry ſhe is not better taught.

Gripe. I am glad ſhe is not taught; I'le teach her my ſelf.

Lucy. Are you a Dancing-Maſter then, Sir? but if I ſhou'd be dull, and not move as you wou'd have me, you wou'd not beat me, Sir, I hope?

Gripe. Beat thee, hony-Suckle; I'le uſe thee thus, and thus, and thus; Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, prethee go fetch our Treat now. [*Kiſſes her.*

Joyn. A Treat of a Groat, I will not wag.

Gripe. Why don't you go? here, take more money, and fetch what you will; take here, half a Crown.

Joyn. What will half a Crown do?

Gripe. Take a Crown then, an Angel, a Piece; be gone.

Joyn. A Treat only will not ſerve my turn, I muſt buy the poor Wretch there ſome toys.

Gripe. What toys? what? ſpeak, quickly.

Joyn. Pendents, Neck-laces, Fans, Ribbonds, Poynts, Laces, Stockings, Gloves———

Gripe. Hold, hold, before it comes to a Gown.

Joyn. Well remember'd, Sir, indeed ſhe wants a Gown, for ſhe has but that one to her back; for your own ſake you ſhould give her a new Gown; for variety of Dreſſes, rouſes deſire, and makes an old Miſtreſs ſeem every day a new one.

Gripe. For that reaſon ſhe ſhall have no new Gown; for I am naturally conſtant, and as I am ſtill the ſame, I love ſhe ſhou'd be ſtill the ſame; but here take half a piece for the other things.

Joyn. Half a Piece——

Gripe. Prethee be gone, take t'other Piece then; two Pieces, three Pieces, five; here, 'tis all I have.

Joyn. I muſt have the Broad-Seal Ring too, or I ſtir not.

Gripe. Inſatiable Woman, will you have that too?
Prethee ſpare me that, 'twas my Grandfather's.

Joyn. That's falſe, he had ne're a Coat; ſo now I go; this is but a violent fit, and will not hold. [*Aſide.*

Lucy. Oh, whither do you go, God-mother? will you leave me alone?

Joyn. The Gentleman will not hurt you; you may venture your ſelf with him alone. [*Ex.* Joyner.

Lucy. I think I may, God-mother; what, will you lock me in, Sir? don't lock me in, Sir. [*Fumbling at the dore, locks it.*——

Gripe. 'Tis a private leſſon, I muſt teach you, fair.

Lucy. I don't ſee your Fidle, Sir, where is your little Kitt?

Gripe. I'le ſhew it thee preſently Sweeteſt;
Neceſſity, Mother of invention; [Gripe *ſetting a Chair againſt the door.*
Come my deareſt. [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Lucy. What do you mean, Sir? don't hurt me, Sir, will you——Oh, Oh, you will kill me! Murder, Murder, oh, oh——help, help, oh—— [*Crys out.*

The dore broke open; *Enter* Croſsbite, *and two Men in Aprons, her Landlord, and his Prentice.*

Croſ. What, Murder my Daughter, Villain?

Lucy. I wiſh he had murder'd me, oh, oh———

Croſ. What has he done?

Lucy. Why wou'd you go out, and leave me alone? unfortunate woman that I am.

Gripe. How now, what will this end in? [*Aſide.*

Croſ. Who brought him in?

Lucy. That Witch, that Treacherous falſe Woman, my God-mother, who has betray'd me, ſold me to his luſt; oh, oh———

Croſ. Have you raviſh'd my Daughter then, you old Goat? raviſh'd my Daughter, raviſh'd my Daughter, ſpeak, Villain.

Gripe. By yea, and by nay, no ſuch matter.

Croſ. A canting Rogue too; take notice, Landlord, he has raviſh'd my Daughter, you ſee her all in tears and diſtraction;
And ſee there the wicked Engine of the filthy Execution;
[*Pointing to the Chair.*
Jeremy, call up my Neighbours, and the Conſtable,
Falſe Villain, thou ſhalt dye for't.

Gripe. Hold, hold; nay, I am caught. [*Aſide.*

Croſ. Go, go, make haſte——

Lucy. Oh, oh———

Croſ. Poor wretch, go quickly.

Gripe. Hold, hold; thou young Spawn of the old Serpent; Wicked, as I thought thee Innocent; wilt thou ſay I wou'd have raviſh'd thee?

Lucy. I will ſwear you did raviſh me.

Gripe. I thought ſo, Treacherous *Eve*, then I am gone, I muſt ſhift as well as I can.

Lucy. Oh, oh——

Croſ. Will none of you call up the Neighbours, and the Authority of the Alley?

Gripe. Hold, I'le give you Twenty Mark among you, to let me go.

Croſ. Villain, nothing ſhall buy thy life.

Land. But ſtay, Mrs. *Croſbite*, let me talk with you.

Lucy. Oh, oh——

Land. Come, Sir, I am your Friend; in a word, I have appeas'd her, and ſhe ſhall be contented with a little ſum.

Gripe. What is it? what is it?

Land. But five hundred pound.

Gripe. But five hundred pound; hang me then, hang me rather.

Land. You will ſay I have been your friend.

Pren. The Conſtable, and Neighbors are coming.

Gripe. How, how; will you not take a hundred? pray uſe conſcience in your ways. [*Kneels to* Croſsbite.

Croſ. I ſcorn your money, I will not take a thouſand.

Gripe. My Enemies are many, and I ſhall be a ſcandal to the Faithful, as a laughing-ſtock to the wicked; [*Aſide.*

Go, prepare your Engines for my Perſecution;
I'll give you the beſt ſecurity I can.

Land. The inſtruments are drawing in the other room,
If you pleaſe to go thither.

Croſ. Indeed, now I conſider; a Portion will do my Daughter more good, than his death; that wou'd but publiſh her ſhame; money will cover it, *probatum eſt*, as they ſay—let me tell you, Sir, 'tis a charitable thing to give a young Maid a Portion. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Scene changes to Lydia's *Lodging.*

Enter Lydia, *my Lady* Flippant.

Lyd. 'Tis as hard for a Woman to conceal her indignation from her apoſtate Lover, as to conceal her Love from her faithful ſervant.

Flip. Or almoſt as hard as it is, for the prating fellows now adays, to conceal the favours of obliging Ladies.

Lyd. If *Ranger* ſhou'd come up, (I ſaw him juſt now in the ſtreet) the diſcovery of my Anger to him now, wou'd be as mean, as the diſcovery of my Love to him before.

Flip. Though I did ſo mean a thing, as to love a Fellow, I wou'd not do ſo mean a thing, as to confeſs it, certainly, by my trouble to part with him; If I confeſt Love, it ſhould be before they left me.

Lyd. So you wou'd deſerve to be left, before you were; but cou'd you ever do ſo mean a thing, as to confeſs love to any?

Flip. Yes; but I never did ſo mean a thing, as really to love any?

Lyd. You had once a Husband.

Flip. Fye, Madam, do you think me ſo ill bred, as to love a Husband.

Lyd. You had a Widows heart, before you were a Widow I ſee.

Flip. I ſhou'd rather make an adventure of my honour, with a Gallant, for a Gown, a new Coach, a Neck-laſe, than clap my Husbands cheeks for them, or ſit in his lap; I ſhou'd be as aſham'd to be caught in ſuch a poſture, with a Husband, as a brisk well bred Spark of the Town, wou'd be, to be caught on his knees at prayers, unleſs to his Miſtreſs.

To them, Ranger, Dapperwit.

Lyd. Mr. *Ranger*, 'twas obligingly done of you.

Ran. Indeed, Couſin, I had kept my promiſe with you, laſt night, but this Gentleman knows————

Lyd. You miſtake me, but you ſhall not leſſen any favour you do me; you are going to excuſe your not coming to me laſt night, when I take it as a particular obligation, that though you threatned me with a viſit, upon conſideration you were ſo civil, as not to trouble me.

Dap. This is an unlucky morning with me; here's my eternal perſecution, the Widow *Flippant.* [*Aſide.*

Flip. What, Mr. *Dapperwit*!

Ran. Indeed, Couſin, beſides my buſineſs, another cauſe, I did not wait on you, was, my apprehenſion, you were gone to the Park, notwithſtanding your promiſe to the contrary.

Lyd. Therefore, you went to the Park, to viſit me there, notwithſtanding your promiſe to the contrary.

Ran. Who, I at the Park? when I had promis'd to wait upon you at your lodging; but were you at the Park, Madam?

Lyd. Who, I at the Park? when I had promis'd to wait for you at home; I was no more at the Park then you were; were you at the Park *?*

Ran. The Park had been a diſmal deſart to me, notwithſtanding all the good company in't; if I had wanted yours.

Lyd. Becauſe it has been the conſtant endeavour of men, to keep Women ignorant, they think us ſo, but 'tis that encreaſes our inquiſitiveneſs, and makes us know them ignorant, as falſe; he is as impudent a diſſembler as the Widow *Flippant*, who is making her importunate addreſſes, in vain, for aught I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flippant *driving* Dapperwit *from one ſide of the Stage, to the other.*

Flip. Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, merciful Mr. *Dapperwit.*

Dap. Unmerciful Lady *Flippant.*

Flip. Will you be ſatisfied?

Dap. Won't you be ſatisfied.

Flip. That a Wit ſhou'd be jealous! that a Wit ſhou'd be jealous! there's never a brisk young fellow in the Town, though no Wit, Heaven knows; but thinks too well of himſelf, to think ill of his Wife, or Miſtreſs; now that a Wit ſhou'd leſſen his opinion of himſelf, for ſhame.

[*Aſide to* Dapperwit.

Dap. I promis'd to bring you off, but I find it enough to ſhift for my ſelf——— [*Softly apart to* Ranger.

Lyd. What, out of breath, Madam?

Flip. I have been defending our cauſe, Madam; I have beat him out of the Pit; I do ſo mumble theſe prating, cenſorious fellows, they call Wits, when I meet with them.

Dap. Her Ladyſhip indeed, is the only thing in Petty-coats, I dread, 'twas well for me there was Company in the Room; for I dare no more venture my ſelf with her alone, then a Culley that has been bit, dares venture himſelf in a Tavern, with an old Rook.

Flip. I am the revenger of our Sex, certainly.

Dap. And the moſt inſatiable one, I ever knew, Madam; I dare not ſtand your fury longer; Mr. *Ranger*, I will go before and make a new appointment with your Friends that expect you at dinner, at the *French*-Houſe, 'tis fit buſineſs: ſtill wait on Love.

Ran. Do ſo—but now I think on't, Sir *Thomas* goes out of Town this Afternoon, and I ſhall not ſee him here again theſe three months.

Lyd. Nay, pray take him with you, Sir.

Flip. No, Sir, you ſhall not take the Gentleman from his Miſtreſs: [do not go yet, ſweet Mr. *Dapperwit.*] [*Aſide.*

Lyd. Take him with you, Sir; I ſuppoſe his buſineſs may be there, to borrow, or win, mony, and I ought not to be his hinderance; for when he has none, he has his deſperate deſigns upon that little I have; for want of mony, makes as devout Lovers as Chriſtians.

Dap. I hope, Madam, he offers you no leſs ſecurity, than his liberty.

Lyd. His liberty, as poor a pawn to take up mony on, as honour; he is like the deſperate Banke-Routs of this Age, who if they can get peoples Fortunes into their hands, care not though they ſpend them in Goale, all their lives.

Flip. And the poor crediting Ladies, when they have parted with their mony, muſt be contented with a pitiful compoſition, or ſtarve for all them.

Ran. But Widows are commonly ſo wiſe, as to be ſure their men are ſolvable before they truſt 'em.

Flip. Can you blame 'em; I declare, I will truſt no man, pray do not take it ill, Gentlemen; Quacks in their Bills, and Poets in the titles of their Plays, do not more diſappoint us, then Gallants with their promiſes; but I truſt none.

Dap. Nay, ſhe's a very Jew in that particular ; to my knowledge, ſhee'll know her man, over and over gain, before ſhe truſt him.

Ran. Well, my deareſt Couſin, good morrow; when I ſtay from you, ſo long again, blame me to purpoſe, and be extreamly angry; for nothing can make me amends for the loſs of your Company, but your reprehenſion of my abſence; I'll take ſuch a Chiding, as kindly, as *Ruſſian* Wives, do beating.

Lyd. If you were my Husband, I cou'd not take your abſence more kindly, then I do.

Ran. And if you were my Wife, I wou'd truſt you as much out of my ſight, as I cou'd, to ſhew my opinion of your virtue.

Flip. A well-bred Gentleman, I warrant; will you go then, cruel Mr. *Dapperwit* ? [*Ex.* Ranger *and* Dapperwit.

Lyd. Have I not diſſembled well, *Leonor ?* [*Apart.*

Leo. But, Madam, to what purpoſe; why do you not put him to his tryal, and ſee what he can ſay for himſelf ?

Lyd. I am afraid leſt my proofs, and his guilt, ſhou'd make him deſperate, and ſo contemn that pardon, which he cou'd not hope for.

Leo. 'Tis unjuſt to condemn him, before you hear him.

Lyd. I will reprieve him till I have more evidence.

Leo. How will you get it?

Lyd. I will write him a Letter in *Chriſtina*'s name, deſiring to meet him; when I ſhall ſoon diſcover, if his love to her be of a longer ſtanding, than ſince laſt night; and if it be not, I will not longer truſt him with the vanity, to think ſhe gave him the occaſion, to follow her home from the Park; ſo will at once diſabuſe him and my ſelf.

Leo. What care the jealous take in making ſure of ills, which they, but in imagination, cannot undergo.

Lyd. Misfortunes are leaſt dreadful, when moſt near.
'Tis leſs to undergo the ill, then fear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Gripe's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Joyner, *and* Gripe, *in a Blew Gown and Night Cap.*

Joyn. WHat not well, your Worſhip? this it is, you will be laying out your ſelf beyond your ſtrength; you have taken a Surfeit of the little Gentlewoman, I find; indeed, you ſhou'd not have been ſo immoderate in your embraces, your Worſhip is ſomething in years, intruly.

Gripe. Graceleſs, Perfidious Woman, what mak'ſt thou here? art thou not afraid to be us'd like an Informer, ſince thou haſt made me pay thee for betraying me?

Joyn. Betray your Worſhip, what do you mean? I an Informer, I ſcorn your words.

Gripe. Woman, I ſay again, thou art as Treacherous as an Informer, and more unreaſonable; for he lets us have ſomething for our money, before he diſturbs us.

Joyn. Your money, I'me ſure, was laid out faithfully; and I went away becauſe I wou'd not diſturb you.

Gripe. I had not grudg'd you the money I gave you, but the five hundred pound; the five hundred pound, inconſcionable falſe woman; the five hundred pound; you cheated, trappan'd, rob'd me of the five hundred pound.

Joyn. I cheat you, I rob you; well remember what you ſay, you ſhall anſwer it before Mr. *Double-Cap*, and the beſt of——

Gripe. Oh impudent woman, ſpeak ſoftly!

Joyn. I will not ſpeak ſoftly for innocence is loud, as well as bare-fac'd; is this your return, after you have made me a meer drudge to your filthy luſts?

Gripe. Speak ſoftly, my Siſter, Daughter and Servants will hear.

Joyn. I wou'd have witneſſes, to take notice, that you blaſt my good name, which was as white as a Tulip, and as ſweet as the head of your Cane; before you wrought me to the carrying on the work of your fleſhly carnal ſeekings.

Gripe. Softly, ſoftly, they are coming in.

Enter Flippant *and* Martha.

Flip. What's the matter, Brother?

Gripe. Nothing, nothing, Sifter, only the Godly woman is fallen into a fit of Zeal, againſt the enormous tranſgreſſions of the Age; go, go, you do not love to hear vanity reprov'd; pray be gone.

Joyn. Pray ſtay, Madam, that you may know——

Gripe. Hold, hold, here are five Guinies for thee,
Pray ſay nothing. [*Aſide.* *To* Joyner.
Sifter, pray be gone, I ſay; wou'd you prejudice
Your own reputation, to injure mine? [*Ex.* Flippant *and* Martha.

Joyn. Wou'd you prejudice your own Soul to wrong my repute intruly?
[*She ſeems to weep.*

Gripe. Pray have me in excuſe; indeed, I thought, you had a ſhare of the five hundred pound, becauſe you took away my Seal Ring, which they made me ſend, together, with a Note to my Caſh-keeper for five hundred pound; beſides, I thought none, but you, knew it was my wonted token to ſend for money by.

Joyn. 'Tis unlucky I ſhou'd forget it, and leave it on the Table; but oh the Harlotry! did ſhe make that uſe of it then? 'twas no wonder you did not ſtay till I came back.

Gripe. I ſtay'd till the money releas'd me.

Joyn. Have they the money then? five hundred pound!

Gripe. Too certain.

Joyn. They told me not a word of it; and have you no way to retrieve it?

Gripe. Not any.

Joyn. I am glad of it. [*Aſide.*
Is there no Law but againſt Saints?

Gripe. I will not for five hundred pound, publiſh my tranſgreſſion my ſelf; leſt I ſhou'd be thought to glory in't; though, I muſt confeſs, 'twould tempt a man to conform to publick praying and ſinning; ſince 'tis ſo chargeable to pray, and ſin in private.

Joyn. But are you reſolv'd to give off, a loſer?

Gripe. How ſhall I help it?

Joyn. Nay, I'll ſee you ſhall have, what the young jade has, for your money, I'le make 'um uſe ſome conſcience however; take a man's money for nothing?

Gripe. Thou ſay'ſt honeſtly indeed; and ſhall I have my penniworths out of the little Gentlewoman for all this?

Joyn. I'll be engag'd body for body for her, and you ſhall take the forfeiture on me elſe.

Gripe. No, no, I'le rather take your word, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. Go in and dreſs your ſelf Smug, and leave the reſt to me.

Gripe. No man breathing would give off a loſer, as ſhe ſays.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, *ſitting at a Desk writing as a Clerk, my Lady* Flippant *jogging him.*

Sir Sim. 'Tis a Lord's Mortgage, and therefore requires the more haſt; pray do not jog me, Madam.

Flip. Dull Raſcal. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. They cannot ſtay for money, as other Folks; if you will not let me make an end on't, I ſhall loſe my expedition ſee.

Flip. There are ſome Clerks wou'd have underſtood me before this. [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. Nay, pray be quiet, Madam; if you ſqueeze me ſo to the wall, I cannot write.

Flip. 'Tis much for the honour of the Gentlemen of this Age, that we Perſons of Quality are forc'd to deſcend to the importuning of a Clerk, a Butler, Coachman, or Footman; while the Rogues are as dull of apprehenſion too, as an unfledg'd Country Squire, amongſt his Mothers Maids. [*Aſide.* [*Jogs him again.*

Sir Sim. Again, Let me tell you, Madam, familiarity breeds contempt; you'll never leave, till you have made me ſawcy.

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd ſee that.

Sir Sim. I vow and ſwear then, get you gone; or I'le add a black patch, or two to thoſe on your face.
I ſhall have no time to get Mrs. *Martha* out, for her. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Will you, Sir, will you? [*Jogs him again.*

Sir Sim. I muſt have a plot for her, ſhe is a coy Woman. [*Aſide.*
I vow and ſwear if you paſs this Creviſs, I'll kiſs you in plain Engliſh.

Flip. I wou'd I cou'd ſee that, do you defie me? [*Steps to him.* [*He kiſſes her.*

Sir Sim. How's this ? I vow and ſwear, ſhe kiſſes as tamely as Mrs. *Tickliſh*, and with her mouth open too. [*Aſide.*

Flip. I thought you wou'd have been aſham'd, to have done ſo to your Maſters own Siſter.

Sir Sim. I hope you'l be quiet now, Madam?

Flip. Nay, I'll be reveng'd of you ſure.

Sir Sim. If you come again, I ſhall do more to you then that; I'll perſue my plot, and try if ſhe be honeſt. [*Aſide.*

Flip. You do more to me then that; nay, if you'll do more to me then that—— [*She throws down his Ink, and runs out, he follows her.*

Enter Joyner.

Joyn. I muſt viſit my young Clyants in the mean time.

Sir Simon *returns holding up his hands.*

Joyn. What's the matter, Sir *Simon ?*

Sir Sim. Lord, who wou'd have thought it?

Joyn. What aile you, Sir *Simon*?

Sir Sim. I have made ſuch a diſcovery, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Joyn. What is't?

Sir Sim. Such an one, that makes me at once glad, and ſorry; I am ſorry my Lady *Flippant* is nought, but I'me glad I know it; thanks ſtill to my diſguiſe.

Joyn. Fye, fye.

Sir Sim. Nay, this hand can tell——

Joyn. But how!

Sir Sim. She threw down my Ink glaſs, and ran away into the next room; I follow'd her, and in revenge, threw her down upon the bed; but in ſhort, all that I cou'd do to her, would not make her ſqueek.

Joyn. She was out of breath man, ſhe was out of breath.

Sir Sim. Ah, Mrs. *Joyner*, ſay no more, ſay no more of that.

Enter Flippant.

Flip. You rude, unmannerly Raſcal.

Joyn. You ſee ſhe complains now.

Sir Sim. I know why, Mrs. *Joyner*, I know why. [*Apart.*

Flip. I'le have you turn'd out of the Houſe, you are not fit for my brother's ſervice.

Sir Sim. Not for yours, you mean, Madam. [*Aſide.*

Flip. I'le go and acquaint my Brother———

Joyn. Hold, hold, Madam, ſpeak not ſo loud, 'tis Sir *Simon Addleplot*, your Lover, who has taken this diſguiſe on purpoſe to be near you; and to watch, and ſupplant his Rivals.

Flip. What a beaſt was I, I cou'd not diſcover it, you have undone me; why wou'd you not tell me ſooner of it? [*Aſide to* Joyner.

Joyn. I thought he had been diſcernable enough.

Flip. I proteſt I knew him not; for I muſt confeſs to you, my eyes are none of the beſt, ſince I have us'd the laſt new waſh of Mercury water; what will he think of me?

Joyn. Let me alone with him; come, come, did you think you cou'd diſguiſe your ſelf from my Lady's knowledg; ſhe knew you, Man, or elſe you had ne're had thoſe liberties; alas, poor Lady, ſhe cannot reſiſt you.

Flip. 'Tis my weakneſs.

Sir Sim. How's this ? but here comes my Maſter.

Enter Gripe *and* Martha.

Gripe. Come, Mrs. *Joyner*, are you ready to go ?

Joyn. I am ever ready when your Worſhip commands.

Flip. Brother, if you go to t'other end of the Town, you'l ſet me down near the Play-houſe.

Gripe. The Play-houſe, do you think I will be ſeen near the Play-houſe?

Flip. You ſhall ſet me down in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* then, for I have earneſt buſineſs there; (When I come home again, I'le laugh at you foundly, Sir *Simon.*) [*Apart.*

Sir Sim. Has *Joyner* betray'd me then? 'tis time to look to my hits. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Martha, be ſure you ſtay within now; if you go out, you ſhall never come into my dores again.

Mart. No, I will not, Sir; I'le ne're come into your dores again, if once I ſhou'd go out.

Gripe. 'Tis well ſaid, Girl. [*Ex.* Gripe, Joyner, Flip.

Sir Sim. 'Twas prettily ſaid, I underſtand you, they are dull, and have no intrigue in 'em; but dear, ſweet Mrs. *Martha*, 'tis time we were gone, you have ſtole away your Scarfs, and Hood from your Maid, I hope.

Mart. Nay, I am ready, but———

Sir Sim. Come, come, Sir *Simon Addleplot*, poor Gentleman, is an impatient man to my knowledge.

Mart. Well, my venture is great, I'me ſure, for a man I know not; but pray, *Jonas*, do not deceive me; is he ſo fine a Gentleman, as you ſay he is?

Sir Sim. Piſh, piſh, he is the——Gentleman of the Town, faith and troth.

Mart. But may I take your word, *Jonas*?

Sir Sim. 'Tis not my word, 'tis the word of all the Town.

Mart. Excuſe me, *Jonas*, for that; I never heard any ſpeak well of him, but Mr. *Dapperwit*, and you.

Sir Sim. That's becauſe he has been a Rival to all men, and a Gallant to all Ladies; Rivals, and deſerted Miſtreſſes, never ſpeak well of a Man.

Mart. Has he been ſo general in his Amours, his kindneſs is not to be valu'd then?

Sir Sim. The more by you, becauſe 'tis for you he deſerts all the reſt, faith and troth.

Mart. You plead better for him, then he cou'd for himſelf; I believe, for indeed they ſay, he is no better then an Ideot.

Sir Sim. Then believe me, Madam, for no body knows him better then I; he has as much Wit, Courage, and as good a Meen to the full, as I have; he an Ideot?

Mart. The common Gull, ſo perſpicuous a Fop, the Women find him out, for none of 'em will marry him.

Sir Sim. You may ſee now, how he and you are abus'd; for that he is not Married, is a ſign of his Wit; and for being perſpicuous, 'tis falſe,

he is as myſterious as a new Parliament Man, or a young States-Man, newly taken from a Coffee-houſe, or Tennis-court.

Mart. But is it a ſign of his Wit becauſe he is not Married?

Sir Sim. Yes, yes, your Women of the Town raviſh your Fops; There's not one about the Town unmarryed, that has any thing.

Mart. It may be then he has ſpent his Eſtate.

Sir Sim. How unluckily gueſs'd. [*Aſide.*

If he had, he has a head can retrieve it again.

Mart. Beſides, they ſay, he has had the modiſh diſtemper.

Sir Sim. He can cure it with the beſt *French* Chyrurgion in Town.

Mart. Has his practice on himſelf, been ſo much?

Sir Sim. Come, come.

Fame, like deſerted Jilt, does ſtill belye Men,
Who doubts her man, muſt be advis'd by *Hymen.*
For he knows beſt of any, how to try men. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene, The Old Pell Mell.

Enter Ranger *and* Dapperwit.

Ran. Now the *Lucy*'s have renounc'd us; hey for the *Chriſtina*'s, ſhe cannot uſe me worſe, than your honourable Miſtreſs did you.

Dap. A Pox, ſome young Heir, or another, has promis'd her Marriage; there are ſo many Fools in the World, 'tis impoſſible for a man of Wit to keep his Wench, from being a Lady, let me periſh.

Ran. But have you no other Acquaintance that ſticks to her vocation, in ſpight of temptations of honour, or filthy lucre; I declare, I make honourable Love, meerly out of neceſſity; as your Rooks play on the ſquare, rather then not play at all.

[*To them* Leonore, Lydia's *woman mask'd, with a Letter in her hand.*

Dap. Come, the Devil will not loſe a Gameſter; here's ready money for you, puſh freely.

Rang. Thou'rt as well met, as if by aſſignation. [*To her.*

Leon. And you are as well met, as if you were the man I look'd for.

Rang. Kind Rogue.——

Leon. Sweet Sir.

Rang. Come, I am thy Priſoner, (without more words) ſhew but thy warrant. [*Goes to pull off her Mask.*

Leo. You miſtake, Sir, here is my Paſs. [*Gives him the Letter.*

Ran. A Letter, and directed to me. [*Reads.*

I cannot put up the injuries, and affronts you did me laſt night; (a challenge upon my life, and by ſuch a meſſenger) *therefore conjure you by your Honour, at eight a Clock preciſely, this Evening, to ſend your man to St.* James's *Gate,*

to wait for me with a Chair, to conduct me, to what place you ſhall think moſt fit, for the giving of ſatisfaction to the injur'd Chriſtina.

Chriſtina! I am amaz'd! what is't a Clock, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. It wants not half an hour of eight.

Ran. Go then back, my pretty Herauld, [*To the Maid.* and tell my fair Enemy, the ſervice ſhe deſigns my man, is only fit for my Friend here; of whoſe Faith and Honour, ſhe may be ſecure of; he ſhall, immediately, go wait for her at St. *James*'s Gate? whilſt I go to prepare a place for our ran-counter, and my ſelf to dye at her feet: [*Ex.* Leonore. *Dapperwit*, dear *Dapperwit*.

Dap. What lucky Surpriſal's this?

Ran. Prethee ask no queſtions, till I have more leiſure, and leſs aſtoniſhment; I know, you will not deny to be an inſtrument in my happineſs.

Dap. No, let me periſh, I take as much pleaſure to bring Lovers together, as an old Woman, that as a Bankrupt Gameſter loves to look on, though he has no advantage by the play; or as a Bully that fights not himſelf, yet takes pleaſure to ſet people together by the ears; or as——

Ran. S'death, is this a time for ſimilitudes?

Dap. You have made me miſcarry of a good thought, now let me periſh.

Ran. Go preſently to St. *James*'s gate, where you are to expect the coming of a Lady ('tis *Chriſtina*) accompany'd by that woman you ſaw ev'n now; ſhe will permit you to put her into a Chair, and then conduct her to my lodging, while I go before to remove ſome Spies, and prepare it for her reception.

Dap. Your lodging; had you not better carry her to *Vincent*'s, 'tis hard by, and there a vizard Mask has as free egreſs and regreſs, as at the Play-houſe.

Ran. Faith, though it be not very prudent, yet ſhe ſhall come thither in my vindication; for he wou'd not believe I had ſeen her laſt night.

Dap. To have a fine woman, and not tell on't as you ſay, Mr. *Ranger*—

Ran. Go, and bring her to *Vincent*'s lodging, there I'le expect you.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Chriſtina, Iſabel, *her Woman*.

Iſab. This is the door, Madam, here Mr. *Vincent* lodges.

Chriſ. 'Tis no matter, we will paſs it by, leſt the people of our lodgings ſhou'd watch us; but if he ſhou'd not be here now.

Iſab. Who, Mr. *Valentine*, Madam? I warrant you, my intelligencer dares not fail me.

Chriſ. Did he come laſt night, ſaid he?

Iſab. Laſt night late.

Chri. And not ſee me yet; nay, not ſend to me; 'tis falſe, he is not come; I wiſh he were not. I know not which I ſhou'd take more

unkindly from him, expoſing his life to his revengeful Enemies; or being almoſt four and twenty hours ſo near me, and not let me know't.

Iſab. A Lovers dangers are the only ſecrets kept from his Miſtreſs; he came not to you, becauſe he wou'd not purchaſe his happineſs with your fear and apprehenſions.

Chriſ. Nay, he is come, I ſee, ſince you are come about again of his ſide.

Iſab. Will you go in, Madam, and diſprove me, if you can; 'tis better than ſtanding in the ſtreet.

Chriſ. We'le go a little farther firſt, and return. [*Exeunt.*

Vincent's *Lodging.*

Enter Vincent *and* Valentine.

Vin. I told you I had ſent my Man to *Chriſtina*'s, this Morning, to enquire of her Maid, (who ſeldom denies him a ſecret) if her Lady had been at the Park laſt night; which ſhe peremptorily anſwered to the contrary, and aſſur'd him, ſhe had not ſtirr'd out ſince your departure.

Val. Will not Chamber-maids lye, *Vincent*?

Vin. Will not *Ranger* lie, *Valentine?*

Val. The circumſtances of his ſtory prov'd it true.

Vin. Do you think ſo old a Maſter in the faculty, as he, will want the varniſh of probability for his lies?

Val. Do you think a Woman, having the advantage of her Sex, and Education, under ſuch a Miſtreſs, will want Impudence to diſ-avow a truth, that might be prejudicial to that Miſtreſs?

Vin. But if both teſtimonies are fallible; why will you needs believe his? we are apter to believe the things we wou'd have then thoſe we wou'd not.

Val. My ill luck has taught me to credit my miſ-fortunes, and doubt my happineſs.

Vin. But Fortune we know inconſtant.

Val. And all of her Sex.

Vin. Will you judge of Fortune by your experience, and not do your Miſtreſs the ſame juſtice? go ſee her, and ſatisfie your ſelf and her; for if ſhe be innocent, conſider how culpable you are, not only in your cenſures of her, but in not ſeeing her ſince your coming.

Val. If ſhe be innocent, I ſhou'd be afraid to ſurprize her, for her ſake; if falſe, I ſhou'd be afraid to ſurprize her, for my own.

Vin. To be jealous, and not inquiſitive, is as hard as to love extreamly, and not to be ſomething jealous.

Val. Inquiſitiveneſs as ſeldom cures jealouſie, as drinking in a Fever quenches the thirſt.

Vin. If ſhe were at the Park laſt night, 'tis probable ſhe'l not miſs this; go watch her Houſe, ſee who goes out, who in; while I in the mean time ſearch out *Ranger*; who, I'le pawn my Life, upon more diſcourſe, ſhall avow his miſtake; here he is, go in, how luckily is he come?

Enter Ranger.

Valentine *retires to the doer behind, over hearing them.*

Vin. Ranger, you have prevented me; I was going to look you out, between the Scenes at the Play-Houſe, the Coffee-houſe, Tennis-Court, or *Gifford*'s.

Ran. Do you want a pretence to go to a Bawdy-houſe? but I have other viſits to make.

Vin. I forget, I ſhou'd rather have ſought you in *Chriſtina*'s Lodgings, ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Well, well, I am juſt come to tell you that *Chriſtina*———

Vin. Proves not by day-light, the kind Lady you follow'd laſt night out of the Park.

Ran. I have better news for you, to my thinking.

Vin. What is't?

Ran. Not that I have been in *Chriſtina*'s lodging this morning; but that ſhe'll be preſently here in your lodging with me.

Val. How! [*Behind.*

Vin. You ſee now, his report was a jeſt, a meer jeſt:

[*Drawing back to the dore, where* Valentine *ſtood, and ſpeaking ſoftly to him.*

well, muſt my lodging be your Vaulting School ſtill; thou haſt appointed a Wench to come hither, I find. [*To* Ran.

Ran. A Wench; you ſeem'd to have more reverence for *Chriſtina* laſt night.

Vin. Now you talk of *Chriſtina*, prethee tell me what was the meaning of thy laſt nights Romance of *Chriſtina.*

Ran. You ſhall know the meaning of all, when *Chriſtina* comes; ſhe'l be here preſently.

Vin. Who will, *Chriſtina ?*

Ran. Yes, *Chriſtina.*

Vin. Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Incredulous envy, thou art as envious as an impotent Letcher at a Wedding.

Vin. Thou art either mad, or as vain as a *French-man*, newly return'd home from a *Campaign*, or obliging *England.*

Ran. Thou art as envious as a Rival; but if thou art mine, there's that will make you deſiſt; [*Gives him the Letter.*

and if you are not my Rival; intruſting you with ſuch a ſecret, will, I know, oblige you to keep it, and aſſiſt me againſt all other intereſts.

Vin. Do you think I take your ſecret as an obligation? don't I know, Lovers, Travellers, and Poets, will give money to be heard; but what's the Paper? a Lampoon upon *Chriſtina*, hatch'd laſt night betwixt Squire *Dapperwit* and you, becauſe her maid us'd you ſcurvily.

Ran. No, 'tis only a Letter from her, to ſhew, my Company was not ſo diſguſtful to her laſt night, but that ſhe deſires it again to day.

Val. A Letter from her. [*Behind.*

Vin. A Letter from *Chriſtina*; [*Reads.*

Ha, ha, ha.

Ran. Nay, 'tis pleaſant.

Vin. You miſtake, I laugh at you not the Letter.

Ran. I am like the winning Gameſter, ſo pleas'd with my luck, I will not quarrel with any, who calls me a Fool for't.

Vin. Is this the ſtile of a woman of honour?

Ran. It may be, for ought you know; I'm ſure, 'tis well if your female correſpondents can read.

Vin. I muſt confeſs, I have none of the little Letters, half name, or title, like your Spaniſh Epiſtles Dedicatory; but that a man ſo frequent in honourable Intrigues, as you are, ſhould not know the ſummons of an impudent common Woman, from that of a perſon of honour.

Ran. Chriſtina is ſo much a Perſon of Honour, ſhe'l own what ſhe has writ, when ſhe comes.

Vin. But will ſhe come hither indeed?

Ran. Immediately, you'l excuſe my liberty with you; I cou'd not conceal ſuch a happineſs, from ſuch a Friend as you, leſt you ſhou'd have taken it unkindly.

Vin. Faith, you have oblig'd me indeed; for you, and others wou'd often have made me believe your honourable Intrigues, but never did me the honour to convince me of 'em before.

Ran. You are merry, I find, yet.

Vin. When you are happy, I cannot be otherwiſe.

Ran. But I loſe time, I ſhou'd lay a little Perſon in ambuſh, [*Aſide.* that lives hard by, in caſe *Chriſtina* ſhou'd be impatient to be reveng'd of her Friends, as it often happens with a diſcontented Heireſs; Women like old Souldiers, more nimbly execute, then they reſolve. [*Going out.*

Vin. What now, you will not diſ-appoint a Woman of *Chriſtina*'s quality?

Ran. I'le be here before ſhe comes, I warrant you. [*Ex.* Ran.

Vin. I do believe you truly: what think you *Valentine?*

Val. I think, ſince ſhe has the Courage to challenge him; ſhe'l have the honour of being firſt in the Field.

Vin. Fye, your opinion of her muſt be as bad, as *Ranger* of himſelf is

good, to think ſhe wou'd write him; I long till his *bona-roba* comes, that you may be both diſ-abus'd.

Val. And I have not patience to ſtay her coming, leſt you ſhou'd be diſ-abus'd.

Enter Chriſtina *and* Iſabel.

Vin. Here ſhe is I'faith; I'm glad ſhe's come.

Val. And I'm ſorry; but I will to my poſt again, leſt ſhe ſhou'd ſay ſhe came to me.

Vin. By Heavens, *Chriſtina* her ſelf, 'tis ſhe! [*Aſide.*

[Chriſtina *pulls off her Mask.*

Val. 'Tis ſhe; curs'd be theſe eyes, more curs'd, than when they firſt betray'd me to that falſe bewitching face. [*Behind.*

Chriſ. You may wonder, Sir, to ſee me here———

Vin. I muſt confeſs I do.

Chriſ. But the confidence your Friend has in you, is the cauſe of mine; and yet ſome bluſhes it do's coſt me, to come to ſeek a Man.

Val. Modeſt Creature. [*Behind.*

Vin. How am I deceiv'd! [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Where is he, Sir, why does he not appear to keep me in countenance? pray call him, Sir, 'tis ſomething hard if he ſhou'd know I'm here.

Vin. I hardly can, my ſelf, believe you are here, Madam.

Chriſ. If my viſit be troubleſome, or unſeaſonable, 'tis your Friends fault, I deſign'd it not to you, Sir; pray, call him out, that he may excuſe it, and take it on himſelf, together with my ſhame.

Vin. How impatient ſhe is! [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Or do you delay the happineſs I ask, to make it more welcom? I have ſtay'd too long for it already, and cannot more deſire it; dear Sir, call him out, where is he? above, or here within? I'll ſnatch the favour which you will not give: [*Goes to the dore, and diſcovers* Valentine. What do you hide your ſelf for ſhame?

Val. I muſt confeſs I do.

Chriſ. To ſee me come hither——

Val. I acknowledge it. [Val. *offers to go out.*

Chriſ. Before you came to me; but whither do you go? come I can forgive you.

Val. But I cannot forgive you.

Chriſ. Whither do you go? you need not forge a quarrel, to prevent mine to you; nor need you try if I wou'd follow you; you know I will, I have, you ſee.

Val. That impudence ſhould look ſo like innocence. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Whither wou'd you go? why wou'd you go?

Val. To call your ſervant to you.

Chriſ. She is here, what wou'd you with her?

Val. I mean your Lover, the man you came to meet.

Chrif. Oh Heavens! what Lover? what Man? I came to ſeek no man but you, whom I had too long loſt.

Val. You cou'd not know that I was here.

Chrif. Ask her, 'twas ſhe that told me. [*Points to* Iſabel.

Val. How cou'd ſhe know?

Chrif. That you ſhall know hereafter.

Val. No, you thought me too far out of the way, to diſturb your aſſignation; and I aſſure you, Madam, 'twas my ill fortune not my deſign; and that it may appear ſo, I do withdraw, (as in all good breeding, and civility, I am oblig'd) for ſure your wiſh'd for Lover's coming.

Chrif. What do you mean? are you a weary of that title?

Val. I am aſham'd of it, ſince it grows common. [*Going out.*

Chrif. Nay, you will not, ſhall not go.

Val. My ſtay might give him jealouſie, and ſo do you injury, and him the greateſt in the World; Heavens forbid! I wou'd not make a Man jealous; for though you call a thouſand vows, and oaths, and tears, to witneſs, (as you ſafely may) that you have not the leaſt of love for me; yet if he ever knew, how I have lov'd you, ſure he wou'd not, cou'd not believe you.

Chrif. I do confeſs, your Riddle is too hard for me to ſolve; therefore you are oblig'd to do't your ſelf.

Val. I wiſh it were capable of any other interpretation, than what you know already.

Chrif. Is this that generous good *Valentine*, who has diſguis'd him ſo. [*She weeps.*

Vin. Nay, I muſt with-hold you then: [*Stops* Val. *going out.* methinks ſhe ſhou'd be innocent; her tongue, and eyes, together, with that floud that ſwells 'em, do vindicate her heart.

Val. They ſhew but their long practice of diſſimulation. [*Going out.*

Vin. Come back; I hear *Ranger* coming up; ſtay but till he comes.

Val. Do you think I have the patience of an Alderman?

Vin. You may go out this way, when you will, by the back-ſtairs; but ſtay a little, till———Oh, here he comes.

Ranger *enters.*

Val. My revenge will now detain me. [Valen. *retires again.*

Upon Ranger's *entrance*, Chriſtina *puts on her Mask.*

Ran. What, come already? where is *Dapperwit*? [*Aſide.* The bleſſing's double that comes quickly; I did not yet expect you here, otherwiſe I had not done my ſelf the injury to be abſent; but I hope, Madam, I have not made you ſtay long for me.

Chrif. I have not ſtaid at all for you.

Ran. I am glad of it, Madam.

Chrif. Is not this that troubleſome ſtranger, who [*To Iſabel.*
Laſt night follow'd the Lady into my lodgings? 'tis he. [*Aſide.*
[*Removing from him to t'other ſide.*

Ran. Why do's ſhe remove ſo diſdainfully from me? [*Aſide.*
I find you take it ill, I was not at your coming here, Madam.

Chrif. Indeed I do not, you are miſtaken, Sir.

Ran. Confirm me by a ſmile then, Madam; remove that Cloud, which makes me apprehend [*Goes to take off her Mask.*
foul weather: Mr. *Vincent*, pray retire; 'tis you keep on the Ladies Mask, and no diſpleaſure, which ſhe has for me; yet, Madam, you need not diſtruſt his honour, or his faith; but do not keep the Lady under conſtraint; pray leave us a little, Maſter *Vincent.*

Chrif. You muſt not leave us, Sir; wou'd you leave me with a ſtranger?

Val. How's that! [*Behind.*

Ran. I've done amiſs, I find, to bring her hither, [*Aſide.*
Madam, I underſtand you—— [*Apart to* Chriſtina.

Chrif. Sir, I do not underſtand you.

Ran. You wou'd not be known to Mr. *Vincent.*

Chrif. 'Tis your acquaintance I wou'd avoid.

Ran. Dull Brute, that I was, to bring her hither: [*Aſide.*
I have found my error, Madam; give me but a new appointment, where I may meet you by and by, and ſtraight I will withdraw, as if I knew you not. [*Softly to her.*

Chrif. Why, do you know me?

Ran. I muſt not own it. [*Aſide.*
No, Madam, but—— [*Offers to whiſper.*

Chrif. Whiſpering, Sir, argues an old Acquaintance; but I have not the vanity to be thought of yours, and reſolve you ſhall never have the diſparagement of mine: Mr. *Vincent*, pray let us go in here.

Ran. How's this! I am undone I ſee; but if I let her go thus, I ſhall be an eternal laughing ſtock to *Vincent.*

Vin. Do you not know him, Madam? I thought you had come hither on purpoſe to meet him.

Chrif. To meet him!

Vin. By your own appointment.

Chrif. What ſtrange infatuation do's delude you all? you know, he ſaid, he did not know me.

Vin. You writ to him, he has your Letter.

Chrif. Then you know my name ſure? yet you confeſs'd but now, you knew me not.

Ran. I muſt confeſs, your anger has diſguis'd you, more then your Mask; for I thought to have met a kinder *Chriſtina* here.

Chrif. Heavens! how cou'd he know me in this place? he watch'd me hither ſure; or is there any other of my name, that you may no longer miſtake me, for your *Chriſtina*? I'le pull of that which ſooths your error.
[*Pulls off her Mask.*

Ran. Take but t'other vizard off too; I mean your anger, and I'll ſwear you are the ſame, and only *Chriſtina*, which I wiſh'd, and thought to meet here.

Chrif. How cou'd you think to meet me here?

Ran. By virtue of this your Commiſſion, [*Gives her the Letter.*
which now, I ſee, was meant a real challenge; for you look, as if you wou'd fight with me.

Chrif. The Paper is a ſtranger to me, I never writ it; you are abus'd.

Vin. Chriſtina is a Perſon of Honour, and will own what ſhe has written, *Ranger.*

Ran. So, the Comedy begins; I ſhall be laugh'd at ſufficiently, if I do not juſtifie my ſelf; I muſt ſet my impudence to hers, ſhe is reſolv'd to deny all I ſee, and I have loſt all hope of her. [*Aſide.*

Vin. Come, faith *Ranger*——

Ran. You will deny too, Madam, that I follow'd you laſt night from the Park, to your lodging, where I ſtay'd with you till Morning; you never ſaw me before I warrant?

Chrif. That you rudely intruded, laſt night, into my lodging, I cannot deny; but I wonder you have the confidence to brag of it; ſure you will not of your reception?

Ran. I never was ſo ill-bred, as to brag of my reception in a Ladies Chamber; not a word of that, Madam.

Val. How! if he lies, I revenge her; if it be true, I revenge my ſelf.
[Valentine *draws his Sword, which* Vincent *ſeeing, thruſts him back, and ſhuts the door upon him before he was diſcover'd by* Ranger.

Enter Lydia *and her Woman, ſtopping at the dore.*

Lyd. What do I ſee *! Chriſtina* with him! a Counter-plot to mine, to make me, and it, ridiculous; 'tis true, I find they have been long Acquainted, and I long abus'd; but ſince ſhe intends a triumph, in ſpight, as well as ſhame (not emulation) I retire; ſhe deſerves no envy, who will be ſhortly in my condition; his natural inconſtancy, will prove my beſt revenge on her—on both. [*Exeunt* Lydia *with her Woman.*

Dapperwit *to them.*

Dap. Chriſtina's going away again; what's the matter?

Ran. What do you mean?

Dap. I ſcarce had paid the Chair-Men, and was coming up after her, but I met her on the ſtairs, in as much haſte, as if ſhe had been frightn'd.

Ran. Who do you talk of?

Dap. *Chriſtina*, whom I took up in a Chair, juſt now at St. *James*'s Gate.

Ran. Thou art mad, here ſhe is, this is *Chriſtina*.

Dap. I muſt confeſs, I did not ſee her face; but I am ſure the Lady is gone, that I brought juſt now.

Ran. I tell you, again, this is ſhe; did you bring two?

Chrif. I came in no Chair, had no guide, but my Woman there.

Vin. When did you bring your Lady, *Dapperwit*?

Dap. Ev'n now, juſt now.

Vin. This Lady has been here half an hour.

Ran. He knows not what he ſays, he is mad, you are all ſo, I am ſo too.

Vin. 'Tis the beſt excuſe you can make for your ſelf, and by owning your miſtake, you'll ſhew you are come to your ſelf; I my ſelf ſaw your Woman at the door, who but look'd in, and then immediately went down again, as your friend *Dapperwit* too affirms.

Chrif. You had beſt follow her, that look'd for you; and I'le go ſeek out him, I came to ſee; Mr. *Vincent*, pray let me in here.

Ran. 'Tis very fine, wondrous fine!

[Chriſtina *goes out a little, and returns.*

Chrif. Oh he is gone! Mr. *Vincent* follow him; he were yet more ſevere to me, in indangering his life, then in his cenſures of me; you know the power of his Enemies is great, as their malice; juſt Heaven preſerve him from them, and me from this ill, or unlucky Man.

[*Ex.* Chriſtina, *her Woman, and* Vincent.

Ran. 'Tis well—nay, certainly, I ſhall never be maſter of my Senſes more; but why do'ſt thou help to diſtract me too?

Dap. My aſtoniſhment was as great as yours, to ſee her go away again; I wou'd have ſtay'd her if I cou'd.

Ran. Yet, again, talking of a woman you met going out, when I talk of *Chriſtina*.

Dap. I talk of *Chriſtina* too.

Ran. She went out juſt now; the woman you found me with, was ſhe.

Dap. That was not the *Chriſtina* I brought juſt now.

Ran. You brought her, almoſt, half an hour ago; s'death, will you give me the lye?

Dap. A Lady diſappointed by her Gallant, the night before her journey, cou'd not be more touchy with her Maid, or Husband, then you are with me now, after your diſ-appointment; but if you thank me ſo, I'll go ſerve my ſelf hereafter; for ought I know, I have diſ-appointed Mrs. *Martha* for you, and may loſe thirty thouſand pound by the bargain: farewel, a raving Lover is fit for ſolitude. [*Ex.* Dap.

Ran. *Lydia*, triumph, I now am thine again; of Intrigues, honourable or diſhonourable, and all ſorts of rambling, I take my leave; when we are

giddy, 'tis time to ſtand ſtill: why ſhou'd we be ſo fond of the by-paths of Love? where we are ſtill way-lay'd, with Surprizes, Trapans, Dangers, and Murdering diſ-appointments:

Juſt as at Blind-mans Buff, we run at all,
Whilſt thoſe that lead us, laugh to ſee us fall;
And when we think, we hold the Lady faſt,
We find it but her Scarf, or Veil, at laſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

St. James's *Park.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, *leading Mrs.* Martha, Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. AT length, you ſee, I have freed the Captive Lady, for her longing Knight, Mr. *Dapperwit*, who brings off a Plot cleverly now.

Dap. I wiſh our Poets were half ſo good at it; Mrs. *Martha*; a thouſand welcoms—— [Dapperwit *Kiſſes and Embraces Mrs.* Martha.

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, Sir; your joy is a little too familiar, (faith and troth.)

Dap. Will you not let me ſalute Mrs. *Martha* ?

Mart. What, *Jonas*, do you think I do not know good breeding? muſt I be taught by you ?

Sir Sim. I wou'd have kept the Maiden-head of your lips, for your ſweet Knight, Mrs. *Martha*, that's all; I dare ſwear, you never kiſs'd any Man before, but your Father.

Mart. My ſweet Knight, if he will be a Knight of mine, muſt be contented with what he finds, as well as other Knights.

Sir Sim. So ſmart already, faith and troth!

Mart. Dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*, I am over-joy'd to ſee you; but I thank honeſt *Jonas* for't.

Sir Sim. How ſhe hugs him! [*Aſide.*

Mart. Poor Mr. *Dapperwit.* I thought I ſhou'd never have ſeen you again; but I thank honeſt *Jonas* there—— [*She hugs* Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. Do not thank me, Mrs. *Martha*, any more than I thank you.

Mart. I wou'd not be ungrateful, *Jonas.*

Sir Sim. Then reſerve your kindneſs, only, for your Worthy Noble

Brave, Heroick Knight who loves you only, and only deſerves your kindneſs.

Mart. I will ſhew my kindneſs to my Worthy, Brave, Heroick Knight, in being kind to his Friend, his dear Friend, who help'd him to me.

[*Hugs* Dap. *again.*

Sir Sim. But, Miſtreſs *Martha*, he is not to help him always; though he helps him to be married, he is not to help him when he is married.

Mart. What, Mr. *Dapperwit*, will you love my worthy Knight, leſs after marriage, than before? that were againſt the cuſtom; for marriage gets a Man Friends, inſtead of loſing thoſe he has.

Dap. I will ever be his Servant, and yours, Dear Madam, do not doubt me.

Mart. I do not, ſweet, dear, Mr. *Dapperwit*; but I ſhou'd not have ſeen you theſe two-days if it had not been for honeſt *Jonas*, there—

[*She Kiſſes* Dap.

Sir Sim. For ſhame, though ſhe be young and fooliſh, do not you wrong me to my face. [*Apart to* Dap.

Dap. Wou'd you have me ſo ill bred, as to repulſe her innocent kindneſs; what a thing it is to want Wit! [*Aſide.*

Sir Sim. A Pox, I muſt make haſte to diſcover my ſelf, or I ſhall diſcover, what I wou'd not diſcover; but if I ſhou'd diſcover my ſelf in this habit, 'twou'd not be to my advantage; but I'll go, put on my own cloaths, and look like a Knight: [*Aſide.*

Well, Mrs. *Martha*, I'le go ſeek out your Knight; are you not impatient to ſee him? [*To her.*

Mart. Wives muſt be obedient, let him take his own time.

Sir Sim. Can you truſt your ſelf, a turn or two, with Maſter *Dapperwit*?

Mart. Yes, yes, *Jonas*, as long as you will.

Sir Sim. But I wou'd not truſt you with him, if I could help it; [*Aſide.*

So marry'd Wight, ſees what he dares not blame;
And cannot budge for fear, nor ſtay for ſhame. [*Ex.* Sir *Sim.*

Dap. I am glad he is gone, that I may laugh; 'tis ſuch a miracle of Fops, that his converſation ſhou'd be pleaſant to me, even when it hindred me of yours.

Mart. Indeed, I'm glad he is gone too, as pleaſant as he is.

Dap. I know why, I know why, ſweet Mrs. *Martha*; I warrant you, you had rather have the Parſons Company, then his? now you are out of your Fathers Houſe, 'tis time to leave being a Hypocrite.

Mart. Well for the jeſts ſake, to diſ-appoint my Knight, I wou'd not care if I diſ-appointed my ſelf of a Ladyſhip.

Dap. Come, I will not keep you on the Tenters, I know you have a mind to make ſure of me; I have a little Chaplain, I wiſh he were a Biſhop,

or one of the Fryars, to perfect our revenge upon that Zealous Jew, your Father.

Mart. Do not ſpeak ill of my Father, he has been your Friend, I'm ſure.

Dap. My Friend———

Mart. His hard uſage of me, conſpir'd with your good Meen, and Wit, and to avoid ſlavery under him, I ſtoop to your yoke.

Dap. I will be obliged to your Father, for nothing but a Portion, nor to you for your love; 'twas due to my Merit.

Mart. You ſhew your ſelf Sir *Simon*'s original, if 'twere not for that vanity——

Dap. I ſhou'd be no Wit, 'tis the badge of my calling; for you can no more find a man of wit without vanity, than a fine woman without affectation: But let us go, before the Knight comes again.

Mart. Let us go before my Father comes, he ſoon will have the intelligence.

Dap. Stay, let me think a little. [*Pauſes.*

Mart. What are you thinking of *?* you ſhou'd have thought before this time, or, I ſhou'd have thought rather.

Dap. Peace, Peace.

Mart. What are you thinking of?

Dap. I am thinking, what a Wit without vanity is like; he is like——

Mart. You do not think we are in a publick place, and may be ſurpriz'd, and prevented by my Father's Scouts.

Dap. What, wou'd you have me loſe my thought *?*

Mart. You wou'd rather loſe your Miſtreſs, it ſeems.

Dap. He is like———I think I'm a Sot to night, let me periſh.

Mart. Nay, if you are ſo in love with your thought. [*Offers to go.*

Dap. Are you ſo impatient to be my Wife? he is like—he is like—a Picture without ſhadows, or, or—a Face without Patches—or a Diamond without a Foyl; theſe are new thoughts now, theſe are new.

Mart. You are wedded already to your thoughts, I ſee, good night.

Dap. Madam, do not take it ill;

For loſs of happy thought, there's no amends.
For his new jeſt, true Wit will loſe old Friends.

That's new again, the thought's new. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, *leading Mrs.* Lucy, Joyner, Croſsbite *following.*

Gripe. Mrs. *Joyner*, I can conform to this mode of publick walking by Moon-light, becauſe one is not known.

Lucy. Why, are you aſham'd of your Company.

Gripe. No, Pretty one; becauſe in the dark, or as it were the dark, there is no envy, nor ſcandal; I wou'd neither loſe you, nor my reputation.

Joyn. Your reputation; indeed, your Worſhip, 'tis well known, there are as grave men, as your Worſhip; nay, men in office too, that adjourn their cares, and buſineſſes, to come and unbend themſelves at night here, with a little vizard mask.

Gripe. I do believe it, I do believe it, Mrs. *Joyner.*

Lucy. I God-mother, and carries, and treats her at Mulberry Garden.

Croſ. Nay, do's not only treat her, but gives her his whole gleanings of that day.

Gripe. They may, they may, Mrs. *Croſbite*, they take above ſix in the hundred.

Croſ. Nay, there are thoſe of ſo much worth, and honour, and love, that they'll take it from their Wives and Children, to give it to their Miſſes; now your Worſhip has no Wife, and but one Child.

Gripe. Still for my Edification. [*Aſide.*

Joyn. That's true indeed, for I know a great Lady, that cannot follow her Husband abroad to his Haunts, becauſe her Farrendine is ſo ragged and greaſie; whilſt his Miſtreſs is as fine as ſippence, in her embroidered Satens.

Gripe. Politickly done of him indeed; if the truth were known, he is a Stateſ-Man by that, umph———

Croſ. Truly, your women of quality, are very troubleſom to their Husbands; I have heard 'em complain, they will allow them no ſeparate maintainance, though the honourable Jilts, themſelves, will not marry without it.

Joyn. Come, come, Miſtreſs, ſometimes 'tis the craft of thoſe Gentlemen, to complain of their Wives expences, to excuſe their own narrowneſs to their Miſſes; but your Daughter has a Gallant can make no excuſe.

Gripe. So, Mrs. *Joyner*—my Friend, Mrs. *Joyner*———

Croſ. I hope, indeed, he'l give my Daughter no cauſe to dun him; for poor wretch, ſhe is as modeſt as her Mother.

Gripe. I profeſs, I believe it.

Lucy. But, I have the boldneſs to ask him for a Treat; come, Gallant, we muſt walk towards the Mulberry Gard'n.

Gripe. So—I am afraid, little Miſtreſs, the rooms are all taken up by this time.

Joyn. Will you ſhame your ſelf again *?* [*Aſide to* Gripe.

Lucy. If the rooms be full, we'll have an arbor.

Gripe. At this time of night; beſides, the Waiters will ne'r come near you.

Lucy. They will be obſervant of good Cuſtomers, as we ſhall be; come along.

Gripe. Indeed, and verily, little Miſtreſs, I wou'd go, but that I ſhou'd be forſworn, if I did.

Joyn. That's ſo pitiful an excuſe——

Gripe. In truth, I have forſworn the place, ever ſince I was pawn'd there for a reckoning.

Lucy. You have broken many an Oath for the good old cauſe, and will you boggle at one for your poor, little Miſs? come along.

Lady Flippant *behind.*

Flip. Unfortunate Lady, that I am! I have left the Herd on purpoſe to be chas'd, and have wandred this hour here; but the Park affords not ſo much as a Satyr for me, (and that's ſtrange) no Burgundy Man, or drunken Scourer will reel my way; the Rag-Women, and Synder-Women, have better luck then I—but who are theſe? if this mungril light do's not deceive me, 'tis my brother, 'tis he, there's *Joyner* too, and two other Women; I'll follow 'em; it muſt be he, for this world hath nothing like him; I know not what the Devil may be in the other. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot *in fine cloaths*, Dapperwit, *and Mrs.* Martha, *unſeen by him at the door.*

Sir Sim. Well, after all my ſeeking, I can find thoſe I wou'd not find; I'm ſure 'twas old *Gripe*, and *Joyner* with him, and the Widow follow'd; he wou'd not have been here, but to have ſought his Daughter, ſure; but vigilant *Dapperwit* has ſpy'd him too, and has, no doubt, ſecur'd her from him.

Dap. And you. [*Behind.*

Sir Sim. The Rogue is as good at hiding, as I am at ſtealing a Miſtreſs; 'tis a vain conceited Fellow, yet I think, 'tis an honeſt Fellow: but again, he is a damnable Whoring Fellow; and what opportunity this air, and darkneſs may encline 'em to, Heaven knows; for I have heard the Rogue ſay himſelf, a Lady will no more ſhew her modeſty in the dark, then a *Spaniard* his courage.

Dap. Ha, ha, ha———

Sir Sim. Nay, if you are there my true Friend, I'll forgive your harkning, if you'll forgive my cenſures; I ſpeak to you, dear, Madam *Martha*; dear, dear—Behold your worthy Knight.

Mart. That's far from neighbours.

Sir Sim. I's come to reap the fruit of all his labours.

Mart. I cannot ſee the Knight; well, but I'm ſure I hear *Jonas.*

Sir Sim. I am no *Jonas*, Mrs. *Martha.*

Mart. The night is not ſo dark, nor the Perruque ſo big, but I can diſcern *Jonas.*

Sir Sim. Faith and troth, I am the very Sir *Simon Addleplot*, that is to marry you; the ſame, *Dapperwit* ſolicited you for; ask him elſe, my name is not *Jonas.*

Mart. You think my youth, and ſimplicity, capable of this cheat; but let me tell you, *Jonas*, 'tis not your borrow'd cloaths, and titles, ſhall make me marry my Fathers man.

Sir Sim. Borrow'd title; I'le be ſworn I bought it of my Landreſs, who was a Court Landreſs; but, indeed, my cloaths I have not pay'd for, therefore in that ſenſe they are borrow'd.

Mart. Prethee, *Jonas*, let the jeſt end, or I ſhall be preſently in earneſt.

Sir Sim. Pray be in earneſt, and let us go; the Parſon, and Supper, ſtay for us, and I am a Knight in earneſt.

Mart. You a Knight, inſolent, ſawcy Fool?

Sir Sim. The Devil take me, Mrs. *Martha*, if I am not a Knight now; a Knight Baronet too: a man ought, I ſee, to carry his Patent in his Pocket, when he goes to be marry'd, 'tis more neceſſary than a Licenſe; I am a Knight indeed, and indeed now, Mrs. *Martha*.

Mart. Indeed, and indeed, the trick will not paſs, *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. Poor wretch, ſhe's afraid, ſhe ſhall not be a Lady: come, come, diſcover the Intrigue, *Dapperwit*.——

Mart. You need not diſcover the Intrigue, 'tis apparent already; unworthy Mr. *Dapperwit*, after my confidence repos'd in you; cou'd you be ſo little generous, as to betray me to my Father's man; but I'le be even with you.

Sir Sim. Do not accuſe him, poor man, before you hear him; tell her the intrigue, man.

Dap. A Pox, ſhe will not believe us.

Sir Sim. Will you not excuſe your ſelf? but I muſt not let it reſt ſo; know then, Mrs. *Martha*——

Mart. Come, I forgive thee before thy confeſſion, *Jonas*; you never had had the confidence to have deſign'd this cheat upon me, but from Mr. *Dapperwit's* encouragement, 'twas his Plot.

Sir Sim. Nay, do not do me that wrong, Madam.

Mart. But ſince he has trapan'd me out of my Fathers Houſe, he is like to keep me as long as I live; and ſo good night, *Jonas*.

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, why d'y' mean both? prethee tell her I am Sir *Simon*, and no *Jonas*.

Dap. A Pox, ſhe will not believe us, I tell you.

Sir Sim. I have provided a Parſon, and Supper, at Mulberry Gard'n, and invited all my Friends I cou'd meet in the Park.

Dap. Nay, rather then they ſhall be diſ-appointed, there ſhall be a Bride and Bridegroom, to entertain 'em; Mrs. *Martha* and I'le go thither preſently.

Sir Sim. Why, ſhall ſhe be your Bride?

Dap. You ſee ſhe will have it ſo.

Sir Sim. Will you make *Dapperwit* your Husband?

Mart. Rather than my Father's man.

Sir Sim. Oh the Devil——

Mart. Nay, come along, *Jonas*, you ſhall make one at the Wedding, ſince you help'd to contrive it.

Sir Sim. Will you cheat your ſelf, for fear of being cheated?

Mart. I am deſperate now.

Sir Sim. Wilt thou let her do ſo ill a thing, *Dapperwit*, as to marry thee? open her eyes, prethee, and tell her I am a true Knight.

Dap. 'Twould be in vain, by my life, you have carry'd your ſelf ſo like a natural Clerk—and ſo adieu, good *Jonas*. [*Ex.* Martha, *and* Dapperwit.

Sir Sim. What, ruin'd by my own Plot, like an old Cavalier; yet like him too, I will plot on ſtill, a plot of prevention, ſo I have it—her Father was here ev'n now, I'm ſure; well—I'll go tell her Father of her, that I will;

And puniſh ſo her folly, and his treachery:
Revenge is ſweet, and makes amends for leachery. [*Ex.*

Enter Lydia, *and her Woman* Leonore.

Lyd. I wiſh, I had not come hither to night, *Leonore*.

Leon. Why did you, Madam? if the place be ſo diſ-agreable to you.

Lyd. We cannot help viſiting the place often, where we have loſt any thing we value; I loſt *Ranger* here laſt night.

Leon. You thought you had loſt him before, a great while ago; and therefore you ought to be the leſs troubled.

Lyd. But 'twas here, I miſs'd him firſt, I'm ſure.

Leon. Come, Madam, let not the loſs vex you, he is not worth the looking after.

Lyd. It cannot but vex me yet, if I loſt him by my own fault.

Leon. You had but too much care to keep him.

Lyd. It often happens, indeed, that too much care, is as bad as negligence; but I had rather be robb'd, than loſe what I have careleſly.

Leon. But, I believe, you wou'd hang the Thief if you cou'd.

Lyd. Not if I cou'd have my own again.

Leon. I ſee, you wou'd be too merciful.

Lyd. I wiſh I were try'd.

Leon. But, Madam, if you pleaſe, we will wave the diſcourſe; for people ſeldom (I ſuppoſe) talk with pleaſure, of their real loſſes.

Lyd. 'Tis better then to ruminate on them; mine, I'm ſure, will not out of head, nor heart.

Leon. Grief is ſo far from retrieving a loſs, that it makes it greater; but the way to leſſon it, is, by a compariſon with others loſſes; here are Ladies, in the Park, of your Acquaintance, I doubt not, can compare with you; pray Madam, let us walk and find 'em out.

Lyd. 'Tis the reſentment, you ſay, makes the loſs great, or little; and then I'm ſure, there is none like mine; however go on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vincent *and* Valentine.

Vin. I am glad I have found you, for now I am prepar'd to lead you out of the dark and all your trouble; I have good news.

Val. You are as unmerciful, as the Phyſician, who with new Arts, keeps his miſerable Patient alive, and in hopes, when he knows the diſeaſe is incurable.

Vin. And you, like the melancholy Patient, miſtruſt, and hate your Phyſician, becauſe he will not comply with your deſpair: but I'll cure your jealouſie now.

Val. You know, all Diſeaſes grow worſe by relapſes.

Vin. Truſt me once more.

Val. Well, you may try your experiments upon me.

Vin. Juſt as I ſhut the door upon you, the Woman, *Ranger*, expected, came up ſtairs; but finding another Woman in diſcourſe with him, went down again, I ſuppoſe, as jealous of him, as you of *Chriſtina*.

Val. How do's it appear ſhe came to *Ranger ?*

Vin. Thus, *Dapperwit* came up after who had brought her, juſt then, in a Chair from St. *James*'s by *Ranger*'s appointment; and it is certain your *Chriſtina* came to you.

Val. How can that be? for ſhe knew not I was in the Kingdom.

Vin. My Man confeſſes, when I ſent him to enquire of her woman, about her Lady's being here in the Park laſt night; he told her you were come, and ſhe, it ſeems, told her Miſtreſs.

Val. That might be—— [*Aſide.*
But did not *Chriſtina* confeſs, *Ranger* was in her lodging laſt night?

Vin. By intruſion, which ſhe had more particularly inform'd me of, if her apprehenſions of your danger had not poſted me after you; ſhe not having yet (as I ſuppoſe) heard of *Clerimont*'s recovery: I left her, poor Creature, at home, diſtracted with a thouſand fears for your life and love.

Val. Her love, I'm ſure, has coſt me more fears, then my life; yet that little danger is not paſt, (as you think) till the great one be over.

Vin. Open but your Eyes, and the Fantaſtick Goblin's vaniſh'd, and all your idle fears, will turn to ſhame; for Jealouſie is the baſeſt cowardize.

Val. I had rather, indeed, bluſh for my ſelf, then her.

Vin. I'm ſure you will have more reaſon——But is not that *Ranger* there?

Ranger *enters, follow'd by* Chriſtina *and her Woman, after them* Lydia *and her Woman.*

Val. I think it is.

Vin. I ſuppoſe, his Friend *Dapperwit* is not far off; I will examine them

both before you, and not leave ſo much, as the ſhadow of a doubt; *Ranger*'s aſtoniſhment at my lodging, confeſs'd his miſtake.

Val. His aſtoniſhment might proceed from *Chriſtina*'s unexpected ſtrangeneſs to him.

Vin. He ſhall ſatisfie you now himſelf to the contrary, I warrant you, have but patience.

Val. I had rather, indeed, he ſhou'd ſatisfie my doubts, then my revenge; therefore I can have patience.

Vin. But what Women are thoſe that follow him *?*

Val. Stay a little———

Ran. Lydia, Lydia———poor *Lydia.*

Lyd. If ſhe be my Rival, 'tis ſome comfort yet, [*To her Maid.* to ſee her follow him, rather than he her.

Leon. But if you follow them a little longer, for your comfort, you ſhall ſee them go hand in hand.

Chrif. Sir, Sir——— [*To* Ranger.

Leon. She calls to him already.

Lyd. But he do's not hear, you ſee; let us go a little nearer.

Vin. Sure it is *Ranger* ?

Val. As ſure as the Woman that follows him cloſeſt, is *Chriſtina.*

Vin. For ſhame, talk not of *Chriſtina*; I left her juſt now at home, ſurrounded with ſo many fears and griefs, ſhe cou'd not ſtir.

Val. She is come, it may be, to divert them here in the Park; I'm ſure 'tis ſhe.

Vin. When the Moon, at this inſtant, ſcarce affords light enough to diſtinguiſh a Man from a tree, how can you know her?

Val. How can you know *Ranger*, then?

Vin. I heard him ſpeak.

Val. So you may her too; I'll ſecure you, if you will draw but a little nearer; ſhe came, doubtleſs, to no other end but to ſpeak with him; obſerve——

Chrif. Sir, I have follow'd you hitherto; [*To* Ranger. but now, I muſt deſire you to follow me out of the Company, for I wou'd not be over-heard, nor diſturb'd.

Ran. Ha! is not this *Chriſtina*'s voice? it is I am ſure, I cannot be deceiv'd now———dear Madam——

Vin. It is ſhe indeed. [*Apart to* Val.

Val. Is it ſo?

Chrif. Come, Sir— [*To* Ranger.

Val. Nay, I'll follow you too, though not invited. [*Aſide.*

Lyd. I muſt not, cannot ſtay behind. [*Aſide.* [*Exeunt.*

They all go off together in a huddle, haſtily;
Chriſtina, *her Woman, and* Valentine, *return on the other ſide.*

Chrif. Come along, Sir.

Val. So I muſt ſtick to her when all is done; her new Servant has loſt her in the crowd, ſhe has gone too faſt for him; ſo much my revenge is ſwifter than his love: now ſhall I not only have the deſerted Lovers revenge, of diſ-appointing her of her new Man; but an opportunity infallibly at once, to diſcover her falſeneſs, and confront her impudence. [*Aſide.*

Chrif. Pray come along, Sir, I am in haſte.

Val. So eager, indeed—I wiſh that Cloud may yet with-hold the Moon, that this falſe Woman, may not diſcover me, before I do her. [*Aſide.*

Chrif. Here no one can hear us, and I'm ſure we cannot ſee one another.

Val. 'Sdeath, what have I giddily run my ſelf upon? 'Tis rather a tryal of my ſelf than her; I cannot undergo it. [*Aſide.*

Chrif. Come nearer, Sir.

Val. Hell and vengeance, I cannot ſuffer it, I cannot. [*Aſide.*

Chrif. Come, come; yet nearer, pray come nearer.

Val. It is impoſſible, I cannot hold; I muſt diſcover my ſelf, rather then her infamy.

Chrif. You are conſcious, it ſeems, of the wrong you have done me, and are aſham'd, though in the dark. [*Speaks, walking ſlowly.*

Val. How's this! [*Aſide.*

Chrif. I'm glad to find it ſo; for all my buſineſs with you, is to ſhow you your late miſtakes, and force a confeſſion from you, of thoſe unmannerly injuries you have done me.

Val. What! I think ſhe's honeſt; or do's ſhe know me? ſure ſhe cannot. [*Aſide.*

Chrif. Firſt, your intruſion, laſt night, into my lodging, which, I ſuppoſe, has begot your other groſs miſtakes.

Val. No, ſhe takes me for *Ranger*, I ſee again. [*Aſide.*

Chrif. You are to know then, (ſince needs you muſt) it was not me you follow'd laſt night to my lodging, from the Park, but ſome Kinſwoman of yours, it ſeems; whoſe fear of being diſcover'd by you, prevail'd with me to perſonate her, while ſhe withdrew, our Habits and our Statures being much alike; which I did with as much difficulty, as ſhe us'd importunity to make me; and all this, my Lady *Flippant* can witneſs, who was then with your Couſin.

Val. I am glad to hear this—— [*Aſide.*

Chrif. Now, what your claim to me, at Mr. *Vincent*'s lodging, meant; the letter, and promiſes, you unworthily, or erroneouſly lay'd to my charge, you muſt explain to me and others, or——

Val. How's this! I hope I ſhall diſcover no guilt but my own; ſhe wou'd not ſpeak in threats to a Lover—— [*Aſide.*

Chrif. Was it becauſe you found me in Mr. *Vincent*'s lodgings, you took a liberty to uſe me, like one of your common Viſitants? But know, I came

no more to Mr. *Vincent*, then to you; yet, I confeſs, my viſit was intended to a man— A brave man, till you made him uſe a woman ill, worthy the love of a Princeſs; till you made him cenſure mine; good as Angels, till you made him unjuſt; why—in the name of honour, wou'd you do't?

Val. How happily, am I diſ-appointed! poor injur'd *Chriſtina*. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. He wou'd have fought me out firſt, if you had not made him flye from me; our mutual love, confirm'd by a contract, made our hearts inſeparable; till you rudely, if not maliciouſly, thruſt in upon us, and broke the cloſe, and happy knot: I had loſt him before for a month, now for ever. [*She weeps.*

Val. My joy, and pity makes me as mute, as my ſhame; yet I muſt diſcover my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. Your ſilence, is a confeſſion of your guilt.

Val. I own it. [*Aſide.*

Chriſ. But that will not ſerve my turn; for ſtrait you muſt go clear your ſelf, and me, to him you have injur'd in me; if he has not made too much haſte from me, to be found again; you muſt, I ſay, for he is a man that will have ſatisfaction; and in ſatisfying him, you do me.

Val. Then he is ſatisfy'd.

Chriſ. How! is it you *?* then I am not ſatisfy'd.

Val. Will you be worſe than your word?

Chriſ. I gave it not to you.

Val. Come, dear *Chriſtina*, the Jealous, like the Drunkard, has his puniſhment, with his offence. *To them* Vincent.

Vin. Valentine, Mr. *Valentine.*

Val. Vincent—

Vin. Where have you been all this while?

[Valentine *holds* Chriſtina *by the hand, who ſeems to ſtruggle to get from him.*

Val. Here, with my injur'd *Chriſtina.*

Vin. She's behind with *Ranger*, who is forc'd to ſpeak all the tender things himſelf; for ſhe affords him not a word.

Val. Piſh, Piſh, *Vincent*, who is blind now*?* who deceiv'd now?

Vin. You are, for I'm ſure *Chriſtina* is with him; come back and ſee. [*They go out at one dore, and return at the other.*

Ranger *to* Lydia.

Ran. Still mock'd, ſtill abus'd! did you not bid me follow you, where we might not be diſturb'd, nor over-heard *?* and now not allow me a word *?*

Vincent *to* Valentine.

Vin. Did you hear him? [*Apart to* Val.

Val. Yes, yes, peace— [*Apart to* Vin.

Ran. Diſowning your Letter, and me, at *Vincent*'s lodging, declaring you came to meet another there, and not me; with a great deal of ſuch affronting unkindneſs, might be reaſonable enough, becauſe you wou'd not intruſt *Vincent* with our love, but now, when no body ſees us, nor hears us, why this unſeaſonable ſhyneſs———

Lyd. It ſeems, ſhe did not expect him there, but had appointed to meet another; I wiſh it were ſo. [*Aſide.*

Ran. I have not Patience; do you deſign thus to revenge my intruſion into your lodging laſt night? ſure if you had then been diſpleas'd with my Company, you wou'd not have invited your ſelf to't again by a Letter? or is this a puniſhment for bringing you to a houſe, ſo near your own, where, it ſeems, you were known too? I do confeſs, it was a fault; but make me ſuffer any Penance, but your Silence, becauſe it is the certain mark of a Miſtreſs's laſting diſpleaſure——

Lyd. My——is not yet come. [*Aſide.*

Ran. Not yet a word? you did not uſe me ſo unkindly laſt night, when you chid me out of your Houſe, and with indignation bid me be gone; now, you bid me follow you, and yet will have nothing to ſay to me; and I am more deceiv'd this day and night, then I was laſt night; when, I muſt confeſs, I follow'd you for another———

Lyd. I'm glad to hear that. [*Aſide.*

Ran. One that wou'd have us'd me better; whoſe love, I have ungratefully abus'd for yours; yet from no other reaſon, but my natural inconſtancy—

Poor *Lydia*, *Lydia*——— [*Aſide.*

Lyd. He mutter'd my name ſure, and with a ſigh. [*Aſide.*

Ran. But as laſt night, by following (as I thought) her, I found you: ſo this night, by following you in vain, I do reſolve, if I can find her again, to keep her for ever.

Lyd. Now I am obliged, and brought in debt to his inconſtancy: faith, now cannot I hold out any longer, I muſt diſcover my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Ran. But, Madam, becauſe I intend to ſee you no more, I'll take my leave of you for good and all; ſince you will not ſpeak I'le try if you will ſqueek—— [*Goes to throw her down, ſhe ſqueeks.*

Lyd. Mr. *Ranger*, Mr. *Ranger*——

Vin. Fye, fye, you need not raviſh *Chriſtina* ſure, that loves you ſo.

Ran. Is it ſhe! *Lydia* all this while? how am I gull'd, and *Vincent* in the Plot too *?*

Lyd. Now falſe *Ranger.*

Ran. Now falſe *Chriſtina* too; you thought I did not know you now, becauſe I offer'd you ſuch an unuſual civility.

Lyd. You knew me, I warrant you knew too, that I was the *Chriſtina*

you follow'd out of the Park laſt night; that I was the *Chriſtina* that writ the letter too.

Ran. Certainly, therefore I wou'd have taken my revenge, you ſee, for your tricks.

Val. Is not this the ſame woman that took refuge in your Houſe laſt night, Madam *?* [*To* Chriſtina.

Chrif. The very ſame.

Val. What, Mr. *Ranger*, we have chop'd, and chang'd, and hid our *Chriſtina*'s ſo long, and often, that at laſt, we have drawn each of us our own?

Ran. Mr. *Valentine* in *England*! the truth on't is, you have jugled together, and drawn without my knowledge; but ſince ſhe will have it ſo, ſhe ſhall wear me for good and all now. [*Goes to take her by the hand.*

Lyd. Come not near me.

Ran. Nay, you need not be afraid, I wou'd raviſh you, now I know you.

Lyd. And yet, *Leonore*, I think 'tis but juſtice, to pardon the fault, I made him commit? [*Apart to* Leonore, Ranger *liſtens.*

Ran. You conſider it right, Couſin; for indeed, you are but merciful to your ſelf in it.

Lyd. Yet, if I wou'd be rigorous, though I made the blot, your overſight has loſt the game.

Ran. But 'twas raſh Womans play, Couſin, and ought not to be play'd again, let me tell you. [Dap. *to them.*

Dap. Who's there? who's there?

Ran. Dapperwit.

Dap. Mr. *Ranger*, I am glad I have met with you; for I have left my Bride juſt now, in the Houſe at Mulbery Garden, to come and pick up ſome of my Friends in the Park here, to ſup with us.

Ran. Your Bride! are you marry'd then? where is your Bride?

Dap. Here at Mulbery Garden, I ſay, where you, theſe Ladies, and Gentlemen, ſhall all be welcome, if you will afford me the honour of your Company.

Ran. With all our hearts; but who have you marry'd, *Lucy.*

Dap. What, do you think I wou'd marry a Wench? I have marry'd an Heireſs worth thirty thouſand pound, let me periſh.

Vin. An Heireſs worth thirty thouſand pound!

Dap. Mr. *Vincent*, your Servant, you here too?

Ran. Nay, we are more of your acquaintance here (I think) go, we'le follow you, for if you have not diſmiſs'd your Parſon, perhaps we may make him more work.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the Dining-room, in Mulberry-Garden-houſe.

Enter Sir Simon Addleplot, Gripe, *Mrs.* Martha, Joyner, Croſsbite, Lucy.

Sir Sim. 'Tis as I told you, Sir, you ſee.

Gripe. Oh graceleſs Babe, marry'd to a Wit! an idle, loytering, ſlandering, foul-mouth'd, beggarly Wit; Oh that my child ſhould ever live to marry a Wit!

Joyn. Indeed, your Worſhip had better ſeen her fairly buried, as they ſay.

Croſs. If my Daughter, there, ſhou'd have done ſo, I wou'd not have gi'n her a groat.

Gripe. Marry a Wit!

Sir Sim. Mrs. *Joyner*, do not let me loſe the [*To* Joyner.
Widow too; for if you do, (betwixt friends) I and my ſmall annuity are both blown up; it will follow my Eſtate. [*Aſide.*

Joyn. I warrant you. [*Aſide.*

Flip. Let us make ſure of Sir *Simon* to night, [*To* Joyner.
Or—— [*Aſide.*

Joyn. You need not fear it, like the Lawyers, while my Clients endeavour to cheat one another; I in juſtice cheat 'em both. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Marry a Wit!

Enter Dapperwit, Ranger, *and* Lydia, Valentine, Chriſtina, *and* Vincent.
Dapperwit *ſtops 'em, and they ſtand all behind.*

Dap. What is he here, *Lucy* and her Mother? [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Tell me how thou cam'ſt to marry a Wit?

Mart. Pray be not angry, Sir, and I'll give you a good reaſon.

Gripe. Reaſon for marrying a Wit!

Mart. Indeed, I found my ſelf ſix months gone with Child, and ſaw no hopes of your getting me a Husband, or elſe I had not marryed a Wit, Sir.

Joyn. Then you were the Wit. [*Aſide.*

Gripe. Had you that reaſon? nay, then—— [*Holding up his hands.*

Dap. How's that! [*Aſide.*

Ran. Who wou'd have thought, *Dapperwit*, you wou'd have marryed a Wench? [*Aſide.*

Dap. Well, thirty thouſand pound will make me amends; I have known my betters wink, and fall on for five or ſix. [*To* Ran.
What, you are come, Sir, to give me joy? [*To* Gripe *and the reſt.*
you Mrs. *Lucy*, you and you? well, unbid gueſts are doubly welcom—
Sir *Simon*, I made bold to invite theſe Ladies, [*To Sir* Simon.
and Gentlemen, for you muſt know, Mr. *Ranger*, this worthy Sir *Simon*,

do's not only give me my Wedding-Supper, but my Miſtreſs too; and is as it were my Father.

Sir Sim. Then I am as it were a Grand-father to your new Wives, *hans en kelder*; to which you are but as it were a Father; there's for you again, Sir—ha ha——

Ran. Ha, ha, ha—— [*To* Vincent.

Dap. Fools ſometimes ſay unhappy things, If we wou'd mind 'em, but —what, Melancholy at your Daughters Wedding, Sir?

Gripe. How deplorable is my condition? [*Aſide.*

Dap. Nay, if you will rob me of my Wench, Sir, can you blame me for robbing you of your Daughter? I cannot be without a Woman.

Gripe. My Daughter, my Reputation, and my Money gone—but the laſt is deareſt to me; yet at once I may retrieve that, and be reveng'd for the loſs of the other; and all this by marrying *Lucy* here: I ſhall get my five hundred pound again, and get Heirs to exclude my Daughter, and fruſtrate *Dapperwit*; beſides, 'tis agreed on all hands, 'tis cheaper keeping a Wife then a Wench. [*Aſide.*

Dap. If you are ſo melancholy, Sir, we will have the Fiddles, and a Dance to divert you; come.

A Dance.

Gripe. Indeed, you have put me ſo upon a merry pin, that I reſolve to marry too.

Flip. Nay, if my Brother come to marrying once, I may too; I ſwore I wou'd, when he did, little thinking——

Sir Sim. I take you at your word, Madam.

Flip. Well, but if I had thought you wou'd have been ſo quick with me——

Gripe. Where is your Parſon *?*

Dap. What, you wou'd not revenge your ſelf upon the Parſon.

Gripe. No, I wou'd have the Parſon revenge me upon you; he ſhou'd marry me.

Dap. I am glad you are ſo frolick, Sir; but who wou'd you marry ?

Gripe. This innocent Lady. [*Pointing to* Lucy.

Dap. That innocent Lady?

Gripe. Nay, I am impatient, Mrs. *Joyner*, pray fetch him up if he be yet in the houſe.

Dap. We were not marry'd here; but you cannot be in earneſt.

Gripe. You'l find it ſo; ſince you have robb'd me of my Houſe-keeper, I muſt get another.

Dap. Why? ſhe was my Wench.

Gripe I'le make her honeſt then.

Crofs. Upon my repute he never ſaw her before; but will your Worſhip marry my Daughter then?

Gripe. I promiſe her, and you, before all this good company, to morrow I will make her my Wife.

Dap. How!

Ran. Our Ladies, Sir, I ſuppoſe, expect the ſame Promiſe from us. [*To* Val.

Val. They may be ſure of us without a Promiſe; but let us (if we can) obtain theirs, to be ſure of them.

Dap. But will you marry her to morrow?—— [*To* Gripe.

Gripe. I will verily.

Dap. I am undone then, ruin'd let me periſh.

Sir Sim. No, you may hire a little room in *Covent-Garden*, and ſet up a *Coffee-Houſe*; you, and your Wife, will be ſure of the Wits cuſtom.

Dap. Abus'd by him, I have abus'd!

Fortune our Foe, we cannot over-wit,
By none but thee, our projects are Croſs-bit.

Val. Come, dear Madam, what yet angry? Jealouſie ſure is much more pardonable before Marriage then after it; but to morrow, by the help of the Parſon, you'll put me out of all my fears.

Chrif. I am afraid then you wou'd give me my revenge, and make me jealous of you; and I had rather ſuſpect your Faith, then you ſhou'd mine.

Ran. Couſin *Lydia*, I had rather ſuſpect your Faith too, then you ſhou'd mine; therefore let us e'en marry to morrow, that I may have my turn of watching, doging, ſtanding under the window at the dore, behind the hanging, or—

Lyd. But if I cou'd be deſperate now, and give you up my liberty, cou'd you find in your heart to quit all other engagements, and voluntarily turn your ſelf over to one woman, and ſhe a Wife too? cou'd you away with the inſupportable bondage of Matrimony?

Ran. You talk of Matrimony as irreverently, as my Lady *Flippant*? the bondage of Matrimony, no—

The end of Marriage, now is liberty,
And two are bound—to ſet each other free.

EPILOGUE Spoken by *Dapperwit.*

NOW my Brisk Brothers of the Pit, you'l ſay,
I'm come to ſpeak a good word for the Play;
But (Gallants) let me periſh, if I do,
For I have Wit, and judgment, juſt like you;
Wit never partial, judgment free and bold,
For fear or friendſhip never bought or ſold,
Nor by good Nature e're to be Cajol'd.
Good Nature in a Critick were a crime,
Like mercy in a Judge, and renders him
Guilty of all thoſe faults, he do's forgive:
Beſides, if Thief from Gallows you reprieve,
He'll cut your Throat? ſo Poet ſav'd from ſhame,
In damn'd Lampoon, will murder your good name.
Yet in true ſpight to him, and to his Play,
(Good faith) you ſhou'd not rayl at 'em to day;
But to be more his Foe, ſeem moſt his Friend,
And ſo maliciouſly, the Play commend,
That he may be betray'd to Writing on,
And Poet let him be, to be undone.

FINIS

THE GENTLEMAN Dancing-Master

A

COMEDY

Acted at the Duke's Theatre

By Mr. Wycherley

Horat.—*Non ſatis eſt riſu diducere rictum*
Auditoris: & eſt quædam tamen hic quoq; virtus.

Source

THE relations between *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* and *El Maestro de Danzar* have already been fully discussed in the Introduction, but perhaps it were not superfluous to repeat that Wycherley is by no means so indebted to Calderon's comedy as has often been stated, particularly by those who had no acquaintance with the Spanish play. For the rest *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is wholly original.

The Hon. James Howard in his capital play *The English Mounsieur* (4to, 1674, but acted at least eight years earlier), has ridiculed the Gallomaniac with a good deal of humour and point.

In that delightful comedy *Marriage à-la-Mode*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields about Easter, 1672, Dryden has introduced "an affected Lady," Melantha, of whom it is said, "No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new *French* Word; she's the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, Coins it immediately into our Language." But Dryden is in no way indebted to Wycherley. Both poets were, indeed, satirizing a current foppery. Dryden is the more subtle and delicate in his humour; Wycherley's strokes are harder and more bold. By those who witnessed the revival of *Marriage à-la-Mode* in 1920, Athene Seyler's superb performance of Melantha can never be forgotten.

Mrs. Centlivre in her long-lived comedy *The Busy-Body*, which was produced at Drury Lane 12 May, 1709, and which still kept the stage in the nineteenth century, has borrowed the Spanish merchant, Sir Jealous Traffick (Bullock), and several incidents from Wycherley.

On 8 December, 1762, there was produced at Covent Garden *Love in a Village*, a ballad opera by Isaac Bickerstaffe. This charming pastiche is largely taken from Charles Johnson's *The Village Opera*, which was originally given at Drury Lane, 6 February, 1729, and only achieved a run of four nights. It must be confessed that Bickerstaffe has vastly improved his borrowings, for *The Village Opera* is a mediocre work. *Love in a Village* is also something indebted to a comedy by Marivaux, *Le Jeu de l'amour et du hasard* (1730), whose intrigue concerns a double disguise which causes the hero and heroine to think that the one has fallen in love with the soubrette, and the other with the valet. But the amusing episode in the second Act of his opera, where Eustace is passed off by Lucinda as a music-master, Bickerstaffe entirely owes to Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, whence also he has taken the whole character of Mrs. Caution, whom he names Deborah Woodcock. In Johnson's *The Village Opera* Lady Wiseacre, acted by Mrs. Shireburn, is merely a lay figure with some half a dozen speeches of little importance. Deborah Woodcock, first played by Mrs. Walker, was a favourite character with such celebrated comic actresses as Mrs. Love and Mrs. Davenport. *Love in a Village* remained popular for wellnigh a century, and a recent revival (December, 1920) at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, has given much pleasure. In particular the spirited performance of Mrs. A. B. Tapping as the antiquated aunt was deservedly applauded.

Theatrical History

ON Thursday, 9 November, 1671, the Duke's Company opened their new theatre in Dorset Garden with a revival of *Sir Martin Mar-all*, which proved a very great success and, says Downes, " continued 3 days together, with a full audience each day; notwithstanding it had been acted 30 days before in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and above 4 times at Court." The first new play given at Dorset Garden was Crowne's heroic tragedy *The History of Charles the Eighth of France*, with Betterton as Charles the Eighth and Mrs. Betterton Isabella. This was probably produced early in December; " it was all new cloath'd, yet lasted but 6 days together, but 'twas acted now and then afterwards." So we find that it was seen at Court on 17 May and 17 September, 1672.

The next new play was Ravenscroft's farcical *The Citizen turn'd Gentleman*, a free amalgamation of *Monsieur de Porceaugnac* with *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in which Nokes as Old Jorden immensely diverted both Court and Town. " It continued acting 9 days with a full house." This production was in January, 1672.

On 25 January, 1672, the Theatre Royal, Bridges Street, was destroyed with immense loss by a terrible fire, and for the time being Killigrew's company seemed without hope or home. It was not until Monday, 26 February, that they were able to open at the Lincoln's Inn Fields playhouse, whence Betterton had migrated to new quarters more than three months before. No writer has ever attempted to explain why of Wycherley's four comedies *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* alone should have been produced by the Duke's Company when the other three were given by the rival actors. But here we have an ample explanation. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* was put on the stage in March, 1672, and for a month past Dorset Garden had been the only available theatre in London. Downes notes: " The third new Play acted there was *The Gentleman Dancing Master*, wrote by Mr. *Witcherley*, it lasted but 6 days, being liked but indifferently, it was laid by to make room for other new ones."

The date is also fixed by the Epilogue:

> *You good men o' th'* Exchange, *on whom alone*
> *We must depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone.*

War had been declared against the Dutch in March, 1672, and the Court interest was strongly to popularize the outbreak of hostilities. This couplet predicts that all the gallants and cavaliers will soon be actively engaged, and again emphasizes this with

> *all Gentlemen must pack to Sea.*

It should be remarked that *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is the only one of Wycherley's plays to be printed without a cast. No doubt, as Genest suggested, Edward Angel created Don Diego and James Nokes Monsieur de Paris. It were merest guess-work to attempt to apportion the remaining rôles.

There were revivals of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* at Drury Lane in 1692–3 and again in 1702.

PROLOGUE

To the CITY,

Newly after the Removal of the Duke's Company from *Lincoln-Inn-fields* to their new Theatre, near *Salisbury*-Court.

OUR Author (like us) finding 'twould ſcarce do,
At t'other end o'th' Town, is come to you;
And ſince 'tis his laſt Tryal, has that Wit
To throw himſelf on a ſubſtantial Pit.
Where needy Wit, or Critick dare not come,
Leſt Neighbour i'the Cloak, with looks ſo grum,
Shou'd prve a Dunne;
Where Punk *in Vizor dare not rant and tear*
To put us out, ſince Bridewel *is ſo near;*
In ſhort, we ſhall be heard, be underſtood,
If not, ſhall be admir'd and that's as good;
For you to ſenſleſs Plays have ſtill been kind,
Nay, where no ſenſe was, you a Jeſt wou'd find:
And never was it heard of, that the City
Did ever take occaſion to be witty
Upon dull Poet, or ſtiff Players Action,
But ſtill with claps oppos'd the hiſſing Faction.
But if you hiſs'd, 'twas at the Pit, not Stage,
So, with the Poet, damn'd the damning Age,
And ſtill we know are ready to ingage
Againſt the flouting, ticking Gentry who
Citizen, Player, Poet, wou'd undo,
The Poet, no; unleſs by commendation;
For on the Change, Wits have no reputation;
And rather than be branded for a Wit,
He with you, able men, wou'd credit get.

The Perſons

Mr. *Gerard*. Mr. *Martin*.	Young Gentlemen of the Town, and Friends.
Mr. *Parris*, or *Monſieur De Parris*.	A vain Coxcomb, and rich City-Heir, newly returned from *France*, and mightily affected with the *French* Language and Faſhions.
Mr. *James Formal*, or *Don Diego*.	An old rich *Spaniſh* Merchant newly returned home, as much affected with the Habit and Cuſtoms of *Spain*, and Uncle to *De Parris*.
Mrs. *Hippolita*.	*Formal*'s Daughter.
Mrs. *Caution*.	*Formal*'s Siſter, an impertinent preciſe Old Woman.
Prue.	*Hippolita*'s Maid.
Mrs. *Flirt*. Mrs. *Flounce*.	Two Common Women of the Town.
A little *Black-a-more*,	Lacquey to *Formal*.

A Parſon.

A *French* Scullion.

Servants, Waiter, and Attendants.

SCENE London.

THE GENTLEMAN Dancing-Maſter.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *Houſe in the Evening.*

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue *her Maid.*

Hipp. TO confine a Woman juſt in her rambling Age! take away her liberty at the very time ſhe ſhou'd uſe it! O barbarous Aunt! O unnatural Father; to ſhut up a poor Girl at fourteen, and hinder her budding; all things are ripen'd by the Sun; to ſhut up a poor Girl at fourteen!——

Pru. 'Tis true, Miſs, two poor young Creatures as we are!

Hipp. Not ſuffer'd to ſee a play in a twelve month!——

Pru. Nor to go to *Ponchinello* nor Paradiſe!——

Hipp. Nor to take a Ramble to the Park nor Mulberry-garden!

Pru. Nor to *Tatnam-Court* nor *Iſlington*!——

Hipp. Nor to eat a Sillybub in new Spring-garden with a Couſin!——

Pru. Nor to drink a Pint of Wine with a Friend at the Prince in the Sun!——

Hipp. Nor to hear a Fiddle in good Company!

Pru. Nor to hear the Organs and Tongs at the Gun in *Moorfields!*——

Hipp. Nay, not ſuffer'd to go to Church, becauſe the men are ſometimes there! little did I think I ſhould ever have long'd to go to Church!

Pru. Or I either, but between two Maids!——

Hipp. Nor ſee a man!——

Pru. Nor come near a man!——

Hipp. Nor hear of a man!——

Pru. No, Miſs, but to be deny'd a man! and to have no uſe at all of a man!——

Hipp. Hold, hold——your reſentment is as much greater than mine, as your experience has been greater; but all this while, what do we make of my Couſin, my Husband elect (as my Aunt ſays) we have had his Company theſe three days. Is he no man?

Pru. No, faith, he's but a *Monſieur*, but you'll reſolve your ſelf that queſtion within theſe three days: for by that time, he'll be your Husband, if your Father come to night?——

Hipp. Or if I provide not my ſelf with another in the mean time! For Fathers ſeldom chuſe well, and I will no more take my Father's choice in a Husband, than I would in a Gown or a Suit of Knots: ſo that if that Couſin of mine were not an ill contriv'd ugly Frekeiſh-fool, in being my Fathers choice, I ſhou'd hate him; beſides he has almoſt made me out of love with mirth and good humour, for he debaſes it as much as a Jack-pudding; and Civility and good Breeding more then a City Dancing-Maſter.——

Pru. What, won't you marry him then, Madam *?*

Hipp. Wou'dſt thou have me marry a Fool! an Idiot ?

Pru. Lord! 'tis a ſign you have been kept up indeed! and know little of the World, to refuſe a man for a Husband only, becauſe he's a Fool. Methinks he's a pretty apiſh kind of a Gentleman, like other Gentlemen, and handſom enough to lye with in the dark, when Husbands take their priviledges, and for the day-times you may take the priviledge of a Wife.

Hipp. Excellent Governeſs, you do underſtand the World, I ſee.

Pru. Then you ſhou'd be guided by me.

Hipp. Art thou in earneſt then, damn'd Jade *?* wou'dſt thou have me marry him? well——there are more poor young Women undone and married to filthy Fellows, by the treachery and evil Counſel of Chamber-maids, than by the obſtinacy and covetouſneſs of Parents.

Pru. Does not your Father come on purpoſe out of *Spain* to marry you to him? Can you releaſe your ſelf from your Aunt or Father any other way*?* Have you a mind to be ſhut up as long as you live *?* For my part (though you can hold out upon the Lime from the Walls here, Salt, old Shoes, and Oat-meal) I cannot live ſo, I muſt confeſs my patience is worn out—

Hipp. Alas! alas! poor *Prue*! your ſtomach lies another way, I will take pity of you, and get me a Husband very ſuddenly, who may have a Servant at your Service; but rather than marry my Couſin, I will be a Nun in the new Proteſtant Nunnery they talk of, where (they ſay) there will be no hopes of coming near a man.

Pru. But you can marry no body but your Couſin, Miſs, your Father you expect to night, and be certain his *Spaniſh* policy and warineſs, which has kept you up ſo cloſe ever ſince you came from *Hackney*-School, will make ſure of you within a day or two at fartheſt———

Hipp. Then 'tis time to think how to prevent him—ſtay—

Pru. In vain, vain Miſs!

Hipp. If we knew but any man, any man, though he were but a little handſomer than the Devil, ſo that he were a Gentleman.

Pru. What if you did know any man, if you had an opportunity; cou'd

you have confidence to ſpeak to a man firſt? But if you cou'd, how cou'd you come to him, or he to you *?* nay, how cou'd you ſend to him? for though you cou'd write, which your Father in his *Spaniſh* prudence wou'd never permit you to learn, who ſhou'd carry the Letter? but we need not be concern'd for that, ſince we know not to whom to ſend it.

Hipp. Stay!———it muſt be ſo———I'le try however———

Enter Monſieur de Paris.

Monſ. Servitèur, Servitèur, lá Couſinè, I come to give the *bon Soir*, as the *French* ſay.

Hipp. O Couſin, you know him, the fine Gentleman they talk of ſo much in Town.

Pru. What! will you talk to him of any man elſe?

Monſ. I know all the beaux monde Couſinè.

Hipp. Miſter———

Monſ. Monſieur Taileur *!* Monſieur *Eſmit*, Monſieur———

Hipp. Theſe are *French* men———

Monſ. Non, non, vou'd you have me ſay Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Smith*, fie, fie, teſtè nòn———

Hipp. But don't you know the brave Gentleman they talk of ſo much in Town *?*

Monſ. Who, Monſieur *Gerrard* ?

Hipp. What kind of man is that Mr. *Gerrard ?* and then I'le tell you.

Monſ. Why———he is truly a pretty man, a pretty man——a pretty ſo, ſo———kind of man, for an *Engliſh* man.

Hipp. How! a pretty man?

Monſ. Why, he is conveniently tall—but—

Hipp. But, what *?*

Monſ. And not ill ſhap'd——but——

Hipp. But what?

Monſ. And handſom, as 'tis thought———but———

Hipp. But, what are your Exceptions to him *?*

Monſ. I can't tell you, becauſe they are innumerable, innumerable mon ſoy.

Hipp. Has he Wit?

Monſ. Ay, ay, they ſay he's witty, brave and dè bèl humeùr and well bred with all that———but———

Hipp. But what? he wants Judgment?

Monſ. Non, non, they ſay he has good ſenſe and judgment, but it is according to the account *Englis'*——for———

Hipp. For what *?*

Monſ. For Jarniè———if I think it———

Hipp. Why?

Monſ. Why——why his Taylor lives within *Ludgate*———his Valet dè Chambrè is no *French*-man———and he has been ſeen at noon-day to go into an *Engliſh* Eating-houſe———

Hipp. Say you ſo, Couſin?

Monſ. Then for being well-bred you ſhall judge—firſt he can't dance a ſtep, nor ſing a *French* Song, nor ſwear a *French* Oatè, nor uſe the polite *French* word in his Converſation; and in fine, can't play at Hombre—but ſpeaks baſe good *Engliſh*, with the commune homebred pronunciation, and in fine, to ſay no more, he ne're carries a Snuff-box about with him.

Hipp. Indeed———

Monſ. And yet this man has been abroad as much as any man, and does not make the leaſt ſhew of it, but a little in his Meen, not at all in his diſcour Jerniè; he never talks ſo much as of St. *Peter*'s Church, and *Rome*, the Eſcurial, or *Madrid*, nay not ſo much as of *Henry* IV. of *Pont-Neuf*, *Paris*, and the new *Louvre*, nor of the *Grand Roy*.

Hipp. 'Tis for his commendation, if he does not talk of his Travels.

Monſ. Auh, auh—Couſinè—he is conſcious himſelf of his wants, becauſe he is very envious, for he cannot endure me———

Hipp. He ſhall be my man then for that. [*Aſide.* Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame, *Prue*. No I know he can't endure you, Couſin—

Monſ. How do you know it——who never ſtir out. Teſtè non—

Hipp. Well——dear Couſin——if you will promiſe me never to tell my Aunt, I'le tell you——

Monſ. I won't, I won't, Jarniè.

Hipp. Nor to be concern'd your ſelf, ſo as to make a quarrel of it.

Monſ. Non, non———

Hipp. Upon the word of a Gentleman.

Monſ. Foy de Chevalier, I will not quarrel.

Pru. Lord, Miſs! I wonder you won't believe him without more ado?

Hipp. Then he has the hatred of a Rival for you.

Monſ. Mal á peſte.

Hipp. You know my Chamber is backward, and has a door into the Gallery, which looks into the back yard of a Tavern, whence Mr. *Gerrard* once ſpying me at the Window, has often ſince attempted to come in at that Window by the help of the Leads of a low Building adjoining, and indeed 'twas as much as my Maid and I cou'd do to keep him out———

Monſ. Aù lè Coquin!——

Hipp. But nothing is ſtronger than averſion; for I hate him perfectly, even as much as I love you——

Pru. I believe ſo faith—but what deſign have we now on foot? [*Aſide.*

Hipp. This diſcovery is an Argument ſure of my love to you——

Monſ. Ay, ay; ſay no more, Couſin, I doubt not your amourè for me, becauſe I doubt not your judgment. But what's to be done with this

Fanfaron—I know where he eats to night—I'le go find him out ventrè bleú—

Hipp. Oh my dear Couſin, you will not make a quarrel of it? I thought what your promiſe wou'd come to!

Monſ. Wou'd you have a man of Honour———

Hipp. Keep his promiſe?

Monſ. And loſe his Miſtreſs, that were not for my honour, ma foy—

Hipp. Couſin, though you do me the injury to think I cou'd be falſe—do not do your ſelf the injury to think any one cou'd be falſe to you—will you be afraid of loſing your Miſtreſs; to ſhew ſuch a fear to your Rival, were for his honour, and not for yours ſure.

Monſ. Nay, Couſin I'de have you know I was never afraid of loſing my Miſtreſs in earneſt——Let me ſee the man can get my Miſtreſs from me Jarniè——but he that loves muſt ſeem a little jealous.

Hipp. Not to his Rival, thoſe that have Jealouſie, hide it from their Rivals.

Monſ. But there are ſome who ſay Jealouſy is no more to be hid than a Cough; but it ſhou'd never be diſcovered in me, if I had it, becauſe it is not *French*, it is not *French* at all——ventrè——bleu———

Hipp. No, you ſhou'd railly your Rival, and rather make a Jeſt of your Quarrel to him, and that I ſuppoſe is *French* too———

Monſ. 'Tis ſo, 'tis ſo, Couſin, 'tis the veritable *French* Method; for your *Engliſ*, for want of Wit, drive every thing to a ſerious grum quarrel, and then wou'd make a Jeſt on't, when 'tis too late, when they can't laugh, Jarniè!———

Hipp. Yes, yes, I wou'd have you railly him ſoundly, do not ſpare him a jot———but ſhall you ſee him to night?

Monſ. Ay, ay———

Hipp. Yes! pray be ſure to ſee him for the Jeſt's ſake———

Monſ. I will—for I love a Jeſtè as well as any bel Eſprit of 'em all—da.

Hipp. Ay, and railly him ſoundly; be ſure you railly him ſoundly, and tell him, juſt thus——that the Lady he has ſo long courted, from the great Window of the *Ship*-Tavern, is to be your Wife to morrow, unleſs he come at his wonted hour of ſix in the morrning to her Window to forbid the Banes; for 'tis the firſt and laſt time of asking: and if he come not, let him for ever hereafter ſtay away and hold his Tongue.

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha, a vèr good Jeſtè, teſtè bleu.

Hipp. And if the Fool ſhou'd come again, I would tell him his own, I warrant you Couſin; my Gentleman ſhou'd be ſatisfied for good and all, I'de ſecure him.

Monſ. Bòn, Bòn.

Pru. Well, well! young Miſtreſs, you were not at *Hackney*-School for nothing I ſee; nor taken away for nothing: a Woman may ſoon be too old, but is never too young to ſhift for her ſelf? [*Aſide.*

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha, Couſin, dou art a merry Grigg——ma foy——I long to be with *Gerrard*, and I am the beſt at improving a Jeſtè——I ſhall have ſuch divertiſement to night teſtè bleu.

Hipp. He'll deny, may be at firſt, that he never courted any ſuch Lady.

Monſ. Nay, I am ſure he'll be aſham'd of it: I ſhall make him look ſo ſillily teſtè nòn———I long to find him out, adieu, adieu la Couſinè.

Hipp. Shall you be ſure to find him?

Monſ. Indubitablemènt I'll ſearch the Town over, but I'le find him, hah, ha, ha——— [*Exit* Monſ. *and returns.*

But I'm afraid, Couſinè, if I ſhou'd tell him you are to be my Wife to morrow, he wou'd not come, now I am for having him come for the Jeſt's ſake———ventrè———

Hipp. So am I, Couſin, for having him come too for the Jeſt's ſake.

Monſ. Well, well! leave it to me! ha, ha, ha.

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Mrs. Caut. What's all this gigling here?

Monſ. Hay, do you tinkè we'll tell you, no fait, I warrant you teſtè nòn ha, ha, ha———

Hipp. My Couſin is over-joy'd, I ſuppoſe, that my Father is to come to night.

Mrs. Caut. I am afraid he will not come to night———but you'll ſtay and ſee, Nephew.

Monſ. Non, non: I am to ſup at tother end of the Town to night—la, la, la——ra, ra, ra—— [*Ex.* Monſ. *ſinging.*

Mrs. Caut. I wiſh the *French* Levity of this Young man may agree with your Father's *Spaniſh* Gravity.

Hipp. Juſt as your crabbed old age and my youth agree.

Mrs. Caut. Well, Malapert! I know you hate me, becauſe I have been the Guardian of your Reputation. But your Husband may thank me one day.

Hipp. If he be not a Fool, he would rather be oblig'd to me for my vertue than to you, ſince, at long run he muſt whether he will or no.

Mrs. Caut. So, ſo!

Hipp. Nay, now I think on't; I'de have you to know, the poor man, whoſoe'ere he is, will have little cauſe to thank you.

Mrs. Caut. No———

Hipp. No; for I never lived ſo wicked a life, as I have done this twelve month, ſince I have not ſeen a man.

Mrs. Caut. How! how! If you have not ſeen a man, how cou'd you be wicked? how cou'd you do any ill?

Hipp. No, I have done no ill, but I have paid it with thinking.

Mrs. Caut. O that's no hurt; to think is no hurt; the ancient, grave, and godly cannot help thoughts.

Hipp. I warrant, you have had 'em your ſelf, Aunt.

Mrs. Caut. Yes, yes! when I cannot ſleep.

Hipp. Ha, ha———I believe it, but know, I have had thoſe thoughts ſleeping and waking: for I have dream't of a man.

Mrs. Caut. No matter, no matter, ſo that it was but a dream, I have dream't my ſelf; for you muſt know Widows are mightily given to dream, inſomuch that a dream is waggiſhly call'd the Widows Comfort.

Hipp. But I did not only dream Ih——— [*Sighs.*

Mrs. Caut. How, how! did you more than dream! ſpeak, young Harlotry; confeſs, did you more than dream? how could you do more than dream in this houſe? ſpeak! confeſs.

Hipp. Well! I will then. Indeed, Aunt, I did not only dream, but I was pleaſed with my dream when I awak'd.

Mrs. Caut. Oh, is that all? nay, if a dream only will pleaſe you, you are a modeſt young Woman ſtill, but have a care of a Viſion.

Hipp. I; but to be delighted when we wake with a naughty dream, is a ſin, Aunt; and I am ſo very ſcrupulous, that I wou'd as ſoon conſent to a naughty man, as to a naughty dream.

Mrs. Caut. I do believe you.

Hipp. I am for going into the Throng of Temptations.

Mrs. Caut. There I believe you agen.

Hipp. And making my ſelf ſo familiar with them, that I wou'd not be concern'd for 'em a whit.

Mrs. Caut. There I do not believe you.

Hipp. And would take all the innocent liberty of the Town, to tattle to your men under a Vizard in the Play-houſes, and meet 'em at night in Maſquerade.

Mrs. Caut. There I do believe you again, I know you wou'd be maſquerading; but worſe wou'd come on't, as it has done to others, who have been in a Maſquerade, and are now Virgins but in Maſquerade, and will not be their own Women agen as long as they live. The Children of this Age muſt be wiſe Children indeed, if they know their Fathers, ſince their Mothers themſelves cannot inform 'em! O, the fatal Liberty of this maſquerading Age when I was a young Woman.

Hipp. Come, come, do not blaſpheme this maſquerading Age, like an ill-bred City Dame, whoſe Husband is half broke by living in *Covent-Garden*, or who has been turn'd out of the *Temple* or *Lincolns-Inn* upon a maſquerading Night: by what I've heard 'tis a pleaſant-well-bred-complacent-free-frolick-good-natur'd-pretty-Age; and if you do not like it, leave it to us that do.

Mrs. Caut. Lord! how impudently you talk, Niece, I'm ſure I remember when I was a Maid.

Hipp. Can you remember it, reverend Aunt?

Mrs. Caut. Yes, modeſt Niece, that a raw young thing though almoſt at Womans eſtate, that was then at 30 or 35 years of age, would not ſo much as have look'd upon a Man.

Hipp. Above her Fathers Butler or Coach-man.

Mrs. Caut. Still taking me up! well thou art a mad Girl, and ſo good night. We may go to bed, for I ſuppoſe now your Father will not come to night. [*Exit Mrs.* Caution.

Hipp. I am ſorry for it, for I long to ſee him. But I lye; I had rather ſee *Gerrard* here, and yet I know not how I ſhall like him: if he has wit he will come, and if he has none he wou'd not be welcome. [*Aſide.*

[*Ex.* Hip. *and* Pru.

SCENE *changes to the* French-*Houſe, a Table, Bottles, and Candles.*

Enter Mr. Gerrard, Martin, *and* Monſieur de Parris.

Monſ. 'Tis ver veritablè, Jarniè, what the *French* ſay of you *Engliſh*, you uſe the debauch ſo much, it cannot have with you the *French* operation, you are never enjoyeè; but come, let us for once be enfinement galliard, and ſing a *French* Sonnet, ſings *la boutelle, boutelle, glou, glou.*

Mart. to Gerrard. What a melodious Fop it is?

Monſ. Auh———you have no Complaiſance.

Ger. No we can't ſing, but we'll drink to you the Ladies health, whom (you ſay) I have ſo long courted at her Window.

Monſ. Ay, there is your Complaiſance; all your *Engliſh.* Complaiſance is pledging Complaiſance, ventrè—but if I do you reaſon here, will you do me reaſon to a little *French* Chanſon aboirè——I ſhall begin to you——*La boutellè, la boutellè——ſings.* [*Takes the Glaſs.*

Mart. to Gerrard. I had rather keep Company with a Set of wide-mouth'd drunken Cathedral Choriſters.

Ger. Come, Sir, drink, and he ſhall do you reaſon to your *French* Song ſince you ſtand upon't ſing him *Arthur* of *Bradely*, or *I am the Duke of Norfolk.*

Monſ. Auh, Teſtè bleu an *Engliſh* Catch, fie fie, ventrè——

Ger. He can ſing no damn'd *French* Song.

Monſ. Nor can I drink the damn'd *Engliſh* Wine. [*Sets down the Glaſs.*

Ger. Yes, to that Ladies health, who has commanded me to wait upon her to-morrow at her Window, which looks (you ſay) into the inward Yard of the *Ship*-Tavern, near the end of what dee call't ſtreet.

Monſ. Ay, ay, do you not know her, not you (vert & bleu.)

Ger. But 'pray repeat agen what ſhe ſaid.

Monſ. Why, ſhe ſaid, ſhe is to be marry'd to morrow to a perſon of Hon-

our, a brave Gentleman, that ſhall be nameleſs and ſo, and ſo forth (little does he think who 'tis.) [*aſide.*

Ger. And what elſe?

Monſ. That if you make not your appearance before her Window to morrow at your wonted hour of ſix in the morning to forbid the Banes, you muſt for ever hereafter ſtay away and hold your tongue, for 'tis the firſt and laſt time of asking, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. 'Tis all a Riddle to me; I ſhould be unwilling to be fool'd by this Coxcomb. [*aſide.*

Monſ. I won't tell him all ſhe ſaid, leſt he ſhou'd not go, I wou'd fain have him go for the Jeſt's ſake——ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Ger. Her name is, you ſay, *Hippolita* Daughter to a rich *Spaniſh* Merchant.

Monſ. Ay, ay, you don't know her, not you á d'autrè á d'autre ma foy—ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well! I will be an eaſie Fool for once.

Mart. By all means go.

Monſ. Ay, ay, by all means go——hah, ha, ha.

Ger. To be caught in a Fools Trap——I'le venture it. [*Aſide.*
Come, 'tis her health. [*Drinks to him.*

Monſ. And to your good reception——teſte bleu——ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well, Monſieur! I'le ſay this for thee, thou haſt made the beſt uſe of three months at *Paris*, as ever *Engliſh* Squire did.

Monſ. Conſidering I was in a dam' *Engliſh*' Pention too.

Mart. Yet you have convers'd with ſome *French*, I ſee; Foot-men I ſuppoſe at the Fencing School, I judge it by your oaths.

Monſ. *French* Foot-men! well, well, I had rather have the converſation of a *French* Foot-man than of an *Engliſh* Eſquire, there's for you da—

Mart. I beg your pardon, *Monſieur*: I did not think the *French* Foot-men had been ſo much your Friends.

Ger. Yes, yes, I warrant they have oblig'd him at *Paris* much more than any of their Maſters did. Well, there ſhall be no more ſaid againſt the *French* Foot-men.

Monſ. Non de Grace——you are alway turning the Nation *Francez* into redicule, dat Nation ſo accomplie, dat Nation which you imitate, ſo, dat in the concluſion you buttè turn your ſelf into ridicule ma foy; if you are for de raillery, abuſe the *Duch*, why not abuſe the *Duch*? les groſſe Villaines, Pandars, Inſolents; but here in your *England* ma foy, you have more honeur, reſpecte, and eſtimation for the Duſhè Swabber, who come to cheat your Nation, den for de Franch-Foot-man, who come to oblige your Nation.

Mart. Our Nation! then you diſowne it for yours, it ſeems.

Monſ. Well! wát of dát; are you the diſobligeè by datè?

Ger. No, Monſieur, far from it; you cou'd not oblige us, nor your Country any other way then by diſowning it.

Monſ. It is de Brutalè Country, which abuſe de *France* and reverence the *Duſhe*; *I vill maintain, ſuſtain, and juſtifie dat one little Franch-Foot-man have more honeur, courage, and generoſity, more good blood in his vaineè, an muſh more good manners an' civility den all de State General togeder*, Jarnie—— dey are only wiſe and valiant wèn dey are drunkeè.

Ger. That is always.

Monſ. But dey are never honeſtè wèn dey are drunkeè; dey are de only Rogue in de Varldè, who are not honeſtè wèn dey are drunk——ma foy.

Ger. I find you are well acquainted with them, Monſieur.

Monſ. Ay, ay, I have made the tourè of *Holland*, but it was èn poſtè, derè was no ſtaying for me teſtè non——for de Gentleman can no more live derè den de Toad in *Ir'land*, ma foy; for I did not ſee on' Chevalier in de whole Cuntreè: alway, *you know, de Rebel hate de gens de quality*; beſides, *I had make ſufficient obſervation of the Canaile barbare de firſt nighteè of my arrival at Amſterdammè. I did viſit you muſt know one of de Principal of de Stat General, to whom I had recommendation from England, and did find his Excellence weighing Sope*, Jarniè——ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Weighing Sope!

Monſ. Weighing Sopè, ma foy, for he was a whole Sale Chandeleer, and his Lady was taking the Tale of Chandels wid her own witer hands, ma foy, and de young Lady, his Excellence Daughters ſtringing Harring, ſtringing Harring, Jarniè——

Ger. So————h————and what were his Sons doing?

Monſ. Auh——his Son (for he had but one) was making de Toure of *France*, *Eſpaigne*, *Italy*, an' *Germany* in a Coach and ſix, or rader now I think on't, gone of an Embaſſy hider to derè Maſter *Cromwell*, whom they did love and fear, becauſe he was ſome-tingè de greater Rebel, bute now I talk of de Rebellè, none but de Rebel can love de Rebellè, and ſo muſh for you and your Friend de *Duſhe*, I'le ſay no more, and pray do you ſay no more of my Friend de *Franch*, not ſo muſh as of my Friend the *Franch*-Foot-man—da——

Ger. No, no; but, Monſieur, now give me leave to admire thee, that in three months at *Paris* you could renounce your Language, Drinking, and your Country (for which we are not angry with you as I ſaid), and come home ſo perfect a *French*-man, that the Drey-men of your Fathers own Brew-houſe wou'd be ready to knock thee in the head.

Monſ. Vel, vel, my Father was a Merchant of his own Beer, as the Nobleſſe of *Franch* of their own Wine: but I can forgive you that Raillery, that Bob, ſince you ſay I have the Eyrè *Francèz*. But have I the Eyrè *Francèz ?*

Ger. As much as any *French*-Foot-man of 'em all.

Monſ. And do I ſpeak agreeable ill *Engliſ'* enough?

Ger. Very ill.

Monſ. Veritablemènt!

Ger. Veritablemènt.

Monſ. For you muſt know; 'tis as ill breeding now to ſpeak good *Engliſ'* as to write good *Engliſ'*, good ſenſe, or a good hand.

Ger. But indeed, methinks, you are not ſlovenly enough for a *French*man.

Monſ. Slovenly! you mean negligent?

Ger. No, I mean ſlovenly.

Monſ. Then I will be more ſlovenly.

Ger. You know, to be a perfect *French*-man, you muſt never be ſilent, never ſit ſtill and never be clean.

Mart. But you have forgot one main qualification of a true *French*-man, he ſhould never be ſound, that is, be very pockie too.

Monſ. Oh! if dat be all, I am very pockie; pockie enough, Jarnie, that is the only *French* qualification may be had without going to *Paris*, mon foy.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Here are a couple of Ladies coming up to you, Sir.

Ger. To us! did you appoint any to come hither, *Martin* ?

Mart. Not I.

Ger. Nor you, Monſieur!

Monſ. Nor I.

Ger. Sirrah, tell your Maſter, if he cannot protect us from the Conſtable and theſe midnight Courſers, 'tis not a Houſe for us.

Mart. Tell 'em you have no body in the houſe, and ſhut the doors.

Wait. They'll not be ſatisfied with that, they'll break open the door, they ſearch'd laſt night all over the Houſe for my Lord *Fiſk*, and Sir *Jeffery Jantee*, who were fain to hide themſelves in the Bar under my Miſtreſſes Chair and Petticoats.

Monſ. Wat do the Women hunt out the men ſo now?

Mart. Ay, ay, things are alter'd ſince you went to *Paris*, there's hardly a young Man in Town dares be known of his Lodging for 'em.

Ger. Bailiffs, Purſevants, or a City-Conſtable are modeſt people in compariſon of them.

Mart. And we are not ſo much afraid to be taken up by the Watch, as by the taring midnight Ramblers, or Houza-Women.

Monſ. Jarnie———ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Where are they? I hope they are gone agen ?

Wait. No, Sir, they are below at the Stair-foot, only ſwearing at their Coach-man.

Ger. Come, you Rogue! they are in Fee with you Waiters and no Gentleman can come hither, but they have intelligence ſtraight.

Wait. Intelligence from us, Sir, they ſhou'd never come here if we cou'd help it. I am ſure we wiſh 'em choak'd when we ſee them come in; for they bring ſuch good ſtomachs from St. *James*'s Park, or rambling about in the ſtreets, that we poor Waiters have not a bit left; 'tis well if we can keep our money in our Pockets for 'em; I am ſure I have paid ſeventeen and ſix pence in half Crowns for Coach hire at ſeveral times for a little damn'd taring Lady, and when I ask't her for it agen one morning in her Chamber, ſhe bid me pay my ſelf, for ſhe had no money: but I wanted the Courage of a Gentleman; beſides the Lord that kept her, was a good Cuſtomer to our Houſe, and my Friend, and I made a Conſcience of wronging him.

Ger. A man of Honour!

Monſ. Vert & bleu, pleasènt, pleasènt, mon foy.

Ger. Go, go, Sirrah, ſhut the door, I hear'em coming up.

Wait. Indeed, I dare not; they'll kick me down ſtairs, if I ſhould.

Ger. Go you, Raſcal, I ſay.

The Waiter *ſhuts the door, 'tis thruſt open agen, Enter* Flounce *and* Flirte *in Vizards, ſtriking the* Waiter, *and come up to the Table.*

Ger. Flounce and *Flirte* upon my life. [*Aſide.*

Ladies, I am ſorry you have no Volunteers in your Service; this is meer preſſing, and argues a great neceſſity you have for men.

Floun. You need not be afraid, Sir, we will uſe no violence to you, you are not fit for our Service; we know you——

Flirt. The hot Service you have been in formerly, makes you unfit for ours now; beſides, you begin to be ſomething too old for us, we are for the brisk Hoaza's of ſeventeen or eighteen.

Ger. Nay, 'faith, I am not too old yet, but an old acquaintance will make any man old; beſides, to tell you the truth, you are come a little to early for me, for I am not drunk yet; but there are your brisk young men who are always drunk, and perhaps have the happineſs not to know you.

Floun. The happineſs not to know us!

Flirt. The happineſs not to know us!

Ger. Be not angry, Ladies; 'tis rather happineſs to have pleaſure to come, than to have it paſt, and therefore theſe Gentlemen are happy in not knowing you.

Mart. I'de have you to know, I do know the Ladies too, and I will not loſe the honour of the Ladies acquaintance for any thing.

Floun. Not for the pleaſure of beginning an acquaintance with us, as Mr. *Gerrard* ſays: but it is the general vanity of you Town-Fops to lay claim to all good acquaintance and perſons of Honour; you cannot let a Woman paſs in the *Mall* at midnight, but dam you, you know her ſtrait, you know her; but you wou'd be damn'd before you wou'd ſay ſo much for one in a Mercers Shop.

Ger. He has ſpoken it in a *French*-houſe, where he has very good credit and I dare ſwear you may make him eat his words.

Monſ. She does want a Gown indeed: ſhe is in her diſhabiliee, this diſhabiliee, is a great Mode in *England*; the Women love the diſhabiliee as well as the men, ma foy. [*Peeping under her Scarff.*

Flirt. Well: if we ſhould ſtay and ſup with you, I warrant you wou'd be bragging of it to morrow amongſt your Comrades that you had the Company of two Women of Quality at the *French*-houſe, and name us.

Mart. Pleaſant Jilts. [*Aſide.*

Ger. No upon our Honours, we ſhould not brag of your Company.

Floun. Upon your Honours?

Mart. No faith.

Floun. Come, we will venture to ſit down then: yet I know the vanity of you men; you cou'd not contain your ſelves from bragging.

Ger. No, no! you Women now adays have found out the pleaſure of bragging, and will allow it the men no longer.

Mart. Therefore indeed we dare not ſtay to ſup with you; for you wou'd be ſure to tell on't.

Ger. And we are young men who ſtand upon our Reputations.

Floun. You are very pleaſant, Gentlemen.

Mart. And for my part I am to be marry'd ſhortly, and know 'twould quickly come to my Miſtreſſes's ear.

Ger. And for my part I muſt go viſit to morrow morning be-times a new City-Miſtreſs, and you know they are as inquiſitive as preciſe in the City.

Flirt. Come, come! pray leave this fooling; ſit down agen, and let us beſpeak Supper.

Ger. No 'faith, I dare not.

Mart. Beſides, we have ſupp'd.

Floun. No matter, we only deſire you ſhou'd look on, while we eat, and put the glaſs about, or ſo. [Ger. *and* Mar. *offer to go out.*

Flirt. Pray, ſtay.

Ger. Upon my life I dare not.

Floun. Upon our Honours we will not tell, if you are in earneſt.

Ger. P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw——I know the vanity of you Women, you cou'd not contain your ſelves from bragging.

Monſ. Ma foy! is it certain! ha, ha, ha! hark you Madam! can't you fare-well, but you muſt cry Roaſt-meat?

You'll ſpoil your Trade by bragging of your gains,
The ſilent Sow (Madam) does eat moſt Grains.

———da———

Flirt. Your Servant, Monſieur Fop.

Floun. Nay, faith, do not go, we will no more tell———

Monſ. Then you would of a Clapè, if you had it, dat's the only ſecret you can keep Jarnie.

Mart. I am glad we are rid of theſe Jilts.

Ger. And we have taken a very ridiculous occaſion.

Monſ. Wàt! muſt we leave the Lady then, dis is dam Civilitie *Englis'* mon foy.

Flirt. Nay, Sir, you have too much of the *French* Eyre to have ſo little honour and good breeding. [*Pulling him back.*

Monſ. Deè you tinkè ſo then ſweet Madam, I have muſh of de *French* Eyre?

Flirt. More then any *French*-man breathing.

Monſ. Auh, you are the curtoiſe Dame, mort-bleu, I ſhall ſtay then, if you think ſo. Monſieur *Gerrard*, you will be certain to ſee the Lady to morrow, pray not forget, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. No, no, Sir.

Mart. You will go then?

Ger. I will go on a Fools Errand for once. [*Exeunt* Gerrard *and* Martin.

Floun. What will you eat, Sir?

Monſ. Wát you pleaſe, Madamè.

Floun. De hear, Waiter, then ſome young Partridge.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Flirt. Some Ruffes.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Flirt. Some young Pheaſants.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Flirt. Some young Rabits, I love Rabits.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Floun. Stay———

Monſ. Dis *Englis* Waiter wit his wàt elſe, Madam, will ruine me, teſtè non. [*Aſide.*

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Monſ. Wát elſe, Madam, agen! call up the *French* Waiter.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Monſ. Again, call up the *French* Waiter or Queſinièr, mortteſtè-ventrè, vitè, vitè———Auh, Madam, the ſtupidity of the *Englis'* Waiter, I hate the *Englis'* Waiter, mon foy. [*Ex. Waiter.*

Flirt. Be not in paſſion, dear Monſieur.

Monſ. I kiſs your hand obligeante, Madam.

Enter a French *Scullion.*

Cherè Pierot, Serviteur, Serviteur, [*Kiſſes the Scullion.*
or ca a manger.

Scull. En voulez vous de Cram Schiquin.

Floun. Yes.

Scull. De Partriſh, de Fayſan, de Quailles.

Monſ. This Bougre vil ruinè me too, but he ſpeak wit dát bel Eyrè and gracè. I cannot bid him hold his tongue, ventre, c'eſt aſſey, Pierot, vat-èn. [*Ex.* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl plate dè———

Monſ. Jarnie, vat-èn. [*Exit* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl plate dè———

Monſ. De grace go dy way. [*Exit* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl dè———

Monſ. De Fourmage, de Brie, vat-èn, go, go.

Floun. What's that Cheeſe that ſtinks?

Monſ. Ay, ay, be ſure it ſtinkè extremènté, Pierot vat-èn; but ſtay till I drink dy health, here's to dat pretty Fellow's health, Madam.

Flirt. Muſt we drink the Scullion's health?

Monſ. Auh, you will not be diſobligeant, Madam, he is the Quiſinier for a Cardinal or *French* Abbot. [*drinks.*

Floun. But how ſhall we divertiſe our ſelves till Supper be ready?

Flirt. Can we have better Divertiſement than this Gentleman?

Floun. But I think we had better carry the Gentleman home with us, and becauſe it is already late, ſup at home, and divertiſe the Gentleman at Cards, till it be ready, de' hear, Waiter, let it be brought when 'tis ready to my Lodging hard by, in *Muſtard-Alley*, at the Sign of the *Crooked-Billet*!

Monſ. At the *Crooked-Billet*!

Flirt. Come, Sir, come.

Monſ. Mort-bleu, I have take the Vow (ſince my laſt Clap) never to go again to the Bourdel.

Floun. What is the Bourdel?

Monſ. How call you the name of your Houſe?

Flirt. The *Crooked-Billet.*

Monſ. No, no, the———Bawdy-houſe, vert and bleu.

Floun. How, our Lodging! we'd have you know———

Monſ. Auh, mor-bleu, I wou'd not know it, de *Crookè-Billet*, hah, ha.

Flirt. Come, Sir.

Monſ. Beſides, if I go wit you to the Bourdel, you will tell, mort-blue.

Floun. Fie, fie, come along.

Monſ. Beſide, I am to be marry'd within theſe two days, if you ſhou'd tell now.

Flirt. Come, come along, we will not tell.

Monſ. But will you promiſe then to have the care of my honour, pray, good Madam, have de care of my honeùr, pray have de care of my honeùr. Will you have care of my honeùr? pray have de care of my honeùr, and do not tell, if you can help it; pray, dear Madam, do not tell. [*Kneels to 'em.*

Flirt. I wou'd not tell for fear of loſing you, my Love for you will make me ſecret.

Monſ. Why, do you love me?

Flirt. Indeed I cannot help telling you now what my modeſty ought to conceal, but my eyes wou'd diſcloſe it too. I have a paſſion for you, Sir.

Monſ. A paſſion for me!

Flirt. An extreme paſſion, dear Sir, you are ſo *French*, ſo mightily *French*, ſo agreeable *French*; but I'le tell you more of my heart at home: come along.

Monſ. But is your patiòn ſincere?

Flirt. The trueſt in the World.

Monſ. Well then, I'le venture my body wit thee for one night.

Flirt. For one night, don't you believe that, and ſo you wou'd leave me to morrow; but I love you ſo, I cannot part with you, you muſt keep me for good and all, if you will have me. I can't leave you for my heart.

Monſ. How, keep, Jarniè, de Whore *Engliſh*' have notingè but keepè, keepè in dere mouths now a-days, teſtè non: formerly 'twas enoughe to keep de ſhild, ma foy.

Flirt. Nay, I will be kept, elſe—but come we'll talk on't at home.

Monſ. Umh———ſo, ſo, ver vèl de Amourè of de Whore does alway end in keep, ha! keep, may foy, keep, ha———

The Punck that entertains you wit' her paſſion,
Is like kind Hoſt who makes the Invitation,
At your own coſt, to his fort bon Collation. [*Ex.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *Houſe in the Morning.*

Enter Don Diego *in the* Spaniſh *Habit*, *Mrs.* Caution *his Siſter.*

Don Dieg. HAve you had a *Spaniſh* care of the Honour of my Family? that is to ſay, have you kept my Daughter cloſe in my abſence? as I directed.

Caut. I have, Sir; but it was as much as I cou'd do.

Don. I knew that; for 'twas as much as I cou'd do to keep up her Mother. I that have been in *Spain*, look you.

Caut. Nay, 'tis a hard task to keep up an *Engliſh* Woman.

Don. As hard as it is for thoſe who are not kept up to be honeſt, look you con *Licentia* Siſter.

Caut. How now, Brother *!* I am ſure my Husband never kept me up.

Don. I knew that, therefore I cryed con *Licentia* Siſter, as the *Spaniards* have it.

Caut. But you *Spaniards* are too cenſorious, Brother.

Don. You *Engliſh* Women, Siſter, give us too much cauſe (look you) but you are ſure my Daughter has not ſeen a man ſince my departure *?*

Caut. No, not ſo much as a Church-man.

Don. As a Church-man (*Voto*) I thank you for that, not a Church-man! not a Church-man!

Caut. No, not ſo much as a Church-man; but of any, one wou'd think one might truſt a Church-man.

Don. No, we are bold enough in truſting them with our Souls, I'le never truſt 'em with the body of my Daughter, look you *Guarda*, you ſee what comes of truſting Church-men here in *England*; and 'tis becauſe the Women govern the Families, that Chaplains are ſo much in faſhion. Truſt a Church-man——truſt a Coward with your honour, a Fool, with your ſecret, a Gameſter with your purſe, as ſoon as a Prieſt with your Wife or Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, I am no Fool, look you.

Caut. Nay, I know you are a wiſe man, Brother.

Don. Why, Siſter, I have been fifteen years in *Spain* for it, at ſeveral times, look you: Now, in *Spain*, he is wiſe enough that is grave; politick enough, that ſays little; and honourable enough that is jealous; and though I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it, I am as grave, grum and jealous, as any *Spaniard* breathing.

Caut. I know you are, Brother.

Don. And I will be a *Spaniard* in every thing ſtill, and will not conform, not I, to their ill-favour'd *Engliſh* Cuſtoms, for I will wear my *Spaniſh* Habit ſtill, I will ſtroke my *Spaniſh* Whiskers ſtill, and I will eat my *Spaniſh* Olio ſtill; and my Daughter ſhall go a Maid to her Husbands Bed, let the *Engliſh* Cuſtom be what 'twill*:* I wou'd fain ſee any finical cunning, inſinuating Monſieur, of the age, debauch, or ſteal away my Daughter; but well, has ſhe ſeen my Couſin? How long has he been in *England ?*

Caut. Theſe three days.

Don. And ſhe has ſeen him, has ſhe *?* I was contented he ſhou'd ſee her intending him for her Husband; but ſhe has ſeen no body elſe upon your certain knowledge?

Caut. No, no, alas! how ſhou'd ſhe? 'ts impoſſible ſhe ſhou'd.

Don. Where is her Chamber? pray let me ſee her.

Caut. You'll find her, poor Creature, aſleep, I warrant you: or if awake, thinking no hurt, nor of your coming this morning.

Don. Let us go to her, I long to ſee her, poor innocent Wretch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hippolita, Gerrard, *and* Prue *at a diſtance.*

Ger. Am I not come upon your own Summons, Madam? and yet receive me ſo?

Hipp. My Summons, Sir? no I aſſure you; and if you do not like your reception, I cannot help it; for I am not us'd to receive men, I'de have you to know.

Ger. She is beautiful beyond all things I ever ſaw. [*Aſide.*

Hipp. I like him extremely. [*Aſide.*

Ger. Come, faireſt, why do you frown?

Hipp. Becauſe I am angry.

Ger. I am come on purpoſe to pleaſe you then, do not receive me ſo unkindly.

Hipp. I tell you, I do not uſe to receive men; there has not been a man in the Houſe before, but my Couſin, this twelve-month, I'de have you to know.

Ger. Then you ought to bid me the more welcome, I'de have you to know.

Hipp. What do you mock me too? I know I am but a home-bred-ſimple Girl, but I thought you Gallants of the Town had been better bred, than to mock a poor Girl in her Fathers own houſe. I have heard indeed 'tis a part of good breeding to mock people behind their backs, but not to their faces.

Ger. Pretty Creature! ſhe has not only the Beauty but the Innocency of an Angel. Mock you, dear Miſs! no, I only repeated the words, becauſe they were yours ſweet Miſs, what we like we imitate. [*Aſide.*

Hipp. Dear Miſs! ſweet Miſs! how came you and I ſo well acquainted? This is one of your confident Tricks too, as I have been told, you'll be acquainted with a Woman in the time you can help her over a Bench in the Play-houſe, or to her Coach: but I need not wonder at your confidence, ſince you cou'd come in at the great Gallery-window juſt now. But pray who ſhall pay for the glaſs you have broken?

Ger. Pretty Creature! your Father might have made the Window, bigger then, ſince he has ſo fine a Daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her.

Hipp. A pleaſant Man! well, 'tis harder playing the Hypocrite with him, I ſee, than with my Aunt or Father; and if diſſimulation were not very natural to a Woman, I'm ſure I cou'd not uſe it at this time; but the mask of ſimplicity and innocency is as uſeful to an intriguing Woman, as the mask of Religion to a States-man, they ſay. [*aſide.*

Ger. Why do you look away, deareſt Miſs?

Hipp. Becauſe you quarrell'd with me juſt now for frowning upon you, and I cannot help it, if I look upon you.

Ger. O let me ſee that Face at any rate.

Hipp. Wou'd you have me frown upon you? for I ſhall be ſure to do't.

Ger. Come, I'le ſtand fair: you have done your worſt to my heart already.

Hipp. Now I dare not look upon him, leaſt I ſhou'd not be able to keep my word. [*aſide.*

Ger. Come, I am ready, and yet I am afraid of her frowns. [*aſide.*

Come, look, Ih———am ready, Ih———am ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready. [*aſide.*

Ger. Turn, dear Miſs, Come, Ih——am ready.

Hipp. Are you ready then? I'le look. [*Turns upon him.*

No faith, I cannot frown upon him if I ſhou'd be hang'd. [*aſide.*

Ger. Dear Miſs, I thank you, that look has no terrour in't.

Hipp. No, I cannot frown for my heart for bluſhing, I don't uſe to look upon men, you muſt know.

Ger. If it were poſſible any thing cou'd, thoſe bluſhes wou'd add to her Beauty: well, baſhfulneſs is the only out-of-faſhion thing that is agreeable. [*aſide.*

Hipp. Ih——h——like this man ſtrangely, I was going to ſay lov'd him. Courage then, *Hippolita*, make uſe of the only opportunity thou canſt have to enfranchize thy ſelf: Women formerly (they ſay) never knew how to make uſe of their time till it was paſt, but let it not be ſaid ſo of a young Woman of this Age; my damn'd Aunt will be ſtirring preſently: well then, courage, I ſay; *Hippolita*, thou art full fourteen years old, ſhift for thy ſelf. [*aſide.*

Ger. So, I have look'd upon her ſo long, till I am grown baſhful too; Love and Modeſty come together like Money and Covetouſneſs, and the more we have, the leſs we can ſhew it. I dare not look her in the face now, nor ſpeak a word. [*aſide.*

Hipp. What, Sir, methinks you look away now.

Ger. Becauſe you wou'd not look upon me, Miſs.

Hipp. Nay, I hope you can't look me in the face, ſince you have done ſo rude a thing as to come in at the Window upon me; come, come, when once we Women find the men baſhful, then we take heart; now I can look upon you as long as you will; let's ſee if you can frown upon me now!

Ger. Lovely Innocency! No, you may ſwear I can't frown upon you, Miſs.

Hipp. So I knew you were aſham'd of what you have done; well, ſince you are aſham'd, and becauſe you did not come of your own head, but were ſent by my Couſin, you ſay.

Ger. Which I wonder at. [*aſide.*

Hipp. For all theſe reaſons I do forgive you.

Ger. In token of your forgiveneſs then (deareſt Miſs) let me have the honour to kiſs your hand.

Hipp. Nay, there 'tis, you men are like our little Shock-dogs, if we don't keep you off from us, but uſe you a little kindly, you grow ſo fidling, and ſo troubleſom, there is no enduring you.

Ger. O dear Miſs, if I am like your Shock-dog, let it be in his Priviledges.

Hipp. Why, I'd have you know he does not lye with me.

Ger. 'Twas well gueſs'd, Miſs, for one ſo innocent.

Hipp. No, I always kick him off from the Bed, and never will let him come near it; for of late indeed (I do not know what's the reaſon) I don't much care for my Shock-dog nor my Babies.

Ger. O then, Miſs, I may have hopes; for after the Shock-dog and the Babies, 'tis the mans turn to be belov'd.

Hipp. Why cou'd you be ſo good-natur'd as to come after my Shock-dog in my Love? it may be indeed, rather than after one of your Brother-men.

Ger. Hah, ha, ha——poor Creature, a Wonder of Innocency!

Hipp. But I ſee you are humble, becauſe you wou'd kiſs my hand.

Ger. No, I am ambitious therefore.

Hipp. Well, all this fooling but loſes time, I muſt make better uſe of it. [*aſide.*
I wou'd let you kiſs my hand, but then I'm afraid you wou'd take hold of me and carry me away.

Ger. Indeed I wou'd not.

Hipp. Come I know you wou'd.

Ger. Truly I wou'd not.

Hipp. You wou'd, you wou'd, I know you wou'd.

Ger. I'll ſwear I wo' not———by———

Hipp. Nay, don't ſwear for you'll be the apter to do it then, I wou'd not have him forſwear it neither; he does not like me ſure well enough to carry me away. [*aſide.*

Ger. Dear Miſs, let me kiſs your hand.

Hipp. I am ſure you wou'd carry me away, if I ſhou'd.

Ger. Be not afraid of it.

Hipp. Nay! I am afraid of the contrary; either he diſlikes me, and, therefore will not be troubled with me, or what is as bad, he loves me, and is dull, or fearful to diſpleaſe me. [*aſide.*

Ger. Truſt me, ſweeteſt; I can uſe no violence to you.

Hipp. Nay, I am ſure you wou'd carry me away, what ſhou'd you come in at the Window for, if you did not mean to ſteal me?

Ger. If I ſhou'd endeavour it, you might cry out, and I ſhou'd be prevented.

Hipp. Dull, dull man of the Town! are all like thee? [*aſide.*
He is as dull as a Country Squire at Queſtions and Commands. No, if I ſhou'd cry out never ſo loud; this is quite at the further end of the Houſe and there no body cou'd hear me.

Ger. I will not give you the occaſion, Deareſt.

Hipp. Well! I will quicken thy ſenſe, if it be poſſible. [*aſide.* Nay, I know you come to ſteal me away; becauſe I am an Heireſs, and have twelve hundred pound a year, lately left me by my Mothers Brother, which my Father cannot meddle with, and which is the chiefeſt reaſon (I ſuppoſe) why he keeps me up ſo cloſe.

Ger. Ha! [*aſide.*

Hipp. So———this has made him conſider, O money, powerful money! how the ugly, old, crooked, ſtraight, handſom young Women are beholding to thee?

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year——

Hipp. Beſides, I have been told my Fortune, and the Woman ſaid I ſhou'd be ſtoln away, becauſe ſhe ſays 'tis the Fate of Heireſſes to be ſtoln away.

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year—— [*aſide.*

Hipp. Nay more, ſhe deſcribed the man to me, that was to do it, and he was as like you as cou'd be! have you any Brothers?

Ger. Not any! 'twas I, I warrant you, Sweeteſt.

Hipp. So he underſtands himſelf now.

Ger. Well, Madam, ſince 'twas foretold you, what do you think on't *?* 'tis in vain, you know, to reſiſt Fate.

Hipp. I do know indeed they ſay, 'tis to no purpoſe: beſides the Woman that told me my Fortune, or you have bewitch'd me.—Ih—think. [*ſighs.*

Ger. My Soul, my Life, 'tis you have Charms powerful as numberleſs, eſpecially thoſe of your innocency irreſiſtable, and do ſurpriſe the wary'ſt Heart; ſuch mine was, while I cou'd call it mine, but now 'tis yours for ever.

Hip. Well, well, get you gone then, I'le keep it ſafe for your ſake.

Ger. Nay, you muſt go with me, ſweeteſt.

Hipp. Well, I ſee you will part with the Jewel; but you'll have the keeping of the Cabinet to which you commit it.

Ger. Come, come, my Deareſt, let us be gone: Fortune as well as Women muſt be taken in the humour.

Enter Prue *running haſtily to ſtop 'em.* Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution *immediately after.*

Pru. O Miſs, Miſs! your Father, it ſeems, is juſt now arriv'd, and here is coming in upon you.

Hipp. My Father!

Don. My Daughter! and a man!

Caut. A man! a man in the Houſe!

Ger. Ha!———what mean theſe! a *Spaniard.*

Hipp. What ſhall I do *?* ſtay——nay, pray ſtir not from me; but lead me about, as if you lead me a Corant. [*Leads her about.*

Don. Is this your Government, Siſter, and this your innocent Charge, that hath not ſeen the face of a man this twelve-month, *En hora mala.*

Caut. O ſure it is not a man, it cannot be a man! [*Puts on her Spectacles.*

Don. It cannot be a man! if he be not a man he's a Devil; he has her lovingly by the hand too, Valga me el Cielo.

Hipp. Do not ſeem to mind them, but dance on, or lead me about ſtill.

Ger. What de'e mean by't? [*apart to* Hipp.

Don. Hey! they are frolick, a dancing.

Caut. Indeed they are dancing, I think, why Niece?

Don. Nay, hold a little: I'll make 'em dance in the Devils name, but it ſhall not be la Gaillarda! [*Draws his Sword*, Caution *holds him.*

Caut. O Niece! why Niece!

Ger. Do you hear her? what do you mean? [*apart to* Hipp.

Hipp. Take no notice of them; but walk about ſtill, and ſing a little, ſing a Corant.

Ger. I can't ſing; but I'le hum, if you will.

Don. Are you ſo merry? Well, I'le be with you, en horà mala.

Caut. Oh Niece, Niece, why Niece, Oh———

Don. Why, Daughter, my dainty Daughter, my ſhame, my ruine, my plague. [*Struggling gets from* Caution, *goes towards 'em with his Sword drawn.*

Hipp. Mind him not, but dance and ſing on.

Ger. A pretty time to dance and ſing indeed, when I have a *Spaniard* with naked Toledo at my tail: no, pray excuſe me, Miſs, from fooling any longer.

Hipp. O my Father! my Father! poor Father! you are welcome pray give me your bleſſing. [*Turning about.*

Don. My bleſſing, en hora mala.

Hipp. What, am I not your Daughter, Sir?

Don. My Daughter, mi mal, mi muertè.

Hipp. My name's *Hippolita*, Sir, I don't own your *Spaniſh* names; but pray Father, why do you frighten one ſo! you know I don't love to ſee a Sword: what do you mean to do with that ugly thing out?

Don. I'll ſhew you, Trayidor Ladron, demi houra, thou dy'ſt. [*Runs at* Ger.

Ger. Not if I can help it, good *Don*; but by the names you give me, I find you miſtake your man, I ſuppoſe ſome *Spaniard* has affronted you. [*Draws.*

Don. None but thee, Ladron, and thou dy'ſt for't. [*Fight.*

Caut. Oh, oh, oh———help, help, help.

Hipp. Oh——what will you kill my poor Dancing-Maſter? [*Kneels.*

Don. A Dancing-maſter, he's a Fencing maſter rather, I think. But is he your Dancing-maſter? Umph———

Ger. So much Wit and Innocency were never together before. [*aſide.*

Don. Is he a Dancing-maſter? [*Pauſing.*

Caut. Is he a Dancing-maſter? He does not look like a Dancing-maſter.

Hipp. Piſh———you don't know a Dancing-maſter, you have not ſeen one theſe threeſcore years, I warrant.

Caut. No matter; but he does not look like a Dancing-maſter.

Don. Nay, nay, Dancing-maſters look like Gentlemen, enough, Siſter; but he's no Dancing-maſter by drawing his Sword ſo briskly: thoſe tripping outſides of Gentlemen are like Gentlemen enough in every thing but in drawing a Sword, and ſince he is a Gentleman, he ſhall dye by mine.

Hipp. Oh, hold, hold. [*Fight agen.*

Caut. Hold, hold! pray, Brother let's talk with him a little firſt, I warrant you I ſhall trap him, and if he confeſſes, you may kill him; for thoſe that confeſs, they ſay, ought to be hang'd——let's ſee——

Ger. Poor *Hippolita*, I wiſh I had not had this occaſion of admiring thy Wit; I have increaſed my Love, whilſt I have loſt my hopes, the common Fate of poor Lovers. [*Aſide.*

Caut. Come, you are guilty by that hanging down of your head. Speak, are you a Dancing-maſter? Speak, ſpeak, a Dancing-maſter?

Ger. Yes, forſooth, I am a Dancing-maſter, ay, ay———

Don. How do's it appear?

Hipp. Why there is his Fiddle, there upon the Table, Father.

Caut. No buſie-body, but it is not——that is my Nephews Fiddle.

Hipp. Why, he lent it to my Couſin; I tell you it is his.

Caut. Nay, it may be indeed, he might lend it him, for ought I know.

Don. I, I, but ask him, Siſter, if he be a Dancing-maſter, where?

Caut. Pray, Brother, let me alone with him, I know what to ask him, ſure!

Don. What will you be wiſer then I? nay, then ſtand away. Come, if you are a Dancing-maſter; where's your School? adondè, adondè.

Caut. Why, he'l ſay, may be, he has ne'er a one.

Don. Who ask'd you, nimble Chaps? So you have put an Excuſe in his head.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, 'tis no Excuſe, I have no School.

Caut. Well! but who ſent you, how came you hither?

Ger. There I am puzl'd indeed. [*aſide.*

Caut. How came you hither, I ſay? how——

Ger. Why, how, how, how ſhou'd I come hither?

Don. Ay, how ſhou'd he come hither? upon his Legs.

Caut. So, ſo, now you have put an Excuſe in his head too, that you have, ſo you have, but ſtay———

Don. Nay, with your favour, Miſtreſs, I'le ask him now.

Caut. Y' facks; but you ſhan't, I'le ask him, and ask you no favour that I will.

Don. Y' fackins; but you ſhan't ask him, if you go there to, look you, you Prattle-box you, I'le ask him.

Caut. I will ask him, I ſay, come.

Don. Where.

Caut. What.

Don. Mine's a ſhrewd queſtion.

Caut. Mine's as ſhrewd as yours.

Don. Nay then we ſhall have it, come, anſwer me, where's your Lodging? come, come, Sir.

Caut. A ſhrewd queſtion indeed, at the Surgeons Arms I warrant in—— for 'tis Spring-time, you know.

Don. Muſt you make lyes for him *?*

Caut. But come, Sir, what's your Name? anſwer me to that, come.

Don. His Name, why 'tis an eaſie matter to tell you a falſe Name, I hope.

Caut. So, muſt you teach him to cheat us *?*

Don. Why did you ſay my queſtions were not ſhrewd queſtions then?

Caut. And why wou'd you not let me ask him the queſtion then ? Brother.

Brother, ever while you live for all your *Spaniſh* wiſdom, let an old Woman make diſcoveries, the young Fellows cannot cheat us in any thing, I'de have you to know; ſet your old Woman ſtill to grope out an Intrigue, becauſe you know the Mother found her Daughter in the Oven: a word to the wiſe, Brother.

Don. Come, come, leave this tattling; he has diſhonour'd my Family, debauch'd my Daughter, and what if he cou'd excuſe himſelf ? the *Spaniſh* Proverb ſays, Excuſes neither ſatisfie Creditors nor the injur'd; the wounds of Honour muſt have blood and wounds, St. Jago para mi.

[*Kiſſes the Croſs of his Sword, and runs at* Gerrard.

Hipp. Oh hold! dear Father, and I'll confeſs all.

Ger. She will not, ſure, after all. [*Aſide.*

Hipp. My Couſin ſent him, becauſe, as he ſaid, he wou'd have me recover my Dancing a little before our Wedding, having made a Vow he wou'd never marry a Wife who cou'd not dance a Corant. I am ſure I was unwilling, but he wou'd have him come, ſaying, I was to be his Wife, as ſoon as you came, and therefore expected obedience from me.

Don. Indeed the venture is moſt his, and the ſhame wou'd be moſt his; for I know here in *England* 'tis not the cuſtom of the Father to be much concern'd what the Daughter does, but I will be a *Spaniard* ſtill.

Hipp. Did not you hear him ſay laſt night he wou'd ſend me one this morning?

Caut. No not I ſure. If I had, he had never come here.

Hipp. Indeed, Aunt, you grow old, I ſee, your memory fails you very much. Did not you hear him, *Prue*, ſay he wou'd ſend him to me?

Prue. Yes, I'll be ſworn did I.

Hipp. Look you there, Aunt.

Caut. I wonder I ſhould not remember it.

Don. Come, come, you are a doting old Fool.

Caut. So, ſo, the fault will be mine now. But pray, Miſtreſs, how did he come in: I am ſure I had the Keys of the Doors, which till your Father came in, were not open'd to day.

Hipp. He came in juſt after my Father, I ſuppoſe.

Caut. It might be indeed while the Porters brought in the things, and I was talking with you.

Don. O might he ſo, forſooth; you are a brave Governantê, look you, you a *Duenna voto*———and not know who comes in and out.

Caut. So, 'twas my fault, I know.

Don. Your Maid was in the Room with you! was ſhe not, Child?

Hipp. Yes indeed, and indeed, Father, all the while.

Don. Well, Child, I am ſatisfi'd then; but I hope he does not uſe the Dancing-maſters tricks of ſqueezing your hands, ſetting your Legs and Feet, by handling your Thighs, and ſeeing your Legs.

Hipp. No indeed, Father; I'de give him a Box on the Ear, if he ſhou'd.

Don. Poor Innocent! Well I am contented you ſhou'd learn to dance; ſince, for ought I know, you ſhall be marry'd to morrow, or the next day at fartheſt, by that time you may recover a Corant, a Saraband I wou'd ſay; and ſince your Couſin too will have a dancing Wife, it ſhall be ſo, and I'le ſee you dance my ſelf, you ſhall be my Charge theſe two days, and then I dare venture you in the hand of any Dancing-maſter, even a ſawcy *French* Dancing-maſter, look you.

Caut. Well, have a care though; for this man is not dreſs'd like a Dancing-maſter.

Don. Go, go, you dote, are they not (for the moſt part) better dreſs'd and prouder than many a good Gentleman? you wou'd be wiſer than I, wou'd you Querno———

Caut. Well, I ſay only look to't, look to't.

Don. Hey, hey! come, Friend, to your bus'neſs, teach her her Leſſon over again, let's ſee.

Hipp. Come, Maſter.

Don. Come, come, let's ſee your *Engliſh* Method, I underſtand ſomething of Dancing my ſelf———come.

Hipp. Come, Maſter.

Ger. I ſhall betray you yet, deareſt Miſs, for I know not a ſtep, I cou'd never dance. [*apart to* Hipp.

Hipp. No *!*

Don. Come, come, Child.

Hipp. Indeed I'm aſham'd, Father.

Don. You muſt not be aſham'd, Child, you'll never dance well, if you are aſham'd.

Hipp. Indeed I can't help it, Father.

Don. Come, come, I ſay, go to't.

Hipp. Indeed I can't, Father, before you; 'tis my firſt Leſſon, and I ſhall do it ſo ill: pray, good Father, go into the next Room for this once, and the next time my Maſter comes, you ſhall ſee I ſhall be confident enough.

Don. Poor-fooliſh-innocent Creature; well, well, I will, Child, who but a *Spaniſh* kind of a Father cou'd have ſo innocent a Daughter, in *England?* well I wou'd fain ſee any one ſteal or debauch my Daughter from me.

Hipp. Nay, won't you go, Father!

Don. Yes, yes, I go, Child, we will all go but your Maid; you can dance before your Maid.

Hipp. Yes, yes, Father, a Maid at moſt times with her Miſtreſs is no body. [*Ex.* Diego *and Mrs.* Caution.

Ger. He peeps yet at the door.

Hipp. Nay, Father, you peep, indeed you muſt not ſee me, when we have done you ſhall come in. [*She pulls the door to.*

Pru. Indeed, little Miſtreſs, like the young Kitten, you ſee, you play'd with your prey, till you had almoſt loſt it!

Hipp. 'Tis true, a good old Mouſer like you, had taken it up, and run away with it preſently.

Ger. Let me adore you, deareſt Miſs, and give you———

[*Going to embrace her.*

Hipp. No, no embracing good Mr. that ought to be the laſt Leſſon you are to teach me, I have heard.

Ger. Though an after-Game be the more tedious and dangerous, 'tis won, Miſs, with the more honour and pleaſure; for all that I repent we were put to't; the coming in of your Father as he did, was the moſt unlucky thing that ever befel me.

Hipp. What, then you think I would have gone with you.

Ger. Yes, and will go with me yet, I hope, courage, Miſs, we have yet an opportunity, and the Gallery-window is yet open.

Hipp. No, no, if I went, I would go for good and all; but now my Father will ſoon come in again, and may quickly over take us, beſides, now I think on't, you are a Stranger to me. I know not where you live, nor whither you might carry me; for ought I know, you might be a Spirit, and carry me to *Barbadoes.*

Ger. No, dear Miſs, I would carry you to Court, the Play-Houſes, and Hide-Park———

Hipp. Nay, I know 'tis the trick of all you that Spirit Women away to ſpeak 'em mighty fair at firſt; but when you have got 'em in your Clutches,

you carry 'em into *Yorkſhire*, *Wales*, or *Cornwall*, which is as bad as to *Barbadoes*, and rather than be ſerved ſo, I would be a Pris'ner in *London* ſtill as I am.

Ger. I ſee the Air of this Town, without the pleaſures of it, is enough to infect Women with an averſion for the Country. Well Miſs, ſince it ſeems you have ſome diffidence in me, give me leave to viſit you as your Dancing-maſter, now you have honour'd me with the Character, and under that, I may have your Father's permiſſion to ſee you, till you may better know me and my heart, and have a better opportunity to reward it.

Hipp. I am afraid, to know your heart, would require a great deal of time, and my Father intends to marry me, very ſuddenly, to my Couſin who ſent you hither.

Ger. Pray, ſweet Miſs, let us make the better uſe of our time, if it be ſhort: but how ſhall we do with that Couſin of yours in the mean time, we muſt needs charm him?

Hipp. Leave that to me!

Ger. But what's worſe! How ſhall I be able to act a Dancing-maſter? who ever wanted inclination and patience to learn my ſelf.

Hipp. A Dancing-School, in half an hour, will furniſh you with terms of the Art. Beſides, Love (as I have heard ſay) ſupplies his Scholars with all ſorts of Capacities they have need of in ſpight of Nature, but what has Love to do with you?

Ger. Love, indeed, has made a grave Gouty Stateſman fight Duels; the Souldier flye from his Colours, a Pedant a fine Gentleman; nay, and the very Lawyer a Poet, and therefore may make me a Dancing-Maſter.

Hipp. If he were your Maſter.

Ger. I'm ſure, deareſt Miſs, there is nothing elſe which I cannot do for you already, and therefore may hope to ſucceed in that.

Enter Don Diego.

Don. Come, have you done?

Hipp. O! My Father agen.

Don. Come, now let us ſee you Dance.

Hipp. Indeed, I am not perfect yet, pray excuſe me till the next time my Maſter comes: But when muſt he come agen, Father?

Don. Let me ſee, Friend, you muſt needs come after Dinner agen, and then at Night agen, and ſo three times to morrow too. If ſhe be not marry'd to morrow (which I am to conſider of) ſhe will Dance a Corant in twice or thrice teaching more, will ſhe now? For 'tis but a twelve-month ſince ſhe came from *Hackney*-School.

Ger. We will loſe no time, I warrant you, Sir, if ſhe be to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. Truly, I think, ſhe may be marry'd to morrow, therefore I would not have you loſe any time, look you.

Ger. You need not caution me I warrant you, Sir, ſweet Scholar, your humble Servant, I will not fail you immediately after Dinner.

Don. No, no, pray do not, and I will not fail to ſatisfie you very well, look you.

Hipp. He does not doubt his reward, Father, for his pains. If you ſhou'd not, I wou'd make that good to him.

Don. Come, let us go in to your Aunt, I muſt talk with you both together, Child. [*Ex.* Ger. Don.

Hipp. I follow you, Sir.

Pru. Here's the Gentlewoman o'th' next Houſe come to ſee you, Miſtreſs.

Hipp. She's come, as if ſhe came expreſly to ſing the new Song ſhe ſung laſt Night; I muſt hear it, for 'tis to my purpoſe now. [*Aſide.* Madam, your Servant, I dream't all night of the Song you ſung laſt, the new Song againſt delays in Love: pray let's here it again.

SINGS.

1.

Since we poor ſlaviſh Women know
Our men we cannot pick and chooſe,
To him we like, why ſay we no?
And both our time and Lover loſe.

With feign'd repulſes, and delays
A Lover's appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant ſtays,
His ſtomach's gone for good and all.

2.

Or our impatient am'rous Gueſt,
Unknown to us, away may ſteal,
And rather than ſtay for a Feaſt,
Take up with ſome coorſe ready meal.

When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Woman be ſo too;
And if the man be to your mind,
Till needs you muſt, ne're let him go.

3.

The Match ſoon made is happy ſtill.
For only Love has there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainſt her will,
But ſtand off, when her Parents woo.

And only to their Suits be coy,
For ſhe whom Joynter can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.

Pru. Your Father calls for you, Miſs. [*ſteps to the door.*
Hipp. I come, I come. I muſt be obedient as long as I am with him. [*pauſing.*

Our Parents who reſtrain our liberty,
But take the courſe to make us ſooner free,
Though all we gain be but new ſlavery;
We leave our Fathers, and to Husbands fly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *Houſe.*

Enter Monſieur, Hippolita, *and* Prue.

Monſ. SErviteur, Serviteur, la Couſin, your Maid told me ſhe watch'd at the ſtair-foot for my coming, becauſe you had a mind to ſpeak with me before I ſaw your Fadèr, it ſeem.

Hipp. I wou'd ſo indeed, Couſin.

Monſ. Or ca, Or ca, I know your affair, it is to tell me wat recreation you adè with Monſieur *Gerrard*; but did he come, I was afrait he wou'd not come.

Hipp. Yes, yes, he did come.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha———and were you not infiniment divertiſeè and pleaſè, confeſs.

Hipp. I was indeed, Couſin, I was very well pleas'd.

Monſ. I do tinkè ſo. I did tinkè to come and be divertiſeè my ſelf this morning with the ſight of his reception; but I did ran'counter laſt night

wit dam Company dát keep me up ſo late I cou'd not riſe in dè morning. Mala-peſtè de Puteins———

Hipp. Indeed we wanted you here mightily, Couſin.

Monſ. To elpè you to laugh; for if I adde been here, I had made ſuch recreation wid dát Coxcomb *Gerrard.*

Hipp. Indeed, Couſin! you need not have any ſubject or property to make one laugh, you are ſo pleaſant your ſelf, and when you are but alone, you wou'd make one burſt.

Monſ. Am I ſo happy, Couſin *?* then in the bón quality of making people laugh.

Hipp. Mighty happy, Couſin.

Monſ. De gracè.

Hipp. Indeed !

Monſ. Nay, ſans vanitiè I obſerve whereſoe'er, I come, I make every body merry, ſans vanitiè——da———

Hipp. I do believe you do.

Monſ. Nay, as I marchè in de ſtreet I can make de dull Apprenty laugh and ſneer.

Hipp. This Fool, I ſee, is as apt as an ill Poet to miſtake the contempt and ſcorn of people for applauſe and admiration. [*aſide.*

Monſ. Ah, Couſin, you ſee wát it is to have been in *France*; before I went into *France* I cou'd get no body to laugh at me, ma foy.

Hipp. No! truly Couſin, I think you deſerv'd it before, but you are improv'd indeed by going into *France.*

Monſ. Ay, ay, the *French* Education make us propre á tout; beſide, Couſin, you muſt know to play the Fool is the Science in *France*, and I diddè go to the *Italian* Academy at *Paris* thrice a week to learn to play de Fool of Signior *Scaramouchè*, who is the moſt excellent Perſonage in the World for dat Noble Science. *Angel* is a dam *Engliſh* Fool to him.

Hipp. Methinks now *Angel* is a very good Fool.

Monſ. Nauh, nauh, *Nokes* is a better Fool, but indeed the *Engliſh*' are not fit to be Fools; here are vèr few good Fools. 'Tis true, you have many a young Cavalier, who go over into *France* to learn to be the Buffoon; but for all dat, dey return but mauvais Buffoon. Jarniè.

Hipp. I'm ſure, Couſin, you have loſt no time there.

Monſ. Auh lè bravè *Scaramouchè.*

Hipp. But is it a Science in *France*, Couſin? and is there an Academy for Fooling: ſure none go to it but Players.

Monſ. Dey are Comedians dát are de Matrès, but all the beaux monde go to learn, as they do here of *Angel* and *Nokes*; for if you did go abroad into Company, you wou'd find the beſt almoſt of de Nation conning in all places the Leſſons which dey have learnt of the Fools, dere Matrès, *Nokes* and *Angel.*

Hipp. Indeed!

Monſ. Yes, yes, dey are the Gens de quality that practice dat Science moſt, and the moſt ambitieux; for Fools and Buffoons have been always moſt welcome to Courts, and deſir'd in all Companies. Auh to be de Fool, de Buffoon, is to be de greatè Perſonagè.

Hipp. Fools have Fortune, they ſay, indeed.

Monſ. So ſay old *Senèque.*

Hipp. Well, Couſin (not to make you proud) you are the greateſt Fool in *England*, I am ſure.

Monſ. Non, non, de gracè, non, *Nokes* dè Comedian is a pretty man, a pretty man for a Comedian, da———

Hipp. You are modeſt, Couſin; but leaſt my Father ſhou'd come in preſently (which he will do as ſoon as he knows you are here) I muſt give you a Caution, which 'tis fit you ſhou'd have before you ſee him.

Monſ. Wel, vèl, Couſin, vat is dat *?*

Hipp. You muſt know then (as commonly the concluſion of all mirth is ſad) after I had a good while pleas'd my ſelf in jeſting and leading the poor Gentleman you ſent into a Fools Paradiſe, and almoſt made him believe I wou'd go away with him, my Father coming home this morning, came in upon us, and caught him with me.

Monſ. Mala-peſtè.

Hipp. And drew his Sword upon him, and wou'd have kill'd him; for you know my Fathers *Spaniſh* fierceneſs and jealouſie.

Monſ. But how did he come off then? teſtè nòn.

Hipp. In ſhort, I was fain to bring him off by ſaying he was my Dancing-maſter.

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha, vèr good Jeſtè.

Hipp. I was unwilling to have the poor man kill'd you know for our fooliſh Frolick with him; but then upon my Aunts and Fathers inquiry, how he came in, and who ſent him; I was forc'd to ſay you did, deſiring I ſhou'd be able to dance a Corant before our Wedding.

Monſ. A vèr good Jeſt———da———ſtill bettrè as bettrè.

Hipp. Now all that I am to deſire of you, is to owne you ſent him, that I may not be caught in a lye.

Monſ. Yes, yes, a ver good Jeſt, *Gerrard*, a Maſtrè de Dance, hah, ha, ha.

Hipp. Nay, the Jeſt is like to be better yet; for my Father himſelf has oblig'd him now to come and teach me: So that now he muſt take the Dancing-maſter upon him, and come three or four times to me before our Wedding, leſt my Father, if he ſhou'd come no more, ſhou'd be ſuſpicious I had told him a lye: and (for ought I know) if he ſhou'd know or but gueſs he were not a Dancing-maſter, in his *Spaniſh* ſtrictneſs and Punctillioes of Honour he might kill me, as the ſhame and ſtain of his Honour and Family, which he talks of ſo much. Now you know the jealous cruel Fathers in

Spain ſerve their poor innocent Daughters often ſo, and he is more than a *Spaniard.*

Monſ. Non, non, fear noting, I warrant you he ſhall come as often as you will to the houſe, and your Father ſhall never know who he is till we are marry'd; but then I'll tell him all for the Jeſts ſake.

Hipp. But will you keep my Counſel, dear Couſin, till we are marry'd *?*

Monſ. Poor, dear Fool, I warrant thee, mon foy.

Hipp. Nay, what a Fool am I indeed, for you wou'd not have me kill'd: you love me too well ſure; to be an Inſtrument of my death;

Enter Don Diego *walking gravely, a little Black behind him.* *Mrs.* Caution.

But here comes my Father, remember.

Monſ. I would no more tell him of it, then I would tell you if I had been with a Wench, Jarnie——ſhe's afraid to be kill'd, poor Wretch, and he's a capricious jealous Fop enough to do't, but here he comes. [*aſide.* I'll keep thy Counſel I warrant thee, my dear Soul, mon petit Cœúr.

Hipp. Peace, peace, my Father's coming this way.

Monſ. I, but by his march he won't be near enough to hear us this half hour, hah, ha, ha.

[Don Diego *walks leiſurely round the* Monſieur, *ſurveying him, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders whilſt* Monſieur makes *Legs and Faces.* [*aſide.*

Don. Is that thing my Couſin, Siſter?

Caut. 'Tis he, Sir.

Don. Couſin, I am ſorry to ſee you.

Monſ. Is that a *Spaniſh* Complement *?* [*aſide.*

Don. So much diſguis'd, Couſin.

Monſ. Oh! is it out at laſt, ventrè? Serviteur, Serviteur, á Monſieur mon Oncle, and I am glad to ſee you here within doors, moſt *Spaniſh* Oncle, ha, ha, ha. But I ſhould be ſorry to ſee you in the ſtreets, teſte non.

Don. Why ſoh——would you be aſham'd of me, hah——(voto a *St. Jago*) wou'd you *?* hauh——

Monſ. I it may be you wou'd be aſham'd your ſelf, Monſieur mon Oncle, of the great Train you wou'd get to wait upon your *Spaniſh* Hoſe, puh—— the Boys wou'd follow you, and hoot at you (vert & bleu) pardonè my *Franch* Franchiſe, Monſieur mon Oncle.

Hipp. We ſhall have ſport anon, betwixt theſe two Contraries. [*apart to* Prue.

Don. Do'ſt thou call me Monſeur (voto a St. *Jago.*)

Monſ. No, I did not call you Monſeur voto a St. *Jago*, Sir, I know you are my Uncle Mr. *James Formal*———da———

Don. But I can hardly know you are my Couſin, Mr. *Nathaniel Paris*; but call me Sir *Don Diego* henceforward; look you, and no Monſieur, call me Monſieur *Guarda.*

Monſ. I confeſs my errour, Sir; for none but a blind man wou'd call you Monſieur, ha, ha, ha—But pray do not call me neder *Paris*, but de *Paris*, de *Paris* (ſi vou plai'ſt) Monſeur de *Paris*! Call me Monſeur and welcome, da———

Don. Monſieur de *Pantalloôns* then voto———

Monſ. Monſieur de *Pantalloons !* a pretty name, a pretty name, ma foy, da———bein trove de *Pantalloons*! how much betrè dèn your de la *Fountaines*, de la *Rivieres*, de la *Roches*, and all the *De's* in *France*——da——well; but have you not the admiration for my *Pantalloon*, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle *?*

Don. I am aſtoniſh'd at them verdederamentè, they are wonderfully ridiculous.

Monſ. Redicule, redicule! ah——'tis well you are my Uncle, da——Redicule, ha——is dere any ting in de Univerſe ſo jenti as de *Pantalloons ?* any ting ſo raviſaunt as de *Pantalloons* ? Auh——I cou'd kneel down and varſhip a pair of jenti *Pantallons ?* vat, vat, you wou'd have me have de admiration for dis outward skin of your Thigh, which you call *Spaniſh* Hoſe, fie, fie, fie———ha, ha, ha.

Don. Do'ſt thou deride my *Spaniſh* Hoſe? young Man, hauh.

Monſ. In compariſon of *Pantalloon* I do undervalue 'em indeet, *Don Diegue* mon Ouncle, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Thou art then a gavanho de malo guſto, look you.

Monſ. You may call me vát you vill, Oncle *Don Diegue*; but I muſt needs ſay, your *Spaniſh* Hoſe are ſcurvy Hoſe, ugly Hoſe, louſie Hoſe, and ſtinking Hoſe.

Don. Do not provoke me, *Boracho.* [*Puts his hand to his* Sword.

Monſ. Indeet for louſie I recant dat Epithete, for dere is ſcarce room in 'em for dat little Animal, ha, ha, ha. But for ſtinking Hoſe, dat Epithete may ſtand; for how can dey chuſe but ſtink, ſince dey are ſo furieuſmentè cloſe to your *Spaniſh* Tail, da.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ridiculous. [*aſide.*

Don. Do not provoke me, I ſay, En horà malà. [*Seems to draw.*

Monſ. Nay, Oncle, I am ſorry you are in de pation; but I muſt live and dye for de *Pantaloon* againſt de *Spaniſh* Hoſe, da.

Don. You are a raſh young Man, and while you weare Pantalloons, you are beneath my paſſion, voto—Auh—they make thee look and waddle (with all thoſe gew-gaw Ribbons) like a great old Fat, ſlovenly Water-dog.

Monſ. And your *Spaniſh* Hoſe, and your Noſe in the Air, make you look like a great griſled-long-*Iriſh*-Grey-hound, reaching a Cruſt off from a high Shelf, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Bueno, Bueno.

Mrs. Caut. What have you a mind to ruine your ſelf, and break off the Match?

Monſ. Pſhaw———wát do you telle me of the Matchè? deè tinke I will not vindicate Pantalloons, Morbleu?

Don. Well! he is a loſt young Man, I ſee, and deſperately far gone in the Epidemick Malady of our Nation, the affectation of the worſt of *French* Vanities: but I muſt be wiſer then him, as I am a *Spaniard* look you *Don Diego*, and endeavour to reclaime him by Art and fair means (look you, *Don Diego*) if not, he ſhall never marry my Daughter look you, *Don Diego*, though he be my own Siſter's Son, and has two thouſand five hundred ſeventy three pound Sterling twelve ſhillings and two pence a year Penny-rent, Segonaramentè. [*Aſide.* Come, Young-man, ſince you are ſo obſtinate, we will refer our difference to Arbitration, your Miſtreſs my Daughter ſhall be Umpire betwixt us, concerning *Spaniſh* Hoſe and Pantalloons.

Monſ. Pantalloons and *Spaniſh* Hoſe (ſi vous plaiſt.)

Don. Your Miſtreſs is the fitteſt Judge of your Dreſs, ſure?

Monſ. I know ver vel, dat moſt of the Jeuneſſe of *England't* will not change the Ribband upon de Crevat widout the conſultation of dere Matreſs, but I am no *Angloïs* da———nor ſhall I make de reference of my Dreſs to any in the Univerſe, da——I judg'd by any in *England*, teſte non. I wou'd not be judg'd by an *Engliſh* Looking-glaſs, Jarnie.

Don. Be not poſitivo, Young-man.

Mrs. Caut. Nay, pray refer, it, Couſin, pray do.

Monſ. Non, non, your Servant, your Servant, Aunt.

Don. But pray be not ſo poſitive, come hither, Daughter, tell me which is beſt.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you have kept me in univerſal ignorance, I know nothing.

Monſ. And do you tink I ſhall refer an Affair of dat conſequence to a poor young ting who have not ſeen the Varld, da, I am wiſer than ſo, voto?

Don. Well, in ſhort, if you will not be wiſer, and leave off your *French* Dreſs, Stammering, and Tricks, look you, you ſhall be a Fool and go without my Daughter, voto.

Monſ. How, muſt I leave off my Jantee *French* Accouſtrements, and ſpeak baſe *Engliſh* too, or not marry my Couſin! mon Oncle *Don Diego?* Do not break off the Match, do not; for know I will not leave off my Pantalloon and *French* Pronunciation for ne're a Couſin in *England't*, da.

Don. I tell you again, he that marry's my Daughter ſhall at leaſt look like a wiſe Man, for he ſhall wear the *Spaniſh* Habit, I am a *Spaniſh* Poſitivo.

Monſ. Ver vèl, ver vèl! and I am a *French* Poſitivo.

Don. Then I am Deſinitivo; and if you do not go immediately into your Chamber, and put on a *Spaniſh* Habit, I have brought over on purpoſe for

your Wedding Cloaths, and put off all theſe *French* Fopperies and Vanidades, with all your Grimaces, Agreeables, Adorables, ma Foys, and Jernies. I ſwear you ſhall never marry my Daughter (and by an Oath by *Spaniard* never broken) by my Whiskers and Snuff-box.

Monſ. O hold, do not ſwear, Uncle, for I love your Daughter furieuſmènt.

Don. If you love her, you'll obey me.

Monſ. Auh, wat vil become of me! but have the conſideration, muſt I leave off all the *Franch* Beautes, Graces, and Embelliſemènts, bote of my Perſon and Language. [*Exeunt* Hipp. *Mrs.* Caution, *and* Prue *laughing.*

Don. I will have it ſo.

Monſ. I am ruinne den undonne, have ſome conſideration for me, for dere is not the leaſt Ribbon of my Garniture, but is as dear to me as your Daughter, Jernie———

Don. Then you do not deſerve her, and for that reaſon I will be ſatisfi'd you love her better, or you ſhall not have her, for I am poſitivo.

Monſ. Vil you breake mine Arte! pray have de conſideration for me.

Don. I ſay agen, you ſhall be dreſs'd before night from Top to Toe in the *Spaniſh* Habit, or you ſhall never marry my Daughter, look you.

Monſ. If you will not have de conſideration for me, have de conſideration for your Daughter; for ſhe have de paſſionate Amour for me, and like me in dis Habite betre den in yours, da——

Don. What I have ſaid I have ſaid, and I am uno Poſitivo.

Monſ. Will you not ſo muſh as allow me one little *Franch* Oate?

Don. No, you ſhall look like a *Spaniard* but ſpeak and ſwear like an *Engliſh* man, look you.

Monſ. Helas, helas, den I ſhall take my leave, mort, teſte, ventre, Jernie, teſte-bleu, ventre-bleu, ma foy, certes.

Don. Pedro, Sanchez, wait upon this Cavaliero into his Chamber with thoſe things I ordered you to take out of the Trunks, I wou'd have you a little accuſtomed to your Cloaths before your Wedding; for if you comply with me, you ſhall marry my Daughter to morrow, look you.

[*Calls at the door.*

Monſ. Adieu then, dear Pantalloon! dear Beltè! dear Sword! dear Perruque! and dear Chappeaux, Retrouſeè, and dear Shoe, Garni: adieu, adieu, adieu, helas, helas, helas, will you have yet no pitie.

Don. I am a *Spaniſh* Poſitivo, look you.

Monſ. And more cruel than de *Spaniſh* Inquiſitiono, to compel a Man to a Habit againſt his Conſcience, helas, helas, helas. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Enter Prue *and* Gerrard.

Pru. Here is the Dancing-maſter, ſhall I call my Miſtreſs, Sir *?*

[*Exit* Prue.

Don. Yes. O you are as punctual as a *Spaniard*: I love your punctual Men. Nay, I think 'tis before your time ſomething.

Ger. Nay, I am reſolv'd your Daughter, Sir, ſhall loſe no time by my fault.

Don. So, ſo, 'tis well.

Ger. I were a very unworthy Man, if I ſhould not be punctual with her, Sir.

Don. You ſpeak honeſtly, very honeſtly, Friend; and I believe a very honeſt man, though a Dancing maſter.

Ger. I am very glad you think me ſo, Sir.

Don. What you are but a Young man, are you marry'd yet?

Ger. No, Sir, but I hope I ſhall, Sir, very ſuddenly, if things hit right.

Don. What the old Folks her Friends are wary, and cannot agree with you ſo ſoon as the Daughter can *?*

Ger. Yes, Sir, the Father hinders it a little at preſent; but the Daughter I hope is reſolv'd, and then we ſhall do well enough.

Don. What! you do not ſteal her, according to the laudable Cuſtom of ſome of your Brother-Dancing-maſters?

Ger. No, no, Sir, ſteal her, Sir, ſteal her, you are pleas'd to be merry, Sir, ha, ha, ha———I cannot but laugh at that queſtion. [*aſide.*

Don. No, Sir, methinks you are pleas'd to be merry; but you ſay the Father does not conſent.

Ger. Not yet, Sir; but 'twill be no matter whether he does or no.

Don. Was ſhe one of your Scholars? if ſhe were, 'tis a hundred to ten but you ſteal her.

Ger. I ſhall not be able to hold laughing. [*aſide, laughs.*

Don. Nay, nay, I find by your laughing you ſteal her, ſhe was your Scholar, was ſhe not?

Ger. Yes, Sir, ſhe was the firſt I ever had, and may be the laſt too; for ſhe has a Fortune (if I can get her) will keep me from teaching to dance any more.

Don. So, ſo, then ſhe is your Scholar ſtill it ſeems, and ſhe has a good Portion, I am glad on't, nay, I knew you ſtole her.

Ger. My laughing may give him ſuſpicions, yet I cannot hold. [*aſide.*

Don. What, you laugh I warrant to think how the young Baggage and you will mump the poor old Father; but if all her dependance for a Fortune be upon the Father, he may chance to mump you both, and ſpoil the Jeſt.

Ger. I hope it will not be in his power, Sir, ha, ha, ha.
I ſhall laugh too much anon. [*aſide.*
Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to call for your Daughter, I am impatient till ſhe comes; for time was never more precious with me and with her too, it ought to be ſo, ſure, ſince you ſay ſhe is to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. She ought to beſtir her, as you ſay indeed, wuh, Daughter, Daughter, *Prue*, *Hippolita*: Come away, Child, why do you ſtay ſo long?

[*Calls at the door.*

Enter Hippolita, Prue, *and* Caution.

Hipp. Your Servant, Maſter! indeed I am aſham'd you have ſtay'd for me.

Ger. O good Madam, 'tis my Duty, I know you came as ſoon as you cou'd.

Hipp. I knew my Father was with you, therefore I did not make altogether ſo much haſte as I might; but if you had been alone, nothing ſhou'd have kept me from you, I wou'd not have been ſo rude as to have made you ſtay a minute for me, I warrant you.

Don. Come fidle, faddle, what a deal of Ceremony there is betwixt your Dancing-maſter and you, Querno———

Hipp. Lord, Sir, I hope you'll allow me to ſhew my reſpect to my Maſter, for I have a great reſpect for my Maſter.

Ger. And I am very proud of my Scholar, and am a very great Honourer of my Scholar.

Don. Come, come, Friend, about your bus'neſs, and honour the King. Your Dancing-maſters and Barbers are ſuch finical ſmooth tongu'd, tatling Fellows, and if you ſet 'em once a talking, they'll ne'er a done, no more than when you ſet 'em a fidling: indeed all that deal with Fiddles are given to impertinency. [*To Mrs.* Caution.

Caut. Well! well! this is an impertinent Fellow, without being a Dancing-maſter: he's no more a Dancing-maſter than I am a Maid.

Don. What! will you ſtill be wiſer than I? voto. Come, come about with my Daughter, Man.

Prue. So he wou'd, I warrant you, if your Worſhip wou'd let him alone.

Don. How, now Mrs. Nimble-Chaps?

Ger. Well, though I have got a little Canting at the Dancing-School ſince I was here, yet I do all ſo bunglingly, he'll diſcover me. [*aſide to* Hipp.

Hipp. Try, come take my hand, Maſter.

Caut. Look you, Brother, the impudent Harletry gives him her hand.

Don. Can he dance with her without holding her by the hand?

Hipp. Here, take my hand, Maſter.

Ger. I wiſh it were for good and all. [*aſide to her.*

Hipp. You Dancing-maſters are always ſo haſty, ſo nimble.

Don. Voto a St. *Jago*, not that I can ſee, about with her, Man.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, I cannot about with her as I wou'd do, unleſs you will pleaſe to go out a little, Sir; for I ſee ſhe is baſhful ſtill before you, Sir.

Don. Hey, hey, more fooling yet, come, come, about with her.

Hipp. Nay, indeed, Father, I am aſham'd and cannot help it.

Don. But you ſhall help it, for I will not ſtir: move her, I ſay begin. Huſſie, move when he'll have you.

Pru. I cannot but laugh at that, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Ger. Come then, Madam, ſince it muſt be ſo let us try, but I ſhall diſcover all, One, two, and Coupee. [*apart to* Hipp.

Caut. Nay de' ſee how he ſqueezes her hand, Brother, O the lewd Villain!

Don. Come, move, I ſay, and mind her not.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.

Caut. De' ſee again he took her by the bare Arm.

Don. Come, move on, ſhe's mad.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.

Don. Come, one, two, turn out your Toes.

Caut. There, there, he pinch'd her by the Thigh, will you ſuffer it?

Ger. One, two, three, and fall back.

Don. Fall back, fall back, back, ſome of you are forward enough to fall back.

Ger. Back, Madam.

Don. Fall back when he bids you, Huſſie.

Caut. How! how! fall back, fall back, marry, but ſhe ſhall not fall back when he bids her.

Don. I ſay ſhe ſhall, Huſwife, come.

Ger. She will, ſhe will, I warrant you, Sir, if you won't be angry with her.

Caut. Do you know what he means by that now, you a *Spaniard?*

Don. How's that, I not a *Spaniard?* ſay ſuch a word again.

Ger. Come forward, Madam, three ſteps agen.

Caut. See, ſee, ſhe ſqueezes his hand now, O the debauch'd Harletry!

Don. So, ſo, mind her not, ſhe moves forward pretty well; but you muſt move as well backward as forward, or you'll never do any thing to purpoſe.

Caut. Do you know what you ſay, Brother, your ſelf now? are you at your beaſtlineſs before your young Daughter?

Pru. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. How, how, Miſtreſs, are you ſo merry? is this your ſtaid Maid as you call her, Siſter impertinent?

Ger. I have not much to ſay to you, Miſs; but I ſhall not have an opportunity to do it, unleſs we can get your Father out. [*aſide to* Hipp.

Don. Come about agen with her.

Caut. Look you, there ſhe ſqueezes his hand hard again.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, my Aunt puts me quite out, I can not dance while ſhe looks on for my heart, ſhe makes me aſham'd and afraid together.

Ger. Indeed if you wou'd pleaſe to take her out, Sir; I am ſure, I ſhou'd make my Scholar do better, than when you are preſent, Sir, pray, Sir, be

pleaſed for this time to take her away; for the next time I hope I ſhall order it ſo, we ſhall trouble neither of you.

Caut. No, no, Brother, ſtir not, they have a mind to be left alone. Come there's a beaſtly Trick in't: he's no Dancing-maſter I tell you.

Ger. Dam'd Jade, ſhe'll diſcover us. [*aſide to* Hipp.

Don. What will you teach me? nay then I will go out, and you ſhall go out too, look you.

Caut. I will not go out, look you.

Don. Come, come, thou art a ſenſorious wicked Woman, and you ſhall diſturb them no longer.

Caut. What will you bawd for your Daughter?

Don. Ay, ay, come go out, out, out.

Caut. I will not go out, I will not go out, my Conſcience will not ſuffer me, for I know by experience what will follow.

Ger. I warrant you, Sir, we'll make good uſe of our time when you are gone.

Caut. Do you hear him again, don't you know what he means *?*

[*Ex.* Don *thruſting* Caution *out.*

Hipp. 'Tis very well; you are a fine Gentleman to abuſe my poor Father ſo.

Ger. 'Tis but by your Example, Miſs.

Hipp. Well I am his Daughter, and may make the bolder with him, I hope.

Ger. And I am his Son-in-law, that ſhall be; and therefore may claim my Priviledge too of making bold with him, I hope.

Hipp. Methinks you ſhou'd be contented in making bold with his Daughter; for you have made very bold with her, ſure.

Ger. I hope I ſhall make bolder with her yet.

Hipp. I do not doubt your confidence, for you are a Dancing-maſter.

Ger. Why, Miſs! I hope you wou'd not have me a fine ſenſeleſs Whining, modeſt Lover; for modeſty in a man is as ill as the want of it in a Woman.

Hipp. I thank you for that, Sir, now you have made bold with me indeed; but if I am ſuch a confident Piece, I am ſure you made me ſo; if you had not had the confidence to come in at the Window, I had not had the confidence to look upon a man: I am ſure I cou'd not look upon a man before.

Ger. But that I humbly conceive, ſweet Miſs, was your Fathers fault, becauſe you had not a man to look upon. But, deareſt Miſs, I do not think you confident, you are only innocent; for that which wou'd be called confidence nay impudence in a Woman of years, is called innocency in one of your age, and the more impudent you appear, the more innocent you are thought.

Hipp. Say you ſo! has Youth ſuch Priviledges? I do not wonder then, moſt Women ſeem impudent, ſince it is to be thought younger than they are it ſeems; but indeed, Maſter you are as great an Encourager of impudence I ſee, as if you were a Dancing-maſter, in good earneſt.

Ger. Yes, yes, a young thing may do any thing, may leap out of the Window, and go away with her Dancing-maſter, if ſhe pleaſe.

Hipp. So, ſo, the uſe follows the Doctrine very ſuddenly.

Ger. Well, Deareſt, pray let us make the uſe we ſhou'd of it, leſt your Father ſhou'd make too bold with us, and come in before we wou'd have him.

Hipp. Indeed old Relations are apt to take that ill-bred freedom of preſſing into young Company at unſeaſonable hours.

Ger. Come, dear Miſs, let me tell you how I have deſign'd matters; for in talking of any thing elſe we loſe time and opportunity: people abroad indeed ſay, the *Engliſh* Women are the worſt in the World in uſing an opportunity, they love tittle tattle and Ceremony.

Hipp. 'Tis becauſe I warrant opportunities are not ſo ſcarce here as abroad, they have more here than they can uſe; but let people abroad ſay what they will of *Engliſh* Women, becauſe they do not know 'em, but what ſay people at home?

Ger. Pretty Innocent, ha, ha, ha. Well I ſay you will not make uſe of your opportunity.

Hipp. I ſay you have no reaſon to ſay ſo yet.

Ger. Well, then anon at nine of the Clock at night I'le try you; for I have already beſpoke a Parſon, and have taken up the three back Rooms of the Tavern, which front upon the Gallery-window, that no body may ſee us eſcape, and I have appointed (preciſely betwixt eight and nine of the Clock when it is dark) a Coach and Six, to wait at the Tavern-door for us.

Hipp. A Coach and Six, a Coach and Six, do you ſay *?* nay then I ſee you are reſolv'd to carry me away; for a Coach and Six, though there were not a man but the Coach-man with it, wou'd carry away any young Girl of my Age in *England*, a Coach and Six!

Ger. Then you will be ſure to be ready to go with me.

Hipp. What young Woman of the Town cou'd ever ſay no to a Coach and Six, unleſs it were going into the Country: a Coach and Six, 'tis not in the power of fourteen years old to reſiſt it.

Ger. You will be ſure to be ready?

Hipp. You are ſure 'tis a Coach and Six?

Ger. I warrant you, Miſs.

Hipp. I warrant you then they'll carry us merrily away: a Coach and Six*?*

Ger. But have you charm'd your Couſin the *Monſieur* (as you ſaid you wou'd) that he in the mean time ſay nothing to prevent us?

Hipp. I warrant you.

Enter to 'em Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution *preſſing in.*

Caut. I will come in.

Don. Well, I hope by this time you have given her full inſtructions, you have told her what and how to do, you have done all.

Ger. We have juſt done indeed, Sir.

Hipp. Ay, Sir, we have juſt done, Sir.

Caut. And I fear juſt undone, Sir.

Ger. De' hear that damn'd Witch. [*aſide to* Hipp.

Don. Come leave your ſenſorious prating, thou haſt been a falſe right Woman thy ſelf in thy Youth, I warrant you.

Caut. I right! I right! I ſcorn your words, I'de have you to know, and 'tis well known. I right! no 'tis your dainty Minx, that Jillflirt your Daughter here that is right, do you ſee how her Hankerchief is ruffled and what a heat ſhe's in?

Don. She has been dancing.

Caut. Ay, ay, *Adam* and *Eves* Dance, or the beginning of the World, de' ſee how ſhe pants?

Don. She has not been us'd to motion.

Caut. Motion, motion, motion, de' call it? no indeed, I kept her from motion till now, motion with a vengeance.

Don. You put the poor baſhful Girl to the bluſh, you ſee, hold your peace.

Caut. 'Tis her guilt, not her modeſty, marry.

Don. Come, come, mind her not, Child, come, Maſter, let me ſee her dance now the whole Dance roundly together, come ſing to her.

Ger. Faith, we ſhall be diſcovered after all, you know I cannot ſing a Note, Miſs. [*aſide to* Hipp.

Don. Come, Come, Man.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, my Maſter's in haſte now, pray let it alone till anon at night, when you ſay he is to come again, and then you ſhall ſee me dance it to the Violin, pray ſtay till then, Father.

Don. I will not be put off ſo, come begin.

Hipp. Pray, Father.

Don. Come, ſing to her, come begin.

Ger. Pray, Sir, excuſe me till anon, I am in ſome haſte.

Don. I ſay begin, I will not excuſe you, come take her by the hand, and about with her.

Caut. I ſay he ſhall not take her by the hand, he ſhall touch her no more; while I am here there ſhall be no more ſqueeſing and tickling her palm, good Mr. Dancing-maſter, ſtand off.

[*Thruſts* Ger. *away.*

Don. Get you out, Mrs. *Impertinence*, take her by the hand, I ſay.

Caut. Stand off, I ſay, he ſhall not touch her, he has touch'd her too much already.

Don. If patience were not a *Spaniſh* Vertue, I wou'd lay it aſide now. I ſay let 'em dance.

Caut. I ſay they ſhall not dance.

Hipp. Pray, Father, ſince you ſee my Aunts obſtinacy, let us alone till anon, when you may keep her out.

Don. Well then, Friend, do not fail to come.

Hipp. Nay, if he fail me at laſt.

Don. Be ſure you come, for ſhe's to be marry'd to morrow, do you know it *?*

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, ſweet Scholar, your humble Servant, till night, and think in the mean time of the inſtructions I have given you, that you may be the readier when I come.

Don. I, Girl, be ſure you do, and do you be ſure to come.

Caut. You need not be ſo concern'd, he'll be ſure to come, I warrant you; but if I cou'd help it, he ſhou'd never ſet foot agen in the houſe.

Don. You wou'd frighten the poor Dancing-Maſter from the houſe; but be ſure you come for all her.

Ger. Yes, Sir.

But this Jade will pay me when I am gone. [*aſide.*

Caut. Hold, hold, Sir, I muſt let you out, and I wiſh I cou'd keep you out. He a Dancing-maſter, he's a Chouce, a Cheat, a meer Cheat, and that you'll find.

Don. I find any man a Cheat! I cheated by any man! I ſcorn your words, I that have ſo much *Spaniſh* Care, Circumſpection, and Prudence, cheated by a man: do you think I who have been in *Spain*, look you, and have kept up my Daughter a twelve-month, for fear of being cheated of her, look you? I cheated of her!

Caut. Well, ſay no more. [*Exeunt* Don, Hipp. Caut. *and* Prue.

Ger. Well, old Formality, if you had not kept up your Daughter, I am ſure I had never cheated you of her. [*aſide.*

The wary Fool is by his care betray'd,
As Cuckolds by their Jealouſie are made. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur de Paris *without a Perruque, with a* Spaniſh *Hat, a* Spaniſh *Doublet, Stockins, and Shooes, but in Pantalloons, a Waſte-Belt, and a* Spaniſh *Dagger in't, and a Crevat about his Neck.*

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue *behind laughing.*

Monſ. TO ſee wat a Fool Love do make of one, Jernie. It do metamorphoſe de brave Man into de Beaſt, de Sotte, de Animal.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha.

Monſ. Nay, you may laugh, 'tis ver vel, I am become as redicule for you as can be, mort-bleu. I have deform my ſelf into a ugly *Spaniard.*

Hipp. Why, do you call this diſguiſing your ſelf like a *Spaniard* while you wear Pantalloons ſtill, and the Crevat.

Monſ. But is here not the double Doublet, and the *Spaniſh* Dagger auſſy.

Hipp. But 'tis as long as the *French* Sword, and worn like it. But where's your *Spaniſh* Beard, the thing of moſt conſequence *?*

Monſ. Jernie, do you tink Beards are as eaſie to be had as in de Play-houſes, non; but if here be no the ugly-long-*Spaniſh* Beard, here are, I am certain, the ugly-long-*Spaniſh* Ear.

Hipp. That's very true, ha, ha, ha.

Monſ. Auh de ingrate! dat de Woman is, when we poor men are your Gallants, you laugh at us your ſelves, and wen we are your Husband, you make all the Warld laught at us, Jernie. Love, dam Love, it make the man more redicule, than Poverty, Poetry, or a new Title of Honeur, Jernie.

Enter Don Diego, *and* Caution.

Don. What at your Jernies ſtill? voto.

Monſ. Why, Oncle, you are at your voto's ſtill.

Don. Nay, I'le allow you to be at your voto's too, but not to make the incongruous Match of *Spaniſh* Doublet and *French* Pantalloons.

[*Holding his Hat before his Pantalloons.*

Monſ. Nay, pray dear Oncle, let me unite *France* and *Spain*, 'tis the Mode of *France* now, Jarnie, voto.

Don. Well, I ſee I muſt pronounce, I told you, if you were not dreſt in the *Spaniſh* Habit to night, you ſhou'd not marry my Daughter to morrow, look you.

Monſ. Well, am I not habiliee in de *Spaniſh* Habit, my Doublet, Ear, and Hat, Leg and Feet are *Spaniſh* that dey are.

Don. I told you I was a *Spaniſh* Poſitivo, voto.

Monſ. Vil you not ſpare my Pantalloon (begar) I will give you one little finger to excuſe my Pantalloon, da——

Don. I have ſaid, look you.

Monſ. Auh chere Pantalloons, ſpeak for my Pantalloons, Couſin, my poor Pantalloons are as dear to me as de Scarff to de Countree Capitane, or de new made Officer; therefore have de compaſſion for my Pantallons, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle, helas, helas, helas. [*Kneels to* Don.

Don. I have ſaid, look you, your Dreſs muſt be *Spaniſh*, and your Language *Engliſh*, I am uno Poſitivo.

Monſ. And muſt ſpeak baſe good *Engliſh* too, ah la pitiee, helas.

Don. It muſt be done, and I will ſee this great change e're it be dark, voto———your time is not long, look to't, look you.

Monſ. Helas, helas, helas, dat *Eſpaigne* ſhou'd conquer la *France* in *England*, helas, helas, helas. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Don. You ſee what pains I take to make him the more agreeable to you, Daughter.

Hipp. But indeed, and indeed, Father, you waſh the Black-a-more white, in endeavouring to make a *Spaniard* of a *Monſieur*, nay an *Engliſh Monſieur* too, conſider that, Father; for when once they have taken the *French* plie (as they call it) they are never to be made ſo much as *Engliſh* men again, I have heard ſay.

Don. What, I warrant, you are like the reſt of the young ſilly Baggages of *England*, that like nothing but what is *French*. You wou'd not have him reform'd, you wou'd have a *Monſieur* to your Husband, wou'd you, Querno *?*

Hipp. No indeed, Father, I wou'd not have a *Monſieur* to my Husband, not I indeed, and I am ſure you'll never make my Couſin otherwiſe.

Don. I warant you.

Hipp. You can't, you can't, indeed, Father: and you have ſworn, you know, he ſhall never have me, if he does not leave off his Monſieurſhip. Now as I told you, 'tis as hard for him to ceaſe being a *Monſieur*, as 'tis for you to break a *Spaniſh* Oath, ſo that I am not in any great danger of having a *Monſieur* to my Husband.

Don. Well, but you ſhall have him for your Husband, look you.

Hipp. Then you will break your *Spaniſh* Oath.

Don. No, I will break him of his *French* Tricks, and you ſhall have him for your Husband, Querno.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, I ſhall not have him.

Don. Indeed you ſhall, Daughter.

Hipp. Well, you ſhall ſee, Father.

Caut. No I warrant you, ſhe will not have him, ſhe'll have her Dancing-maſter rather *:* I know her meaning, I underſtand her.

Don. Thou malicious fooliſh Woman, you underſtand her! but I do underſtand her, ſhe ſays I will not break my Oath, nor he his *French* Cuſtoms, ſo through our difference, ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall not have him, but ſhe ſhall.

Hipp. But I ſhan't.

Caut. I know ſhe will not have him, becauſe ſhe hates him.

Don. I tell you, if ſhe does hate him, 'tis a ſign ſhe will have him for her Husband; for 'tis not one of a thouſand that marries the man ſhe loves, look you. Beſides, 'tis all one whether ſhe loves him now or not; for as ſoon as ſhe's marry'd, ſhe'd be ſure to hate him; that's the reaſon we wiſe *Spaniards* are jealous and only expecte, nay will be ſure our Wives ſhall fear us, look you.

Hipp. Pray, good Father and Aunt, do not diſpute about nothing, for I am ſure he will never be my Husband to hate.

Caut. I am of your opinion indeed, I underſtand you, I can ſee as far as an other.

Don. You, you cannot ſee ſo much as through your Spectacles, but I underſtand her, 'tis her meer deſire to Marriage makes her ſay ſhe ſhall not have him; for your poor young things, when they are once in the teens, think they ſhall never be marry'd.

Hipp. Well, Father, think you what you will, but I know what I think.

Enter Monſieur *in the* Spaniſh *Habit entire only with a Crevat, and follow'd by the little Black-a-more with a Golilia in his hand.*

Don. Come, did not I tell you, you ſhou'd have him, look you there, he has comply'd with me, and is a perfect *Spaniard.*

Monſ. Ay, ay, I am ugly Rogue enough, now ſure, for my Couſin; but 'tis your Father's fault, Couſin, that you han't the handſomeſt beſt dreſs'd man in the Nation, a man bien miſe.

Don. Yet agen at your *French*? and a Crevat on ſtill (voto a St. *Jago*) off, off with it.

Monſ. Nay I will ever hereafter ſpeak clowniſh good *Engliſh*, do but ſpare me my Crevat.

Don. I am uno Poſitivo, look you.

Monſ. Let me not put on that *Spaniſh* Yoke, but ſpare me my Crevat; for I love Crevat furieſment!

Don. Agen at your Furieſments!

Monſ. Indeed I have forgot my ſelf, but have ſome mercy. [*Kneels.*

Don. Off, off, off with it I ſay, come refuſe the Ornamento principal of the *Spaniſh* Habit.

[*Takes him by the Crevat, pulls it off, and the Black puts on the Golilia.*

Monſ. Will you have no mercy, no pity, alas, alas, alas, Oh I had rather put on the *Engliſh* Pillory than this *Spaniſh* Golilia, for 'twill be all a caſe I'm ſure; for when I go abroad, I ſhall ſoon have a Crowd of

Boys about me, peppering me with rotten Eggs and Turneps, helas, helas. [Don *puts on the Golilia.*

Don. Helas again?

Monſ. Alas, alas, alas.

Hipp. {I ſhall dye; } ha, ha, ha.
Pru. {I ſhall burſt,}

Monſ. Ay, ay, you ſee what I am come to for your ſake; Couſin and Uncle, pray take notice how ridiculous I am grown to my Couſin that loves me above all the World? ſhe can no more forbear laughing at me, I vow and ſwear, than if I were as arrant a *Spaniard* as your ſelf.

Don. Be a *Spaniard* like me, and ne're think people laugh at you; there was never a *Spaniard* that thought any one laugh'd at him; but what do you laugh at a Golilia, Baggage? Come, Sirrah-Black, now do you teach him to walk with the verdadero geſto, gracia, and Gravidad of a true *Caſtilian.*

Monſ. Muſt I have my Dancing-maſter too? come little Maſter then, lead on.

[Black *ſtruts about the Stage, the* Monſieur *follows him, imitating awkerdly all he does.*

Don. Malo, malo, with your Hat on your Pole, as if it hung upon a Pin; the *French* and *Engliſh* wear their Hats, as if their Horns would not ſuffer 'em to come over their Foreheads, voto——

Monſ. 'Tis true, there are ſome well-bred Gentlemen have ſo much Reverence for their Perruque, that they wou'd refuſe to be Grandees of your *Spain*, for fear of putting on their Hats, I vow and ſwear.

Don. Come, Black, teach him now to make a *Spaniſh* Leg.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, your *Spaniſh* Leg is an *Engliſh* Courtſie, I vow and ſwear, hah, hah, ha.

Don. Well, the Hood does not make the Monk, the Aſs was an Aſs ſtill, though he had the Lyons Skin on; this will be a light *French* Fool, in ſpight of the grave *Spaniſh* Habit, look you. But, Black, do what you can, make the moſt of him, walk him about.

Pru. Here are the people, Sir, you ſent to ſpeak with about Proviſions for the Wedding, and here are your Cloaths brought home too, Miſtreſs. [Prue *goes to the door, and returns.*

Don. Well, I come: Black, do what you can with him, walk him about.

Monſ. Indeed, Uncle, if I were as you, I would not have the grave *Spaniſh* Habit ſo traveſty'd, I ſhall diſgrace it and my little Black Maſter too, I vow and ſwear.

Don. Learn, learn of him, improve your ſelf by him, and do you walk him, walk him about ſoundly. Come, Siſter and Daughter, I muſt have your Judgments, tho I ſhall not need 'em, look you, walk him, ſee you walk him. [*Ex.* Don, Hipp. *and* Caution.

Mons. Jernie, he does not only make a *Spaniard* of me, but a *Spaniſh* Jennit, in giving me to his Lacquey to walk; but come a long, little Maſter.

[*The Black inſtructs the* Monſieur *on one ſide of the Stage*, Prue *ſtanding on the other.*

Pru. O the unfortunate condition of us poor Chamber-maids, who have all the carking and caring, the watching and ſitting up, the trouble and danger of our Miſtreſſes Intrigues! whilſt they go away with all the pleaſure; and if they can get their Man in a corner, 'tis well enough, they ne're think of the poor watchful Chamber-maid, who ſits knocking her heels in the cold, for want of better exerciſe in ſome melancholy Lobby or Entry, when ſhe cou'd imploy her time every whit as well as her Miſtreſs for all her Quality, if ſhe were but put to't. [*aſide.*

Black. Hold up your head, hold up your head, Sir, a ſtooping *Spaniard*, Malo.

Monſ. True, a *Spaniard* ſcorns to look upon the Ground.

Pru. We can ſhift for our Miſtreſſes, and not for our ſelves, mine has got a handſome proper Young-man, and is juſt going to make the moſt of him, whilſt I muſt be left in the Lurch here with a Couple of ugly little Black-a-more Boys in Bonnets, and an old wither'd *Spaniſh* Eunuch, not a Servant elſe in the Houſe, nor have I hopes of any comfortable Society at all. [*aſide.*

Black. Now let me ſee you make your Viſit-Leg thus.

Monſ. Auh, teſte non, ha, ha, ha.

Black. What, a *Spaniard*, and laugh aloud! no; if you laugh thus only ſo——now your Salutation in the ſtreet as you paſs by your Acquaintance, look you thus————if to a Woman, thus, putting your Hat upon your heart; if to a man, thus with a nod, ſo——Monſ. *imitating the Black.* but frown a little more, frown. But if to a Woman you wou'd be very ceremonious too, thus——ſo— your Neck nearer your ſhoulder, ſo——Now if you wou'd ſpeak contemptibly of any man or thing, do thus with your hand—ſo——and ſhrug up your ſhoulders, till they hide your Ears. Now walk agen.

[*The* Black *and the* Monſieur *walk off the Stage.*

Pru. All my hopes are in that Coxcomb there; I muſt take up with my Miſtreſſes leavings, though we Chamber-maids are wont to be before-hand with them: but he is the dulleſt, modeſteſt Fool, for a Frenchifi'd Fool, as ever I ſaw; for no body cou'd be more coming to him than I have been (though I ſay it) and yet I am ne're the nearer. I have ſtollen away his Handkerchief, and told him of it, and yet he wou'd never ſo much as ſtruggle with me to get it again. I have pull'd off his Perruque, unty'd his Ribbons, and have been very bold with him, yet he would never be ſo with me; nay, I have pinch'd him, punch'd him, and tickl'd him, and yet he would never do the like for me. [*The* Black *and* Monſieur *return.*

Black. Nay, thus, thus, Sir.

Pru. And to make my perſon more acceptable to him, I have us'd Art, as they ſay; for every night ſince he came, I have worn the Forehead-piece of Bees-wax and Hogs-greaſe, and every morning waſh'd with Butter-milk and wild Tanſie, and have put on every day for his only ſake my Sunday's Bow-dy-Stockins, and have new chalk'd my Shooes and's conſtantly as the morning came; nay, I have taken an occaſion to garter my Stockins before him, as if unawares of him; for a good Leg and Foot, with good Shooes and Stockins, are very provoking, as they ſay, but the Devil-a-bit wou'd he be provok'd; but I muſt think of a way.

Black. Thus, thus.

Monſ. What ſo——well, well, I have Leſſons enow for this time. Little Maſter, I will have no more, leſt the multiplicity of 'em make me forget 'em, da——*Prue*, art thou there, and ſo penſive? what art thou thinking of?

Pru. Indeed I am aſham'd to tell your Worſhip.

Monſ. What aſham'd! wert thou thinking then of my beaſtlineſs? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, then I am forc'd to tell your Worſhip in my own vindication.

Monſ. Come then.

Pru. But indeed your Worſhip——I'm aſham'd that I am, though it was nothing but a dream I had of your ſweet Worſhip laſt night.

Monſ. Of my ſweet Worſhip! I warrant it was a ſweet dream then, what was it? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, indeed I have told your Worſhip enough already, you may gueſs the reſt.

Monſ. I cannot gueſs, ha, ha, ha, what ſhou'd it be? prethee let's know the reſt.

Pru. Wou'd you have me ſo impudent?

Monſ. Impudent ! ha, ha, ha, nay prethee tell me, for I can't gueſs, da——

Pru. Nay, tis always ſo? for want of the mens gueſſing, the poor Women are forc'd to be impudent, but I am ſtill aſham'd.

Monſ. I will know it, ſpeak.

Pru. Why then methoughts laſt night you came into my Chamber in your Shirt, when I was in Bed, and that you might eaſily do; for I have ne'er a Lock to my door: now I warrant I am red as my Petticoat.

Monſ. No, thou'rt as yellow as e're thou wert.

Pru. Yellow, Sir?

Monſ. Ay, ay; but let's hear the Dream out.

Pru. Why, can't you gueſs the reſt now?

Monſ. No not I, I vow and ſwear, come let's hear.

Pru. But can't you gueſs in earneſt ?

Monſ. Not I, the Devil eat me.

Pru. Not gueſs yet! why then methoughts you came to bed to me? Now am I as red as my Petticoat again.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, well, and what then *?* ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, now I know by your Worſhip's laughing, you gueſs what you did: I'm ſure I cry'd out and wak'd all in tears, with theſe words in my mouth, You have undone me, you have undone me! your Worſhip has undone me.

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha; but you wak'd and found it was but a Dream.

Pru. Indeed it was ſo lively, I know not whether 'twas a Dream or no: but if you were not there, I'le undertake you may come when you will, and do any thing to me you will, I ſleep ſo faſt.

Monſ. No, no, I don't believe that.

Pru. Indeed you may, your Worſhip——

Monſ. It cannot be.

Pru. Inſenſible Beaſt! he will not underſtand me yet, and one wou'd think I ſpeak plain enough. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. Well, but *Prue*, what art thou thinking of *?*

Pru. Of the Dream, whether it were a Dream or no.

Monſ. 'Twas a Dream, I warrant thee.

Pru. Was it? I am hugeous glad it was a Dream.

Monſ. Ay, ay, it was a Dream; and I am hugeous glad it was a Dream too.

Pru. But now I have told your Worſhip, my door hath neither Lock nor Latch to it: if you ſhou'd be ſo naughty as to come one night, and prove the dream true———I am ſo afraid on't.

Monſ. Ne're fear it, dreams go by the contraries.

Pru. Then by that I ſhould come into your Worſhip's Chamber, and come to bed to your Worſhip. Now am I as red as my Petticoat again, I warrant.

Monſ. No, thou art no redder than a Brick unburnt, *Prue.*

Pru. But if I ſhou'd do ſuch a trick in my ſleep, your Worſhip wou'd not cenſure a poor harmleſs Maid, I hope; for I am apt to walk in my ſleep.

Monſ. Well then *Prue*, becauſe thou ſhalt not ſhame thy ſelf (poor Wench) I'le be ſure to lock my door every night faſt.

Pru. So, ſo, this way I find will not do, I muſt come roundly and downright to the bus'neſs, like other Women, or———

Enter Gerrard.

Monſ. O the Dancing-Maſter!

Pru. Dear Sir, I have ſomething to ſay to you in your Ear, which I am aſham'd to ſpeak aloud.

Monſ. Another time, another time, *Prue*, but now go call your Miſtreſs to her Dancing-maſter, go, go.

Pru. Nay, pray hear me, Sir, firſt.

Monſ. Another time, another time, *Prue*, prethee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I beſeech your Worſhip hear me.

Monſ. No, prethee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I am e'en well enough ſerv'd for not ſpeaking my mind when I had an opportunity. Well, I muſt be playing the modeſt Woman forſooth; a Womans hypocriſie in this caſe does only deceive her ſelf. [*Exit* Prue.

Monſ. O the brave Dancing-maſter, the fine Dancing-maſter, your Servant, your Servant.

Ger. Your Servant, Sir, I proteſt I did not know you at firſt. I am afraid this Fool ſhou'd ſpoil all, notwithſtanding *Hippolita*'s care and management, yet I ought to truſt her; but a Secret is more ſafe with a treacherous Knave than a talkative Fool. [*aſide.*

Monſ. Come, Sir, you muſt know a little Brother Dancing-maſter of yours, Walking-maſter I ſhou'd have ſaid; for he teaches me to walk and make Legs by the bye: Pray know him, Sir, ſalute him, Sir; you Chriſtian Dancing-maſters are ſo proud.

Ger. But, Monſieur, what ſtrange Metamorphoſis is this? you look like a *Spaniard*, and talk like an *Engliſh*-man again, which I thought had been impoſſible.

Monſ. Nothing impoſſible to Love, I muſt do't, or loſe my Miſtreſs your pretty Scholar, for 'tis I am to have her; you may remember I told you ſhe was to be marry'd to a great man, a man of Honour and Quality.

Ger. But does ſhe enjoyn you to this ſevere penance, ſuch I am ſure it is to you.

Monſ. No, no, 'tis by the compulſion of the ſtarch'd Fop her Father, who is ſo arrant a *Spaniard*, he wou'd kill you and his Daughter, if he knew who you were; therefore have a ſpecial care to diſſemble well. [*draws him aſide.*

Ger. I warrant you.

Monſ. Dear *Gerrard*, go little Maſter and call my Couſin, tell her, her Dancing-maſter is here. [*Exit* Black.
I ſay, dear *Gerrard*, faith I'm obliged to you for the trouble you have had: when I ſent you, I intended a Jeſt indeed, but did not think it wou'd have been ſo dangerous a Jeſt; therefore pray forgive me.

Ger. I do, do heartily forgive you.

Monſ. But can you forgive me, for ſending you at firſt, like a Fool as I was, 'twas ill done of me; can you forgive me?

Ger. Yes, yes, I do forgive you.

Monſ. Well, thou art a generous man, I vow and ſwear, to come and take upon you this trouble, danger, and ſhame, to be thought a paltry

Dancing-maſter and all this to preſerve a Ladies honour and life, who intended to abuſe you; but I take the obligation upon me.

Ger. Piſh, piſh, you are not obliged to me at all.

Monſ. Faith but I am ſtrangely obliged to you.

Ger. Faith but you are not.

Monſ. I vow and ſwear but I am.

Ger. I ſwear you are not.

Monſ. Nay, thou art ſo generous a Dancing-maſter——ha, ha, ha.

Enter Don Diego, Hippolita, Caution, *and* Prue.

Don. You ſhall not come in, Siſter.

Caut. I will come in.

Don. You will not be civil.

Caut. I'm ſure they will not be civil, if I do not come in, I muſt, I will.

Don. Well, honeſt Friend, you are very punctual, which is a rare Vertue in a Dancing-maſter, I take notice of it, and will remember it, I will, look you.

Monſ. So ſilly damn'd-politick *Spaniſh* Uncle, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Ger. My fine Scholar, Sir, there, ſhall never have reaſon (as I told you) Sir, to ſay I am not a punctual man, for I am more her Servant than to any Scholar I ever had.

Monſ. Well ſaid, I 'faith, thou doſt make a pretty Fool of him, I vow and ſwear; but I wonder people can be made ſuch Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Hipp. Well, Maſter, I thank you, and I hope I ſhall be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, cunning little Jilt, what a Fool ſhe makes of him too: I wonder people can be made ſuch Fools of, I vow and ſwear, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Hipp. Indeed it ſhall go hard but I'le be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Caut. As kind as ever your Mother was to your Father, I warrant.

Don. How; agen with your ſenſeleſs ſuſpicions.

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, Aunt, ha, ha, ha, ſhe's a Fool another way; ſhe thinks ſhe loves him, ha, ha, ha. Lord, that people ſhou'd be ſuch Fools! [*aſide.*

Caut. Come, come, I cannot but ſpeak, I tell you beware in time; for he is no Dancing-maſter, but ſome debauch'd perſon who will mump you of your Daughter.

Don. Will you be wiſer than I ſtill? Mump me of my Daughter! I wou'd I cou'd ſee any one mump me of my Daughter.

Caut. And mump you of your Miſtreſs too, young *Spaniard.*

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, will you be wiſer than I too, voto. Mump me of my Miſtreſs! I wou'd I cou'd ſee any one mump me of my Miſtreſs. [*To* Caution. I am afraid this dam'd old Aunt ſhou'd diſcover us, I vow and ſwear; be careful therefore and reſolute. [*aſide to* Ger. *and* Hipp.

Caut. He, he does not go about his bus'neſs like a Dancing-maſter, he'll ne're teach her to dance, but he'll teach her no goodneſs ſoon enough I warrant: he a Dancing-maſter!

Monſ. I, the Devil eat me, if he be not the beſt Dancing-maſter in *England* now. Was not that well ſaid, Couſin? was it not? for he's a Gentleman Dancing-maſter, you know. [*aſide to* Ger. *and* Hipp.

Don. You know him, Couſin, very well, Couſin, you ſent him to my Daughter *?*

Monſ. Yes, yes, Uncle, know him!
We'll ne're be diſcovered, I warrant, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Caut. But will you be made a Fool of too?

Monſ. Ay, ay, Aunt, ne're trouble your ſelf.

Don. Come, Friend, about your bus'neſs, about with my Daughter.

Hipp. Nay, pray, Father, be pleas'd to go out a little, and let us but practiſe a while, and then you ſhall ſee me dance the whole Dance to the Violin.

Don. Tittle, tattle, more fooling ſtill! did not you ſay when your Maſter was here laſt, I ſhou'd ſee you dance to the Violin when he came agen.

Hipp. So I did, Father; but let me practiſe a little firſt before, that I may be perfect. Beſides, my Aunt is here, and ſhe will put me out, you know I cannot dance before her.

Don. Fiddle, faddle.

Monſ. They're afraid to be diſcovered by *Gerrard*'s bungling, I ſee. Come, come, Uncle, turn out, let 'em practiſe. [*aſide.*

Don. I won't (voto at St. *Jago*) what a fooling's here *?*

Monſ. Come, come, let 'em practiſe, turn out, turn out, Uncle.

Don. Why, can't ſhe practiſe it before me?

Monſ. Come, Dancers, and Singers are ſometimes humourſom; beſides, 'twill be more grateful to you, to ſee it danc'd all at once to the Violin. Come, turn out, turn out, I ſay.

Don. What a fooling's here ſtill amongſt you, voto *?*

Monſ. So there he is with you, voto, turn out, turn out, I vow and ſwear you ſhall turn out. [*Takes him by the ſhoulder.*

Don. Well, ſhall I ſee her dance it to the Violin at laſt?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, what do you think I teach her for? [*Exit* Don.

Monſ. Go, go, turn out, and you too, Aunt.

Caut. Seriouſly, Nephew, I ſhall not budge, royally I ſhall not.

Monſ. Royally you muſt, Aunt, come.

Caut. Pray hear me, Nephew.

Monſ. I will not hear you.

Caut. 'Tis for your ſake I ſtay, I muſt not ſuffer you to be wrong'd.

Monſ. Come, no wheedling, Aunt, come away.

Caut. The ſlippery Fellow will do't.

Monſ. Let him do't.

Caut. Indeed he will do't, royally he will.

Monſ. Well let him do't, royally.

Caut. He will wrong you.

Monſ. Well let him, I ſay, I have a mind to be wrong'd, what's that to you, I will be wrong'd, if you go thereto, I vow and ſwear.

Caut. You ſhall not be wrong'd.

Monſ. I will.

Caut. You ſhall not. [Don *returns.*

Don. What's the matter? won't ſhe be rul'd? come, come away, you ſhall not diſturb 'em. [Don *and* Monſieur *thruſt* Caution *out.*

Caut. De' ſee how they laugh at you both, well go to, the Troth-telling *Trojan* Gentlewoman of old was ne'er believ'd, till the Town was taken, rumag'd, and ranſak'd even, even ſo——— [*Exit* Caution.

Monſ. Hah, hah, ha, turn out.
Lord, that people ſhould be ſuch arrant Cuddens, ha, ha, ha;
But I may ſtay, may I not *?*

Hipp. No, no, I'd have you go out and hold the door, Couſin, or elſe my Father will come in agen before his time.

Monſ. I will, I will then, ſweet Couſin, 'tis well thought on, that was well thought on indeed for me to hold the door.

Hipp. But be ſure you keep him out, Couſin, till we knock.

Monſ. I warrant you, Couſin, Lord, that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Ger. So, ſo, to make him hold the door, while I ſteal his Miſtreſs is not unpleaſant.

Hipp. Ay, but wou'd you do ſo ill a thing, ſo treacherous a thing *?* faith 'tis not well.

Ger. Faith I can't help it. Since 'tis for your ſake, come, Sweeteſt, is not this our way into the Gallery *?*

Hipp. Yes, but it goes againſt my Conſcience to be acceſſary to ſo ill a thing; you ſay you do it for my ſake?

Ger. Alas, poor Miſs! 'tis not againſt your Conſcience, but againſt your modeſty, you think to do it franckly.

Hipp. Nay, if it be againſt my modeſty too, I can't do it indeed.

Ger. Come, come, Miſs, let us make haſte, all's ready.

Hipp. Nay, faith, I can't ſatisfie my ſcruple.

Ger. Come, Deareſt, this is not a time for ſcruples nor modeſty; modeſty between Lovers is as impertinent as Ceremony between Friends, and modeſty is now as unſeaſonable as on the Wedding-night: come away, my Deareſt.

Hipp. Whither?

Ger. Nay ſure, we have loſt too much time already: Is that a proper Queſtion now? if you wou'd know, come along, for I have all ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready.

Ger. Truly, Miſs, we ſhall have your Father come in upon us, and prevent us agen, as he did in the morning.

Hipp. 'Twas well for me he did; for on my Conſcience if he had not come in, I had gone clear away with you when I was in the humour.

Ger. Come Deareſt, you wou'd frighten me as if you were not yet in the ſame humour. Come, come away, the Coach and Six is ready.

Hipp. 'Tis too late to take the Air, and I am not ready.

Ger. You were ready in the morning.

Hipp. I, ſo I was.

Ger. Come, come, Miſs, indeed the Jeſt begins to be none.

Hipp. What, I warrant you think me in Jeſt then?

Ger. In jeſt, certainly, but it begins to be troubleſom.

Hipp. But, Sir, you cou'd believe I was in earneſt in the morning, when I but ſeemed to be ready to go with you; and why won't you believe me now, when I declare to the contrary? I take it unkindly, that the longer I am acquainted with you, you ſhould have the leſs confidence in me.

Ger. For Heaven's ſake, Miſs, loſe no more time thus, your Father will come in upon us, as he did——

Hipp. Let him, if he will.

Ger. He'll hinder our deſign.

Hipp. No, he will not, for mine is to ſtay here now.

Ger. Are you in earneſt?

Hipp. You'll find it ſo.

Ger. How! why you confeſs'd but now you wou'd have gone with me in the morning.

Hipp. I was in the humour then.

Ger. And I hope you are in the ſame ſtill, you cannot change ſo ſoon.

Hipp. Why, it is not a whole day ago?

Ger. What, are you not a day in the ſame humour?

Hipp. Lord! that you who know the Town (they ſay) ſhou'd think any Woman could be a whole day together in an humour, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hey! this begins to be pleaſant: What, won't you go with me then after all?

Hipp. No indeed, Sir, I deſire to be excus'd.

Ger. Then you have abus'd me all this while?

Hipp. It may be ſo.

Ger. Cou'd all that ſo natural Innocency be diſſembl'd, faith it cou'd not, deareſt Miſs.

Hipp. Faith it was, dear Maſter.

Ger. Was it, faith?

Hipp. Methinks you might believe me without an Oath: you ſaw I cou'd diſſemble with my Father, why ſhou'd you think I cou'd not with you *?*

Ger. So young a Wheadle?

Hipp. Ay, a meer damn'd Jade I am.

Ger. And I have been abus'd, you ſay?

Hipp. 'Tis well you can believe it at laſt.

Ger. And I muſt never hope for you?

Hipp. Wou'd you have me abuſe you again?

Ger. Then you will not go with me *?*

Hipp. No; but for your comfort your loſs will not be great, and that you may not reſent it, for once I'le be ingenuous and diſabuſe you; I am no Heireſs, as I told you, to twelve hundred pound a year. I was only a lying Jade then, now you will part with me willingly I doubt not.

Ger. I wiſh I cou'd. [*ſighs.*

Hipp. Come, now I find 'tis your turn to diſſemble; but men uſe to diſſemble for money, will you diſſemble for nothing?

Ger. 'Tis too late for me to diſſemble.

Hipp. Don't you diſſemble faith?

Ger. Nay, this is too cruel.

Hipp. What, wou'd you take me without the twelve hundred pound a year *?* wou'd you be ſuch a Fool as to ſteal a Woman with nothing?

Ger. I'le convince you, for you ſhall go with me; and ſince you are twelve hundred pound a year the lighter, you'll be the eaſier carried away. [*He takes her in his Arms, ſhe ſtruggles.*

Pru. What, he takes her away againſt her will, I find I muſt knock for my Maſter then. [*She knocks.*

Enter Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution.

Hipp. My Father, my Father is here.

Ger. Prevented again! [Ger. *ſets her down again.*

Don. What, you have done I hope now, Friend, for good and all *?*

Ger. Yes, yes, we have done for good and all indeed.

Don. How, now! you ſeem to be out of humour, Friend.

Ger. Yes, ſo I am, I can't help it.

Caut. He's a Diſſembler in his very Throat, Brother.

Hipp. Pray do not carry things ſo as to diſcover your ſelf, if it be but for my ſake, good Maſter. [*aſide to* Ger.

Ger. She is grown impudent. [*aſide.*

Caut. See, ſee, they whiſper, Brother, to ſteal a Kiſs under a Whiſper, O the Harletry!

Don. What's the matter, Friend *?*

Hipp. I ſay for my ſake be in humour, and do not diſcover your ſelf, but be as patient as a Dancing-maſter ſtill. [*To* Ger.

Don. What, ſhe is whiſpering to him indeed! what's the matter? I will know it, Friend, look you.

Ger. Will you know it?

Don. Yes, I will know it.

Ger. Why, if you will know it, then ſhe wou'd not do as I wou'd have her, and whiſper'd me to deſire me not to diſcover it to you.

Don. What, Huſſy, wou'd you not do as he'd have you! I'le make you do as he'd have you.

Ger. I wiſh you wou'd.

Caut. 'Tis a lye, ſhe'll do all he'll have her do, and more too, to my knowledge.

Don. Come, tell me what 'twas then ſhe wou'd not do, come do it, Huſſy, or—Come, take her by the hand, Friend, come, begin, let's ſee if he will not do any thing now I am here.

Hipp. Come, pray be in humour, Maſter.

Ger. I cannot diſſemble like you.

Don. What, ſhe can't diſſemble already, can ſhe?

Caut. Yes but ſhe can, but 'tis with you ſhe diſſembles; for they are not fallen out, as we think, for I'le be ſworn I ſaw her juſt now give him the languiſhing Eye, as they call it, that is, the Whitings-Eye, of old called the Sheeps-Eye. I'll be ſworn I ſaw it with theſe two Eyes, that I did.

Hipp. You'll betray us, have a care, good Maſter. [*aſide to* Ger.

Ger. Hold your peace, I ſay, ſilly Woman.

Don. But does ſhe diſſemble already? how do you mean *?*

Ger. She pretends ſhe can't do what ſhe ſhou'd do, and that ſhe is not in humour, the common Excuſe of Women for not doing what they ſhou'd do.

Don. Come, I'le put her in humour; dance; I ſay, come, about with her, Maſter.

Ger. I am in a pretty humour to dance. [*aſide.*

I cannot fool any longer, ſince you have fool'd me. [*To* Hip.

Hipp. You wou'd not be ſo ungenerous, as to betray the Woman that hated you, I do not do that yet; for Heaven's ſake for this once be more obedient to my deſires than your paſſion.

Don. What is ſhe humourſom ſtill? But methinks you look your ſelf as if you were in an ill humour; but about with her.

Ger. I am in no good Dancing humour indeed.

Enter Monſieur.

Monſ. Well, how goes the Dancing forward? what my Aunt here to diſturb 'em again *?*

Don. Come, come. [Ger. *leads her about.*

Caut. I ſay ſtand off, thou ſhalt not come near, avoid, Satan, as they ſay.

Don. Nay then we ſhall have it, Nephew, hold her a little, that ſhe may not diſturb 'em, come, now away with her.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.
Fool'd and abus'd. [*aſide.*

Caut. Wilt thou lay violent hands upon thy own natural Aunt, Wretch? [*The* Monſieur *holding* Caution.

Don. Come, about with her.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.
By ſuch a piece of Innocency. [*aſide.*

Caut. Doſt thou ſee, Fool, how he ſqueezes her hand?

Monſ. That won't do, Aunt.

Hipp. Pray, Maſter, have patience, and let's mind our buſineſs.

Don. Why did you anger him then, Huſſy, look you *?*

Caut. Do you ſee how ſhe ſmiles in his face, and ſqueezes his hand now *?*

Monſ. Your Servant, Aunt, that won't do, I ſay.

Hipp. Have patience, Maſter.

Ger. I am become her ſport, one, two, three, Death, Hell, and the Devil. [*aſide.*

Don. Ay, they are three indeed; but pray have patience.

Caut. Do you ſee how ſhe leers upon him, and clings to him, can you ſuffer it?

Monſ. Ay, ay.

Ger. One, two, and a ſlur, can you be ſo unconcern'd after all *?*

Don. What, is ſhe unconcern'd! Huſſy, mind your bus'neſs.

Ger. One, two, three, and turn round, one two, fall, back, Hell and Damnation.

Don. Ay, people fall back indeed into Hell and Damnation, Heav'n knows.

Ger. One, two, three, and your Honour: I can fool no longer.

Caut. Nor will I be withheld any longer like a poor Hen in her Pen, while the Kite is carrying away her Chicken before her face.

Don. What have you done? Well then let's ſee her dance it now to the Violin.

Monſ. Ay, ay, let's ſee her dance it to the Violin.

Ger. Another time, another time.

Don. Don't you believe that, Friend; theſe Dancing-maſters make no bones of breaking their words. Did not you promiſe juſt now I ſhou'd ſee her dance it to the Violin, and that I will too, before I ſtir.

Ger. Let M*onſieur* play then while I dance with her, ſhe can't dance alone.

Monſ. I can't play at all, I'm but a Learner; but if you'll play, I'll dance with her.

Ger. I can't play neither.

Don. What a Dancing-maſter, and not play!

Caut. Ay, you ſee what a Dancing-maſter he is. 'Tis as I told you, I warrant: A Dancing-maſter, and not play upon the Fiddle!

Don. How!

Hipp. O you have betray'd us all! if you confeſs that, you undo us for ever. [*apart to* Ger.

Ger. I cannot play, what wou'd you have me ſay?

Monſ. I vow and ſwear we are all undone, if you cannot play.

Don. What, are you a Dancing-maſter, and cannot play! umph——

Hipp. He is only out of humour, Sir; here, Maſter, I know you will play for me yet, for he has an excellent hand.

[*She offers* Gerrard *the Violin.*

Monſ. Ay, that he has
At giving a box on the Ear. [*aſide.*

Don. Why does he not play then?

Hipp. Here, Maſter, pray play for my ſake. [*Gives* Ger. *the Violin.*

Ger. What wou'd you have me do with it *?* I cannot play a ſtroke.

Hipp. No, ſtay, then, ſeem to tune it, and break the ſtrings. [*Apart to* Ger.

Ger. Come then.

Next to the Devil's the Invention of Woman, they'll no more want an excuſe to cheat a Father with, than an opportunity to abuſe a Husband. [*aſide.*

But what do you give me ſuch a dam'd Fiddle with rotten ſtrings for *?*

[*Windes up the ſtrings till they break, and throws the Violin on the ground.*

Don. Hey-day, the Dancing-maſter is frantick.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of.

Caut. He broke the ſtrings on purpoſe, becauſe he cou'd not play, you are blind, Brother.

Don. What, will you ſee further than I *?* look you.

Hipp. But pray, Maſter, why, in ſuch haſte?

Ger. Becauſe you have done with me.

Don. But don't you intend to come to morrow agen?

Ger. Your Daughter does not deſire it.

Don. No matter, I do, I muſt be your pay-Maſter I'm ſure, I wou'd have you come betimes too, not only to make her perfect; but ſince you have ſo good a hand upon the Violin, to play your part with half a dozen of Muſicians more, whom I wou'd have you bring with you; for we will have a very merry Wedding, though a very private one; you'll be ſure to come?

Ger. Your Daughter does not deſire it.

Don. Come, come, Baggage, you ſhall deſire it of him, he is your Maſter.

Hipp. My Father will have me deſire it of you, it ſeems.

Ger. But you'll make a Fool of me agen; if I ſhou'd come, wou'd you not *?*

Hipp. If I ſhou'd tell you ſo, you'd be ſure not to come.

Don. Come, come, ſhe ſhall not make a Fool of you, upon my word *:* I'le ſecure you, ſhe ſhall do what you'll have her.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, ſo, ſo, ſilly *Don.* [*aſide.*

Ger. But Madam, will you have me come *?*

Hipp. I'd have you to know for my part, I care not whether you come or no; there are other Dancing-maſters to be had, it is my Fathers requeſt to you : all that I have to say to you, is a little good advice, which (becauſe I will not ſhame you) I'le give you in private. [*Whiſpers* Gerrard.

Caut. What, will you let her whiſper with him too *?*

Don. Nay, if you find fault with it, they ſhall whiſper; though I did not like it before, Ile ha' no body wiſer than my ſelf; but do you think if 'twere any hurt, ſhe wou'd whiſper it to him before us?

Caut. If it be no hurt, why does ſhe not ſpeak aloud *?*

Don. Becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe will not put the man out of Countenance.

Caut. Hey-day, put a Dancing-maſter out of countenance *!*

Don. You ſay he is no Dancing-maſter.

Caut. Yes, for his impudence, he may be a Dancing-maſter.

Don. Well, well, let her whiſper before me as much as ſhe will to night, ſince ſhe is to be marry'd to morrow, eſpecially ſince her Husband that ſhall be, ſtands by conſenting too.

Monſ. Ay, ay, let 'em whiſper (as you ſay) as much as they will before we marry. She's making more ſport with him, I warrant; but I wonder how people can be fool'd ſo, ha, ha, ha. [*aſide.*

Don. Well, a Penny for the ſecret, Daughter.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you ſhall have it for nothing to morrow.

Don. Well, Friend, you will not fail to come.

Ger. No, no, Sir.
Yet I am a Fool, if I do. [*aſide.*

Don. And be ſure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Hipp. Yes, be ſure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Caut. So, ſo, He'll fiddle your Daughter out of the Houſe, muſt you have Fiddles, with a fiddle, faddle.

Monſ. Lord! that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of, hah, hah.
[*Ex.* Don, Hipp. Monſ. Caut. *and* Prue.

Ger. Fortune we ſooner may than Woman truſt
To her confiding Gallant ſhe is juſt;
But falſer Woman only him deceives,
Who to her Tongue and Eyes moſt credit gives. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur *and* Black *ſtalking over the Stage, to them Mr.* Gerard.

Monſ. GOod morrow to thee, noble Dancing-maſter, ha, ha, ha, your little black Brother here, my Maſter, I ſee, is the more diligent man of the two; but why do you come ſo late *?* what you begin to neglect your Scholar, do you? Little black Maſter (con Licentia) pray get you out of the Room. [*Exit* Black What, out of humour, man! a Dancing-maſter ſhou'd be like his Fiddle, always in Tune. Come, my Couſin has made an Aſs of thee, what then, I know it.

Ger. Does he know it *?* [*aſide.*

Monſ. But prethee don't be angry, 'twas agreed upon betwixt us, before I ſent you, to make a Fool of thee, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Was it ſo?

Monſ. I knew you would be apt to entertain vain hopes from the Summons of a Lady; but faith the deſign was but to make a Fool of thee, as you find.

Ger. 'Tis very well.

Monſ. But indeed I did not think the Jeſt wou'd have laſted ſo long, and that my Couſin wou'd have made a Dancing-maſter of you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. The Fool has reaſon, I find, and I am the Coxcomb while I thought him ſo. [*aſide.*

Monſ. Come, I ſee you are uneaſie, and the Jeſt of being a Dancing-maſter grows tedious to you; but have a little patience, the Parſon is ſent for, and when once my Couſin and I are marry'd, my Uncle may know who you are.

Ger. I am certainly abus'd.

Monſ. What do you ſay *?* [Monſ. *liſtens.*

Ger. Meerly fool'd. [*aſide.*

Monſ. Why do you doubt it *?* ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Can it be *?* [*aſide.*

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, ſhe told me yeſterday as ſoon as you were gone, that ſhe had led you into a Fools Paradiſe, and made you believe ſhe wou'd go away with you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Did ſhe ſo? I am no longer to doubt it then *?* [*aſide.*

Monſ. Ay, ay, ſhe makes a meer Fool of thee, I vow and ſwear; but don't be concern'd, there's hardly a man of a thouſand but has been made

a Fool of by ſome Woman or other: I have been made a Fool of my ſelf, man, by the Women, I have, I vow and ſwear, I have.

Ger. Well, you have, I believe it, for you are a Coxcomb.

Monſ. Lord! you need not be ſo touchy with one, I tell you but the truth for your good, for though ſhe does, I wou'd not fool you any longer; but prethee don't be troubl'd at what can't be help'd. Women are made on purpoſe to fool men; when they are Children, they fool their Fathers; and when they have taken their leaves of their Hanging-ſleeves, they fool their Gallants or Dancing-maſters, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hark you, Sir, to be fool'd by a Woman you ſay is not to be help'd; but I will not be fool'd by a Fool.

Monſ. You ſhew your Engliſh breeding now, an Engliſh Rival is ſo dull and brutiſh as not to underſtand raillery, but what is ſpoken in your paſſion, I'le take no notice of, for I am your Friend, and would not have you my Rival to make your ſelf ridiculous. Come, prethee, prethee, don't be ſo concern'd; for as I was ſaying, Women firſt fool their Fathers then their Gallants, and then their Husbands; ſo that it will be my turn to be fool'd too; (for your comfort) and when they come to be Widows, they would fool the Devil I vow and ſwear. Come, come, dear *Gerard*, prethee don't be out of humour and look ſo ſillily

Ger. Prethee do not talk ſo ſillily.

Monſ. Nay, faith, I am reſolv'd to beat you out of this ill humour.

Ger. Faith, I am afraid I ſhall firſt beat you into an ill humour.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, that thou ſhould'ſt be gull'd ſo by a little Gipſey, who left off her Bib but yeſterday; faith I can't but laugh at thee.

Ger. Faith then I ſhall make your mirth (as being too violent) conclude in ſome little miſ-fortune to you. The Fool begins to be tyrannical.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, poor angry *Dancing-Maſter*; prethee match my Spaniſh pumps and legs with one of your beſt and neweſt Sarabands; ha, ha, ha, come——

Ger. I will match your Spaniſh ear, thus, Sir, and make you Dance thus. [*Strikes and kicks him.*

Monſ. How! ſa, ſa, ſa, then I'e make you Dance thus.

[Mon. *draws his Sword and runs at him, but* Ger. *drawing he retires.* Hold, hold a little: A deſperate diſappointed Lover will cut his own throat, then ſure he will make nothing of cutting his Rivals throat. [*Aſide.*

Ger. Conſideration is an Enemy to fighting; if you have a mind to revenge, your ſelf, your Sword's in your hand.

Monſ. Pray, Sir, hold your peace; I'le ne'r take my Rivals counſel be't what 'twill. I know what you wou'd be at; you are diſappointed of your Miſtreſs, and cou'd hang your ſelf, and therefore will not fear hanging; but I am a ſucceſsful Lover, and need neither hang for you nor my Miſtreſs; nay, if I ſhould kill you, I know I ſhould do you a

kindneſs; therefore e'en live to dye daily with envy of my happineſs; but if you will needs dye, kill your ſelf and be damn'd for me I vow and ſwear.

Ger. But won't you fight for your Miſtreſs?

Monſ. I tell you, you ſhall not have the honour to be kill'd for her; beſides, I will not be hit in the teeth by her as long as I live with the great love you had for her. Women ſpeak well of their dead Husbands, what will they do of their dead Gallants *?*

Ger. But if you will not fight for her, you ſhall Dance for her, ſince you deſir'd me to teach you to Dance too; I'l teach you to Dance thus——

[*Strikes his Sword at his legs*, Monſieur *leaps*.

Monſ. Nay, if it be for the ſake of my Miſtreſs, there's nothing I will refuſe to do.

Ger. Nay, you muſt Dance on.

Monſ. Ay, ay, for my Miſtreſs and Sing too, la, la, la, ra, la.

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue.

Hipp. What Swords drawn betwixt you two? what's the matter *?*

Monſ. Is ſhe here *?* [*Aſide.*

Come put up your Sword; you ſee this is no place for us; but the Devil eat me, if you ſhall not eat my Sword, but———

Hipp. What's the matter, Couſin *?*

Monſ. Nothing, nothing, Couſin: but your preſence is a Sanctuary for my greateſt Enemy, or elſe, *teſte non.*

Hipp. What, you have not hurt my Couſin, Sir, I hope *?* [*To* Ger.

Ger. How ſhe's concern'd for him; nay, then I need not doubt, my fears are true. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. What was that you ſaid, Couſin! hurt me, ha, ha, ha, hurt me! if any man hurt me, he muſt do it baſely; he ſhall ne'r do it when my Sword's drawn, ſa, ſa, ſa.

Hipp. Becauſe you will ne'r draw your Sword perhaps.

Monſ. Scurvily gueſs'd. [*Aſide.*

You Ladies may ſay any thing; but, Couſin, pray do not you talk of Swords and fighting, meddle with your Guitar, and talk of dancing with your Dancing-maſter there, ha, ha, ha.

Hipp. But I am afraid you have hurt my Maſter, Couſin, he ſays nothing; can he draw his breath *?*

Monſ. No, 'tis you have hurt your Maſter, Couſin, in the very heart Couſin, and therefore he wou'd hurt me; for Love is a diſeaſe makes people as malicious as the Plague does.

Hipp. Indeed, poor Maſter, ſomething does ail you.

Monſ. Nay, nay, Couſin, faith don't abuſe him any longer, he's an honeſt Gentleman, and has been long of my acquaintance, and a man of

tolerable ſenſe to take him out of his Love; but prethee, Couſin, don't drive the Jeſt too far for my ſake.

Ger. He counſels you well, pleaſant-cunning-jilting-Miſs for his ſake; for if I am your divertiſement, it ſhall be at his coſt, ſince he's your Gallant in favour.

Hipp. I don't underſtand you.

Monſ. But I do, a pox take him, and the Cuſtom that ſo orders it, forſooth ; that if a Lady abuſe or affront a man, preſently the Gallant muſt be beaten, nay, what's more unreaſonable, if a Woman abuſe her Husband, the poor Cuckold muſt bear the ſhame as well as the injury. [*aſide.*

Hipp. But what's the matter, Maſter? what was it you ſaid *?*

Ger. I ſay pleaſant, cunning jilting Lady, though you make him a Cuckold, it will not be revenge enough for me upon him for marrying you.

Hipp. How, my ſurly, huffing, jealous, ſenſleſs, ſawcy Maſter *?*

Monſ. Nay, nay, faith give loſers leave to ſpeak, loſers of Miſtreſſes eſpecially, ha, ha, ha. Beſides, your anger is too great a favour for him, I ſcorn to honour him with mine, you ſee.

Hipp. I tell you, my ſawcy Maſter, my Couſin ſhall never be made that monſtrous thing (you mention) by me.

Monſ. Thank you, I vow and ſwear, Couſin, no, no, I never thought I ſhould.

Ger. Sure you marry him by the ſage Maxime of your Sex, which is, Wittals make the beſt Husbands, that is, Cuckolds.

Hipp. Indeed, Maſter, whatſoever you think, I wou'd ſooner chuſe you for that purpoſe then him.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, there ſhe was with him, i'faith, I thank you for that, Couſin, I vow and ſwear.

Hipp. Nay, he ſhall thank me for that too; but how came you two to quarrel? I thought, Couſin, you had had more wit than to quarrel, or more kindneſs for me than to quarrel here: what if my Father hearing the Buſtle ſhou'd have come in, he wou'd ſoon have diſcover'd our falſe Dancing-maſter (for paſſion unmasks every man) and then the reſult of your quarrel had been my ruine.

Monſ. Nay, you had both felt his deſperate, deadly, daunting Dagger; there are your dès for you.

Hipp. Go, go, preſently therefore, and hinder my Father from coming in, whilſt I put my Maſter into a better humour, that we may not be diſcover'd, to the prevention of our Wedding, or worſe, when he comes, go, go.

Monſ. Well, well, I will, Couſin.

Hipp. Be ſure you let him not come in this good while.

Monſ. No, no, I warrant you. [Monſ. *goes out and returns.*

But if he ſhou'd come before I wou'd have him, I'll come before him and

cough and hawk ſoundly, that you may not be ſurpriſed. Won't that do well, Couſin?

Hipp. Very well, pray be gone. [*Exit* Monſieur. Well, Maſter, ſince I find you are quarrelſom and melancholy, and wou'd have taken me away without a Portion, three infallible ſigns of a true Lover, faith here's my hand now in earneſt, to lead me a Dance as long as I live.

Ger. How's this? you ſurpriſe me as much as when firſt I found ſo much Beauty and Wit in Company with ſo much Innocency. But, Deareſt, I would be aſſur'd of what you ſay, and yet dare not ask the queſtion. You h——do not abuſe me again, you h——will fool me no more ſure.

Hipp. Yes but I will ſure.

Ger. How! nay, I was afraid on't.

Hipp. For I ſay you are to be my Husband, and you ſay Husbands muſt be Wittals, and ſome ſtrange things to boot.

Ger. Well, I will take my Fortune.

Hipp. But have a care, raſh man.

Ger. I will venture.

Hipp. At your peril, remember I wiſh'd you to have a care, fore-warn'd fore-arm'd.

Pru. Indeed now that's fair; for moſt men are fore-arm'd before they are warn'd.

Hipp. Plain dealing is ſome kind of honeſty however, and few Women wou'd have ſaid ſo much.

Ger. None but thoſe who wou'd delight in a Husbands jealouſie, as the proof of his love and her honour.

Hipp. Hold, Sir, let us have a good underſtanding betwixt one another at firſt, that we may be long Friends; I differ from you in the point, for a Husbands jealouſie, which cunning men wou'd paſs upon their Wives for a Complement, is the worſt can be made 'em, for indeed it is a Complement to their Beauty, but an affront to their Honour.

Ger. But, Madam———

Hipp. So that upon the whole matter I conclude, jealouſie in a Gallant is humble true Love, and the height of reſpect, and only an undervaluing of himſelf to overvalue her; but in a Husband 'tis arrant ſawcineſs, cowardiſe, and ill breeding, and not to be ſuffer'd.

Ger. I ſtand corrected, gracious Miſs.

Hipp. Well! but have you brought the Gentlemen Fidlers with you as I deſired ?

Ger. They are below.

Hipp. Are they arm'd well ?

Ger. Yes, they have Inſtruments too that are not of wood; but what will you do with them?

Hipp. What did you think I intended to do with them? when I whiſper'd you to bring Gentlemen of your acquaintance inſtead of Fidlers, as my Father deſir'd you to bring; pray what did you think I intended *?*

Ger. Faith, e'en to make fools of the Gentlemen-Fidlers, as you had done of your Gentleman Dancing-Maſter.

Hipp. I intended 'em for our guard and defence againſt my Fathers *Spaniſh* and *Guiny* force, when we were to make our retreat from hence, and to help us to take the keys from my Aunt, who has been the watchful Porter of this Houſe this twelve-month; and this deſign (if your heart do not fail you) we will put in execution, as ſoon as you have given your Friends below inſtructions.

Ger. Are you ſure your heart will ſtand right ſtill? you flinch'd laſt night, when I little expected it, I am ſure.

Hipp. The time laſt night was not ſo proper for us as now, for reaſons I will give you; but beſides that, I confeſs, I had a mind to try whether your intereſt did not ſway you more than your love; whether the twelve hundred pounds a year I told you of, had not made a greater impreſſion in your heart than *Hippolita*; but finding it otherwiſe——yet hold, perhaps upon conſideration you are grown wiſer; can you yet, as I ſaid, be ſo deſperate, ſo out of faſhion, as to ſteal a woman with nothing *?*

Ger. With you I can want nothing, nor can be made by any thing more rich or happy.

Hipp. Think well again; can you take me without the twelve hundred pounds a year; the twelve hundred pounds a year?

Ger. Indeed, Miſs, now you begin to be unkind again, and uſe me worſe than e're you did.

Hipp. Well, though you are ſo modeſt a Gentleman as to ſuffer a Wife to be put upon you with nothing, I have more conſcience than to do it *:* I have the twelve hundred pounds a year out of my Father's power, which is yours, and I am ſorry it is not the *Indies* to mend your bargain.

Ger. Dear Miſs, you but encreaſe my fears, and not my wealth: pray let us make haſte away, I deſire but to be ſecure of you; come, what are you thinking of *?*

Hipp. I am thinking if ſome little filching inquiſitive Poet ſhou'd get my ſtory, and repreſent it on the Stage; what thoſe Ladies, who are never preciſe but at a Play, wou'd ſay of me now, that I were a confident coming piece, I warrant, and they wou'd damn the poor Poet for libelling the Sex; but ſure though I give my ſelf and fortune away frankly, without the conſent of my Friends, my confidence is leſs than theirs, who ſtand off only for ſeparate maintenance.

Ger. They wou'd be Widows before their time, have a Husband and no Husband: but let us be gone, leaſt fortune ſhou'd recant my happineſs. Now you are fix'd my deareſt Miſs. [*He kiſſes her hand.*

Enter Monſieur *coughing, and* Don Diego.

Hipp. Oh here's my Father!

Don. How now, Sir! what kiſſing her hand *?* what means that, Friend, ha! Daughter, ha *!* do you permit this inſolence, ha! (*voto á mi hourâ.*)

Ger. We are prevented again.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha, you are ſo full of your *Spaniſh* Jealouſie, Father, why you muſt know he's a City Dancing-maſter, and they, forſooth, think it fine to kiſs the hand at the Honour before the Corant.

Monſ. Ay, ay, ay, Uncle, don't you know that?

Don. Go to, go to, you are an eaſie *French* Fool, there's more in it than ſo, look you.

Monſ. I vow and ſwear there's nothing more in't, if you'll believe one. Did not I cough and hawk? a jealous prudent Husband cou'd not cough and hawk louder at the approach of his Wifes Chamber in viſiting-time, and yet you wou'd not hear me, he'll make now ado about nothing, and you'll be diſcover'd both. [*aſide to* Hipp. *and* Ger.

Don. Umph, umph, no, no, I ſee it plain, he is no Dancing-maſter, now I have found it out, and I think I can ſee as far into matters as another: I have found it now, look you.

Ger. My fear was prophetical.

Hipp. What ſhall we do *?* nay, pray, Sir, do not ſtir yet.

[Ger. *offers to go out with her.*

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Caut. What's the matter, Brother *?* what's the matter?

Don. I have found it out, Siſter, I have found it out, Siſter, this Villain here is no Dancing-maſter, but a diſhonourer of my Houſe and Daughter, I caught him kiſſing her hand.

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, you are a ſtrange *Spaniſh* kind of an Uncle, that you are, a diſhonourer of your Daughter, becauſe he kiſſed her hand; pray how cou'd he honour her more *?* he kiſs'd her hand, you ſee, while he was making his Honour to her.

Don. You are an unthinking, ſhallow, *French* Fop, voto——But I tell you Siſter, I have thought of it, and have found it out, he is no Dancing-maſter, Siſter. Do you remember the whiſpering laſt night? I have found out the meaning of that too, and I tell you, Siſter, he's no Dancing-maſter, I have found it out.

Caut. You found it out, marry come up, did not I tell you always he was no Dancing-maſter *?*

Don. You tell me, you ſilly Woman, what then ? what of that? you tell me, de' think I heeded what you told me? but I tell you now I have found it out.

Caut. I ſay I found it out.

Don. I ſay 'tis falſe, Goſſip, I found him out.

Caut. I ſay I found him out firſt, ſay you what you will.

Don. Siſter *Mum*, not ſuch a word again, guarda——you found him out.

Caut. Nay, I muſt ſubmit, or diſſemble like other prudent Women, or——

Don. Come, come, Siſter, take it from me, he is no Dancing-maſter.

Caut. O yes, he is a Dancing-maſter.

Don. What will you be wiſer than I every way? remember the whiſpering, I ſay.

Caut. So, he thinks I ſpeak in earneſt, then I'le fit him ſtill. [*aſide.* But what do you talk of their whiſpering, they wou'd not whiſper any ill before us ſure.

Don. Will you ſtill be an Idiot, a Dolt, and ſee nothing.

Monſ. Lord! you'll be wiſer than all the World, will you? are we not all againſt you? pſhaw, pſhaw, I ne're ſaw ſuch a Doniſſimo as you are, I vow and ſwear.

Don. No, Siſter, he's no Dancing-maſter; for now I think on't too, he cou'd not play upon the Fiddle.

Caut. Piſh, piſh, what Dancing-maſter can play upon a Fiddle without ſtrings?

Don. Again, I tell you he broke 'em on purpoſe, becauſe he cou'd not play; I have found it out now, Siſter.

Caut. Nay, you ſee farther than I, Brother. [Ger. *offers to lead her out.*

Hipp. For Heaven's ſake ſtir not yet.

Don. Beſides, if you remember they were perpetually putting me out of the Room, that was, Siſter, becauſe they had a mind to be alone, I have found that out too: Now, Siſter, look you, he is no Dancing-maſter.

Caut. But has he not given her a Leſſon often before you?

Don. I but, Siſter, he did not go about his bus'neſs like a Dancing-maſter; but go, go down to the dore, ſome body rings. [*Exit* Caution.

Monſ. I vow and ſwear Uncle he is a Dancing-maſter; pray be appeas'd, Lord d'e think I'de tell you a lye?

Don. If it prove to be a lye, and you do not confeſs it, though you are my next Heir after my Daughter, I will diſown thee as much as I do her, for thy folly and treachery to thy ſelf, as well as me; you may have her, but never my eſtate look you.

Monſ. How! I muſt look to my hits then. [*Aſide.*

Don. Look to't.

Monſ. Then I had beſt confeſs all, before he diſcover all, which he will ſoon do.

Enter Parſon.

O here's the Parſon too! he won't be in choler nor brandiſh Toledo before the Parſon ſure? [*Aſide.*

Well, Uncle, I muſt confeſs, rather than loſe your favour, he is no Dancing-maſter.

Don. No.

Ger. What has the Fool betray'd us then at laſt *?* nay, then 'tis time to be gone; come away, Miſs. [*Going out.*

Don. Nay, Sir, if you paſs this way, my *Toledo* will paſs that way, look you. [*Thruſts at him with his Sword.*

Hipp. O hold, Mr. *Gerard*, hold, Father!

Monſ. I tell you Uncle he's an honeſt Gentleman, means no hurt, and came hither but upon a Frolick of mine and your Daughters [*Stops his Uncle.*]

Don. Ladron, Trayidor.

Monſ. I tell you all's but a jeſt, a meer jeſt, I vow and ſwear.

Don. A jeſt, jeſt with my honour voto, ha! no Family to diſhonour but the Grave, Wife, Noble, Honourable, Illuſtrious, Puiſſant, and right Worſhipful Family of the *Formals*; nay, I am contented to reprieve you, till you know who you have diſhonoured, and convict you of the greatneſs of your crime before you die, we are deſcended, look you——

Monſ. Nay, pray Uncle hear me.

Don. I ſay, we are deſcended.

Monſ. 'Tis no matter for that.

Don. And my great, great Grand-father was.

Monſ. Well, well, I have ſomething to ſay more to the purpoſe.

Don. My great, great, great Grand-father, I ſay, was——

Monſ. Well, a Pin-maker in———

Don. But he was a Gentleman for all that, Fop, for he was a Serjeant to a Company of the Train-bands, and my great, great great Grand-father, was.

Monſ. Was his Son, what then? won't you let me clear this Gentleman *?*

Don. He was, he was———

Monſ. He was a Felt-maker, his Son a Wine-cooper, your Father a Vintner, and ſo you came to be a Canary-Merchant.

Don. But we were ſtill Gentlemen, for our Coat was as the Heralds ſay——was——

Monſ. Was, your ſign was the Three Tuns, and the Field Canary; now let me tell you this honeſt Gentleman——

Don. Now that you ſhou'd dare to diſhonour this Family; by the Graves of my Anceſtors in Great Saint *Ellen*'s Church———

Monſ. Yard.

Don. Thou ſhalt dye for't, ladron. [*Runs at* Gerard.

Monſ. Hold, hold, Uncle, are you mad?

Hipp. Oh, oh.

Monſ. Nay then, by your own *Spaniſh* rules of honour (though he be my Rival) I muſt help him, ſince I brought him into danger. [*Draws his Sword.* Sure he will not ſhew his valour upon his Nephew and Son-in-Law, otherwiſe I ſhou'd be afraid of ſhewing mine. [*aſide.* Here Mr. *Gerrard*, go in here, nay, you ſhall go in, Mr. *Gerrard*, I'll ſecure you all; and Parſon do you go in too with 'em; for I ſee you are afraid of a Sword and the other World, though you talk of it ſo familiarly, and make it ſo fine a place.

[*Opens a dore, and thruſts* Gerrard, Hippolita *and* Parſon *in, then ſhuts it, and guards it with his Sword.*

Don. Tu quoque, Brute.

Monſ. Nay, now Uncle you muſt underſtand reaſon; what, you are not only a *Don*, but you are a *Don Quixot* too, I vow and ſwear.

Don. Thou ſpot, ſploach of my Family and Blood; I will have his blood, look you.

Monſ. Pray good Spaniſh Uncle, have but patience to hear me; ſuppoſe—I ſay, ſuppoſe he had done, done, done the feat to your Daughter.

Don. How, done the feat, done the feat, done the feat, *En horâ malâ.*

Monſ. I ſay, ſuppoſe, ſuppoſe———

Don. Suppoſe———

Monſ. I ſay, ſuppoſe he had, for I do but ſuppoſe it; well, I am ready to marry her however; now Marriage is as good a Solder for crack'd Female-honour, as blood, and can't you ſuffer the ſhame but for a quarter of an hour, till the Parſon has marry'd us, and then if there be any ſhame, it becomes mine; for here in *England*, the Father has nothing to do with the Daughters buſineſs, honour, what de'e call't, when once ſhe's marry'd, de'e ſee.

Don. England! what de'e tell me of *England*? I'll be a *Spaniard* ſtill, voto à mi hora, and I will be reveng'd, *Pedro*, *Juan*, *Sanchez*. [*Calls at the dore.*

Enter Mrs. Caution *follow'd by* Flirt *and* Flounce *in vizard Masks.*

Caut. What's the matter, Brother?

Don. Pedro, *Sanchez*, *Juan*, but who are theſe, Siſter? are they not men in womens cloaths; what make they here?

Caut. They are relations, they ſay, of my Couſins, who preſs'd in when I let in the Parſon, they ſay my Couſin invited 'em to his Wedding.

Monſ. Two of my relations, ha———they are my Couſins indeed of the other night; a Pox take 'em, but that's no Curſe for 'em; a Plague take 'em then, but how came they here?

Don. Now muſt I have witneſſes too of the diſhonour of my Family; it were Spaniſh Prudence to diſpatch 'em away out of the Houſe, before I

begin my revenge. [*Aſide.*
What are you? what make you here? who wou'd you ſpeak with?

Flirt. With *Monſieur.*

Don. Here he is.

Monſ. Now will theſe Jades diſcredit me, and ſpoil my match juſt in the coupling minute.

Don. Do you know em?

Monſ. Yes, Sir, ſure, I know 'em. Pray, Ladies, ſay as I ſay, or you will ſpoil my Wedding, for I am juſt going to be marry'd, and if my Uncle, or Miſtreſs ſhould know who you are, it might break off the match. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Floun. We come on purpoſe to break the match.

Monſ. How!

Flirt. Why, de'e think to marry and leave us ſo in the lurch *?*

Monſ. What do the Jades mean *?* [*Aſide.*

Don. Come, who are they? what wou'd they have? if they come to the Wedding, Ladies, I aſſure you there will be none to day here.

Monſ. They won't trouble you, Sir, they are going again. Ladies, you hear what my Uncle ſays; I know you won't trouble him. I wiſh I were well rid of 'em. [*Aſide.*

Floun. You ſhall not think to put us off ſo. [*Aſide.*

Don. Who are they? what are their names *?*

Flirt. We are, Sir———

Monſ. Nay, for Heaven's ſake don't tell who you are, for you will undo me, and ſpoil my match infallibly. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Floun. We care not, 'tis our buſineſs to ſpoil matches.

Monſ. You need not, for, I believe, marry'd men are your beſt cuſtomers, for greedy Batchelors take up with their Wives.

Don. Come, pray Ladies, if you have no buſineſs here, be pleas'd to retire, for few of us are in humour to be ſo civil to you, as you may deſerve.

Monſ. Ay, prethee dear Jades get you gone.

Flirt. We will not ſtir.

Don. Who are they, I ſay, Fool, and why don't they go *?*

Floun. We are, Sir———

Monſ. Hold, hold.
They are perſons of honour and quality, and———

Flirt. We are no perſons of honour and quality, Sir, we are———

Monſ. They are modeſt Ladies, and being in a kind of diſguiſe, will not own their quality.

Floun. We modeſt Ladies!

Monſ. Why? ſometimes you are in the humour to paſs for Women of honour and quality; prethee, dear Jades, let your modeſty and greatneſs come upon you now. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Flirt. Come, Sir, not to delude you, as he wou'd have us, we are——

Monſ. Hold hold——

Flirt. The other night at the French Houſe——

Monſ. Hold, I ſay, 'tis even true as *Gerrard* ſays, the women will tell, ſee.

Floun. If you wou'd have her ſilent, ſtop, her mouth with that ring.

[*Takes off his ring and gives it her.*

Monſ. Will that do't, here, here———

'Tis worth one hundred and fifty pounds;
But I muſt not loſe my match, I muſt not loſe a Trout for a Fly.
That men ſhou'd live to hire Women to ſilence.

Enter Gerrard, Hippolita, Parſon, *and* Prue.

Don. Oh, are you come agen!

[*Draws his Sword and runs at 'em*, Monſieur *holds him.*

Monſ. Oh, hold, hold, Uncle?
What are you mad, *Gerrard*, to expoſe your ſelf to a new danger? why wou'd you come out yet?

Ger. Becauſe our danger now is over, I thank the Parſon there. And now we muſt beg——— [Ger. *and* Hipp. *kneel.*

Monſ. Nay, faith, Uncle, forgive him now, ſince he asks you forgiveneſs upon his knees, and my poor Couſin too.

Hipp. You are miſtaken, Couſin; we ask him bleſſing, and you forgiveneſs.

Monſ. How, how, how! what do you talk of bleſſing; what do you ask your Father bleſſing, and he ask me forgiveneſs *?* But why ſhou'd he ask me forgiveneſs?

Hipp. Becauſe he asks my Father bleſſing.

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, I don't underſtand you, I vow and ſwear.

Hipp. The Parſon will expound to you, Couſin.

Monſ. Hey! what ſay you to it, Parſon?

Parſ. They are marry'd, Sir.

Monſ. Marry'd!

Caut. Marry'd! ſo, I told you what 'twould come to.

Don. You told us——

Monſ. Nay, ſhe is ſetting up for the reputation of a Witch.

Don. Marry'd, *Juan*, *Sanchez*, *Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

Caut. A Witch, Witch!

Hipp. Nay, indeed Father, now we are marry'd, you had better call the Fiddles: Call 'em *Prue* quickly. [*Ex.* Prue.

Monſ. Who do you ſay marry'd, man *?*

Parſ. Was I not ſent for on purpoſe to marry 'em *?* why ſhou'd you wonder at it?

Monſ. No, no, you were to marry me, man, to her; I knew there was a miſtake in't ſome how; you were meerly miſtaken, therefore you muſt do your buſineſs over again for me now. The Parſon was miſtaken, Uncle, it ſeems, ha, ha, ha.

Caut. I ſuppoſe five or ſix Guinies made him make the miſtake, which will not be rectify'd now Nephew; they'll marry all that come near 'em, and for a Guiney or two, care not what miſchief they do, Nephew.

Don. Marry'd, *Pedro*, *Sanchez ?*

Monſ. How, and muſt ſhe be his Wife then for ever and ever? have I held the dore then for this, like a fool as I was?

Caut. Yes, indeed.

Monſ. Have I worn Golillia here for this *?* little Breeches for this *?*

Caut. Yes, truly.

Monſ. And put on the Spaniſh honour with the habit, in defending my Rival; nay, then I'll have another turn of honour in revenge. Come, Uncle, I'm of your ſide now, ſa, ſa, ſa, but let's ſtay for our force, *Sanchez*, *Juan*, *Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

Enter two Blacks, *and the* Spaniard *follow'd by* Prue, Martin, *and five other Gentlemen like Fiddlers.*

Don. Murder the Villain, kill him. [*Running all upon* Ger.

Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Don. How now, who ſent for you, Friends?

Mart. We Fiddlers, Sir, often come unſent for.

Don. And you are often kick'd down ſtairs for't too.

Mart. No, Sir, our Company was never kick'd I think.

Don. Fiddlers, and not kick'd *?* then to preſerve your Virgin-honour, get you down ſtairs quickly; for we are not at preſent diſpos'd much for mirth, voto.

Monſ. peeping. A pox, is it you, *Martin ?* nay, Uncle, then 'tis in vain; for they won't be kick'd down ſtairs, to my knowledge. They are Gentlemen Fiddlers, forſooth, a pox on all Gentlemen Fiddlers and Gentlemen Dancing-maſters ſay I.

Don. How! ha. [*Pauſing.*

Monſ. Well, *Flirt*, now I am a Match for thee, now I may keep you, and there's little difference betwixt keeping a Wench, and Marriage, only Marriage is a little the cheaper; but the other is the more honourable now, vert & bleu, nay now I may ſwear a *French* Oath too. Come, come, I am thine, let us ſtrike up the Bargain, thine according to the honourable Inſtitution of Keeping, come.

Flirt. Nay hold, Sir, two words to the Bargain, firſt I have ne're a Lawyer here to draw Articles and Settlements.

Monſ. How! is the World come to that *?* a man cannot keep a Wench

without Articles and Settlements, nay then 'tis e'en as bad as Marriage indeed, and there's no difference betwixt a Wife and a Wench.

Flirt. Only in Cohabitation, for the firſt Article ſhall be againſt Cohabitation; we Miſtreſſes ſuffer no Cohabitation.

Monſ. Nor Wives neither now.

Flirt. Then ſeparate Maintenance, in caſe you ſhou'd take a Wife, or I a new Friend.

Monſ. How! that too *?* then you are every whit as bad as a Wife.

Flirt. Then my Houſe in Town, and yours in the Country, if you will.

Monſ. A meer Wife.

Flirt. Then my Coach apart, as well as my Bed apart.

Monſ. As bad as a Wife ſtill.

Flirt. But take notice I will have no little, dirty, ſecond-hand Charriot new forbiſh'd, but a large, ſociable, well painted Coach, nor will I keep it till it be as well known as my ſelf, and it come to be call'd *Flirt*-Coach; nor will I have ſuch pitiful Horſes as cannot carry me every night to the *Park*; for I will not miſs a night in the *Park*, I'd have you to know.

Monſ. 'Tis very well, you muſt have your great, gilt, fine, painted Coaches, I'm ſure they are grown ſo common already amongſt you, that Ladies of Quality begin to take up with Hackneys agen, Jarnie; but what elſe *?*

Flirt. Then, that you do not think I will be ſerv'd by a little dirty boy in a Bonnet, but a couple of handſom, luſty, cleanly Footmen, fit to ſerve Ladies of Quality, and do their buſineſs as they ſhou'd do.

Monſ. What then *?*

Flirt. Then, that you never grow jealous of them?

Monſ. Why, will you make ſo much of them?

Flirt. I delight to be kind to my Servants.

Monſ. Well, is this all *?*

Flirt. No then, that when you come to my Houſe, you never preſume to touch a Key, lift up a Latch, or thruſt a Door, without knocking before hand; and that you ask no queſtions, if you ſee a ſtray Piece of Plate, Cabinet, or Looking-glaſs in my Houſe.

Monſ. Juſt a Wife in every thing; but what elſe?

Flirt. Then, that you take no acquaintance with me abroad, nor bring me home any when you are drunk, whom you will not be willing to ſee there, when you are ſober.

Monſ. But what allowance *?* let's come to the main bus'neſs, the money.

Flirt. Stay, let me think, firſt for advance-money five hundred pounds for Pins.

Monſ. A very Wife.

Flirt. Then you muſt take the Leaſe of my Houſe, and furniſh it as

becomes one of my Quality; for don't you think we'll take up with your old Queen *Elizabeth* Furniture, as your Wives do.

Monſ. Indeed there ſhe is leaſt like a Wife, as ſhe ſays.

Flirt. Then, for Houſe-keeping, Servant-wages, Cloaths, and the reſt, I'le be contented with a thouſand pound a year preſent maintenance, and but three hundred pound a year ſeparate maintenance for my life, when our Love grows cold; but I am contented with a thouſand pound a year, becauſe for Pendants, Neck-laces, and all ſorts of Jewels, and ſuch Trifles, nay and ſome Plate, I will ſhift my ſelf as I can, make ſhifts, which you ſhall not take any notice of.

Monſ. A thouſand pound a year! what will wenching come to *?* Time was, a man might have fared as well at a much cheaper rate; and a Lady of ones affections, inſtead of a Houſe, wou'd have been contented with a little Chamber three pair of Stairs backward, with a little Cloſet or Larder to't; and inſtead of variety of new Gowns, and rich Petticoats, with her Diſhabiliee or Flamecolour Gown called *Indian*, and Slippers of the ſame, wou'd have been contented for a twelve month: and inſtead of Viſits and gadding to Plays, wou'd have entertain'd her ſelf at home with St. *George* for *England*, the Knight of the Sun, or the Practice of Piety; and inſtead of ſending her Wine and Meat from the *French* houſes, wou'd have been contented, if you had given her (poor Wretch) but credit at the next Chandlers and Checker'd Cellar; and then inſtead of a Coach, wou'd have been well ſatisfi'd to have gone out and taken the Air for three or four hours in the Evening in the Balcony, poor Soul. Well, *Flirt*, however we'll agree; 'tis but three hundred pound a year ſeparate maintenance, you ſay, when I am weary of thee and the Charge.

Don. Rob'd of my Honour, my Daughter, and my Revenge too! Oh my dear Honour! nothing vexes me but that the World ſhould ſay, I had not *Spaniſh* Policy enough to keep my Daughter from being debauch'd from me; but methinks my *Spaniſh* Policy might help me yet: I have it ſo— I will cheat 'em all; for I will declare I underſtood the whole Plot and Contrivance, and conniv'd at it, finding my Couſin a Fool, and not anſwering my expectation. Well; but then if I approve of the Match, I muſt give this Mock Dancing-maſter my Eſtate, eſpecially ſince half he wou'd have in right of my Daughter, and in ſpight of me. Well, I am reſolv'd to turn the Cheat upon themſelves, and give them my Conſent and Eſtate.

Monſ. Come, come, ne're be troubl'd, Uncle, 'twas a Combination, you ſee, of all theſe Heads and your Daughters; you know what I mean, Uncle, not to be thwarted or govern'd by all the *Spaniſh* Policy in *Chriſtendom*. I'm ſure my *French* Policy wou'd not have govern'd her; ſo, ſince I have ſcap'd her, I am glad I have ſcap'd her, Jernie.

Caut. Come, Brother, you are wiſer than I, you ſee, ay, ay.

Don. No, you think you are wiſer than I now, in earneſt; but know, while I was thought a Gull, I gull'd you all, and made them and you think I knew nothing of the Contrivance. Confeſs, did not you think verily, that I knew nothing of it, and that I was a Gull *?*

Caut. Yes indeed, Brother, I did think verily you were a Gull.

Hipp. How's this *?* [*liſtning.*

Don. Alas, alas, all the ſputter I made was but to make this Young-man, my Couſin, believe, when the thing ſhou'd be effected, that it was not with my connivence or conſent; but ſince he is ſo well ſatisfi'd, I owne it. For do you think I wou'd ever have ſuffer'd her to marry a *Monſieur*, a *Monſieur Guarda*. Beſides, it had been but a beaſtly inceſtuous kind of a Match, voto——

Caut. Nay, then I ſee, Brother, you were wiſer than I indeed.

Ger. So, ſo. [*aſide.*

Caut. Nay, Young-man, you have danc'd a fair Dance for your ſelf royally, and now you may go jig it together till you are both weary; and though you were ſo eager to have him, Mrs. *Minx*, you'll ſoon have your belly-full of him, let me tell you, Miſtreſs.

Pru. Hah, ha.

Monſ. How, Uncle! what was't you ſaid *?* Nay if I had your *Spaniſh* Policy againſt me, it was no wonder I miſs'd of my aim, mon foy.

Don. I was reſolv'd too, my Daughter ſhou'd not marry a Coward, therefore made the more ado to try you, Sir, but I find you are a brisk Man of Honour, firm, ſtiff, Spaniſh Honour, and that you may ſee I deceiv'd you all a long, and you not me; ay, and am able to deceive you ſtill; for, I know now you think that I will give you little or nothing with my Daughter (like other Fathers) ſince you have marry'd her without my conſent; but, I ſay, I'le deceive you now, for you ſhall have the moſt part of my Eſtate in preſent, and the reſt at my death; there's for you, I think I have deceiv'd you now, look you.

Ger. No, indeed, Sir, you have not deceiv'd me, for I never ſuſpected your love to your Daughter, nor your Generoſity.

Don. How, Sir! have a care of ſaying I have not deceiv'd you, leſt I deceive you another way; guarda———pray, Gentlemen, do not think any man cou'd deceive me, look you; that any Man could ſteal my Daughter look you, without my connivence.

The leſs we ſpeak, the more we think,
And he ſees moſt, that ſeems to wink.

Hipp. So, ſo, now I cou'd give you my bleſſing, Father, now you are a good complaiſant Father, indeed.

When Children marry, Parents ſhou'd obey,
Since Love claims more Obedience far than they. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Flirt.*

THE Ladies firſt I am to Compliment,
Whom (if he cou'd) the Poet wou'd content.
But to their pleaſure then they muſt conſent.

Moſt ſpoil their ſport ſtill by their modeſty,
And when they ſhou'd be pleas'd, cry out, O fie,
And the leaſt ſmooty jeſt will ne're paſs by.

But Citty damſel ne're had confidence,
At ſmooty Play to take the leſt offence,
But mercy ſhews, to ſhew her innocence.

Yet leſt the Merchants Daughters ſhou'd to day
Be ſcandaliz'd, not at our harmleſs Play;
But our Hippolita, *ſince ſhe's like one*
Of us bold Flirts, of t'other end o' th' Town;
Our Poet ſending to you (though unknown)
His beſt reſpects by me, do's frankly own
The character to be unnatural;
Hippolita *is not like you at all;*
You, while your Lovers court you, ſtill look grum,
And far from wooing, when they woo, cry mum;
And if ſome of you e're were ſtoll'n away,
Your Portion's fault 'twas only I dare ſay:
Thus much for him the Poet bid me ſpeak,
Now to the men, I my own mind will break;
You good men o' th' Exchange, *on whom alone*
We muſt depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone;
Into the Pit already you are come,
'Tis but a ſtep more to our Tyring room;
Where none of us but will be wondrous ſweet
Upon an able Lover of Lumber-*ſtreet:*
You we had rather ſee between our Scenes,
Than ſpend-thrift Fops with better Cloaths and meens;
Inſtead of Lac'd-coats, Belts, and Pantalloons,

Your Velvet Jumps, Gold Chains, and grave Fur Gowns,
Inſtead of Perriwigs, and broad cock'd Hats,
Your Sattin Caps, ſmall Cuffs, and vaſt Crevats;
For you are fair and ſquare in all your dealings,
You never cheat your Doxies with guilt Shillings;
You ne're will break our Windows, then you are
Fit to make love, while our Houzaas make War;
And ſince all Gentlemen muſt pack to Sea,
Our Gallants and our Judges you muſt be;
We therefore, and our Poet, do ſubmit
To all the Chamlet Cloaks now i' the Pit.

TEXTUAL NOTES

Love in a Wood

p. 65, l. 1. *Love in a Wood.* It may be noted that the general textual differences between the first quarto, 1672, and subsequent editions, the second quarto, 1693; the third, 1694; the fourth, 1711, are as follows: the first quarto reads "I'le," later editions "I'll"; the first quarto, "dore," later editions "door"; the first quarto, "e're," later editions "e'er." The first quarto throughout reads "then" (the conjunction used in comparisons), later editions "than." There are some changes in capitalization: the first quarto usually reads "men" "woman" "marriage" "morning" "faith" (in phrase 'faith and troth'), 1693 and 1694 prefer "Man" "Woman" "Marriage" "Morning" "Faith."

After giving "The Persons" the first quarto prints a note of ten Errata, and repeats the note at the end of the play before the epilogue. I have silently corrected these in the present text, save that I note where the mistake persisted in a later edition in spite of the caution.

p. 65, l. 6. *Acted by his Majesties Servants.* 1693 and 1694: Acted By Their Majesties Servants. William and Mary were on the throne, and the nomenclature had, of course, changed.

p. 65, l. 9. *helicone.* 1693 and 1694: *Helicone.*

p. 69, l. 4. *Cleavland.* 1694: Cleaveland.

p. 71, l. 13. *Priviledge.* 1693, 1694: Privilege.

p. 72, l. 1. *The Perſons.* 1694: Dramatis Personae.

p. 80, l. 17. *powr.* 1694: pour.

p. 81, l. 6. *Mæcenas.* 1694: *Mecænas.*

p. 83, l. 38. *this Jilt.* 1672 prints in the text "his Jilt," and in the Errata corrects to "this Jilt." But "his Jilt" has persisted in all editions, and we find the mistake in 1693, 1694, 12mo 1735, Leigh Hunt's issue of 1840, and the rest.

p. 84, l. 17. *ſure Miſtreſs you Bawds.* 1694: sure Mistress you: Bauds.

p. 84, l. 29. *Cloath.* 1693, 1694: "Cloth."

p. 86, l. 24. *frenzies.* 1694: "Frenzes."

p. 88, l. 9. *reparty.* 1693, 1694: "Repartee."

p. 93, l. 24. *Aturney.* 1693: "Attorney."

p. 94, l. 6. *Tabacca-men.* 1693: "Tobacco-men."

p. 99, l. 28. *Flip. Certainly.* [*Ex. Omnes.* 1694: omits "[*Ex. Omnes.*"

p. 101, l. 29. *Ran. Five doors off on the right hand.* 1672 here reads: "Ran.—[*He whiſpers.*" It is corrected as in present text in the Errata. In Mr. Gosse's copy of the first quarto a contemporary hand has written: "5 doores off on ye right hand."

p. 103, l. 13. *great fire.* 1693: "great Fire."

p. 108, l. 41. *Demm.* 1693, 1694: "Damm."

p. 116, l. 6. *Neck-laſe.* 1693, 1694: "Neck-lace."
p. 121, l. 25. *Creviſs.* 1693, 1694: "Creviſe."
p. 124, l. 10. *Chyrurgion.* 1694: "Chirurgion."
p. 140, l. 37. *to ruminate on them.* 1672 reads in text "to ruminate in them" and corrects in Errata to "on them," but 1694 preserves the mistake "to ruminate in them."

The Gentleman Dancing-Master

It may be observed that the 1702 quarto gives evidence of very careless printing and we continually meet with such mistakes as "hear" for "here," "where" for "were," *Franec*, Marrage, Whſper, Dauhgter, conluſion.

p. 151, l. 6. *Acted at the Duke's Theatre.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "As it is Acted By Their Majesties Servants."
p. 157, l. 8. *ſhut up a poor Girl.* 4to, 1702: "ſhut up the poor Girl."
p. 158, l. 7. *Frekeiſh-fool.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "Freekiſh-fool."
p. 159, l. 14. *Miſter.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "Maſter."
p. 160, l. 9. *he ne're carries.* 4to, 1702: "he ne'er carries."
p. 160, l. 23. *I'le tell you.* 4to, 1702: "I'll tell you."
p. 162, l. 4. *that he never courted.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "that he ever courted."
p. 163, l. 8. *I did not only dream Ih——* 4to, 1702: "I did not only dream in——"
p. 165, l. 8. *fool'd by this Coxcomb.* [*aſide.* 4to, 1702 omits this and the following stage direction "[*aside.*"
p. 165, l. 24. *Pention.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "Penſion."
p. 165, l. 34. *Francez into redicule.* 4to, 1702: "Francez into ridicule."
p. 165, l. 36. *Ma foy.* 4to, 1702: "May foy."
p. 166, l. 6. *State General togeder.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "State General together."
p. 166, l. 31. *your Friend de Duſhe.* 4to, 1702: "your Friend Duſhe."
p. 167, l. 36. *taring midnight Ramblers.* 4to, 1702: "tearing midnight Ramblers."
p. 169, l. 5. *Peeping under her Scarff.* 4to, 1702, omits.
p. 169, l. 21. *Mart. And for my part I am to be marry'd.* 4to, 1702, misprints speech prefix *Ger.*
p. 171, l. 22. *de' hear.* 4to, 1702: "d'y hear."
p. 176, l. 3. *ſo troubleſom.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "ſo troubleſome."
p. 176, l. 41. *Country Squire.* 4to, 1702: "Contry Squire."
p. 177, l. 13. *ſtoln away.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "ſtolen away."
p. 179, l. 42. *Y' facks.* 4to, 1702: "I' facks."
p. 183, l. 25. *nay, and the very Lawyer.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "nay, the very Lawyer."
p. 191, l. 35. *dear Shoe, Garni.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: "dear Shoe, Jernie."
p. 193, l. 25. *than I am a Maid.* 4to, 1702: "then I am a Maid."
p. 194, l. 23. *you a Spaniard?* 4to, 1702: "*you are a Spaniard.*"

TEXTUAL NOTES

p. 194, l. 26. *Harletry.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: " Harlotry."
p. 195, l. 9. *ſenſorious.* 4to, 1702: " cenſorious."
p. 197, l. 13. *Hankerchief.* 4to, 1702: " Handkerchief."
p. 204, l. 6. *Bow-dy-Stockins.* 4tos., 693 and 1702: " Bow-dy-Stockings."
p. 206, l. 30. *who you were.* 4to, 1702 misprints: " who you where."
p. 206, l. 34. *her Dancing-maſter is here.* 4to, 1702, misprints: " her Dancing-maſter is hear."
p. 208, l. 11. *made a Fool of too?* 4to, 1702, misprints: " made a Fool of two? "
p. 214, l. 26. *ſtrings till they break.* 4to, 1702, misprints: " tell they break."
p. 218, l. 41. *Monſ. Nay, nay Couſin.* 4to, 1702, wrongly gives speech-prefix *Hipp.*
p. 223, l. 30. *go down to the dore.* 4tos, 1693 and 1702: " go down to the door."
p. 224, l. 12. *Ladron, Trayidor.* 4to, 1702: " Ladron, Traidor."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Love in a Wood

p. 65. *Love in a Wood.* "In a Wood" is a phrase meaning "perplexed" or "confused." So in Congreve's *Incognita* (1692) we have: "The Old Gentleman was himself in a sort of a Wood to find his Daughter with a Young Fellow and a Priest." Probably many readers miss the play upon words in Wycherley's punning title. We still speak of being "not yet out of the Wood," meaning not yet clear from difficulties.

p. 65. *Excludit ſanos.* Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, ll. 296–7.

p. 70. *No Man with Papers in's Hand.* Cf. Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:*

> Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand.

p. 71. *fleering.* To fleer is to grin and look sillily or amorously. Cf. Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest* (4to, 1675) (produced at Drury Lane, November, 1674), IV, 2, where Hypolito cries to Dorinda: "What art thou, thou fleering thing?"

p. 71. *Porters Lodge.* Whitehall. A house of correction. After the King's displeasure at Edward Howard's too pungent satire in *The Change of Crownes*, produced at the Theatre Royal, Monday, 15th April, 1667, wherein "Lacy did act the county-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places and doing every thing for money," the play was forbidden, and, further trouble ensuing, Pepys learned on the following Saturday "that Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play."

p. 72. *Dapperwit.* The name has been introduced by Pope in *The Rape of the Lock*, V, 61, 62:

> *O Cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,*
> Cried *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his chair.

p. 73. *Gripe's Houſe in the Evening.* In *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* we have "Act I, Scene 1, Don Diego's *House in the Evening*": "Act II, Scene 1, Don Diego's *House in the Morning*": In *The Country-Wife* "Act IV. Scene 1, *In Pinchwife's House in the Morning.*" It is obvious that by these careful indications Wycherley intended that some differentiations should be made upon the stage. He is always very explicit with regard to the use of artificial light, candles and torches,—*Love in a Wood*, Act I, "*The Scene changes to the* French *House, a Table, Wine, and Candles,*" where the dialogue commences with Dapperwit's "Pray, Mr. *Ranger*, let's have no drinking to night"; "Act II, Scene 1, *St.* James's *Park at night*" where we presently have "Enter *Torches and Musick at a distance*"; *The Country-Wife*, "Act V, Scene 1, *Mr.* Pinchwife's *House. Enter Mr.* Pinchwife *and Mrs.* Pinchwife. *A Table and Candle,*" and later when the scene is supposed to be completely dark "*Exit Mrs.*

Pinchwife, *puts out the Candle*"; and a little later "*The Scene changes to the* Piazza *of Covent-Garden. . . . Enter* Alithea *following a Torch, and* Lucy *behind.*" From this it would seem that an interior scene at night was denoted by lighted candles being placed upon a table on the stage, in addition, of course, to the tapers which were already burning in the theatre. An exterior at night Wycherley generally marked by the bringing on of flambeaux.

p. 73. *a Chouſe.* In *The Alchemist*, acted in 1610, Act I, Scene 2, Dapper says:

What doe you thinke of me,
That I am a Chiause?

A chiaus was an envoy or special agent of the Sultan. Such an agent had, in 1609, swindled the Turkish and Persian merchants of London out of some £4000; hence the word, which was soon anglicized, came to mean a cozener, a cheat.

p. 74. *Covent-Garden-Church, St. Martins, the Play-Houſes, Hide-Park, Mulbery-Garden.* S. Paul's, Covent Garden, the design of which is attributed to Inigo Jones, was commenced in 1631, and having been built at the charge of the Earl of Bedford, was consecrated by Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, 27th September, 1638. The Rev. William Bray, vicar of S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, claimed it as a chapel of ease, but in 1645 it was constituted as a separate parish. In Otway's *The Atheist*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1683 (4to, 1684), I, among the daily business of London are mentioned "Assignations at *Covent-Garden* Church." Cf. Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, Bridges Street, January, 1671–2 (4to, 1672), IV, 1, where Mrs. Cheatly, anxious to persuade Theodora to meet a young spark, says: "In *Covent-Garden* Church, will you see him? I'll order it so with him that keeps the Gallery, that you shall both sit together there," and the lady snubs her with "I assure you, I carry no such thoughts about me to Church." In *A True Widow*, Dorset Garden, March, 1678–9 (4to, 1679), Act III, Old Maggot finds amongst his nephew's papers "Epigram written in a Lady's Bible in *Covent-Garden* Church."

S. Martin's was a parish from the fourteenth century, but did not become completely independent of S. Margaret's, Westminster, until 1535. In the days of Charles II these two churches were amongst the most fashionable in London.

For Hyde Park as a rendezvous one may consult the pages of Pepys. Cf. also Shirley's lively comedy *Hide Parke*, licensed 16th November, 1632 (4to, 1637).

The Mulberry Garden, on the site of the present Buckingham Palace and gardens, was largely frequented. Pepys, however, thought it "a very silly place . . . . and but little company, and those a rascally, whoring, roguing sort of people, only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty, but rude."

See Sir Charles Sedley's famous comedy *The Mulberry-Garden*, Theatre Royal, 18 May, 1668 (4to, 1668).

p. 74. *Wenches that eat Oatmeal.* Cf. the last verse of the Song in Act II of Shadwell's *The Miser* (4to, 1672):

> Now all my fresh Colour deserted my Face,
> And let a pale Greenness succeed in the Place:
> I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my Meat,
> And nothing but *Chalk*, *Lime*, or *Oatmeal*, can eat:
> But in my Despair I'll die, if I can,
> And languish no longer for want of a Man.

p. 74. *Rook.* Sometimes a gull, but here a sharper, especially with reference to gaming. Cf. the common phrase "rooks and pigeons."

p. 74. *My Port and Equipage.* Port; style of living; social position. Cf. Scott's *Familiar Letters*, 23rd November, 1806: "It became more and more difficult . . to keep the name and port of gentleman."

p. 75. (*Who hates a Veſt as much as a Surplice.*) Gripe disliked Vests because the fashion was set by royal precept and example. On Monday, 8 October, 1666, Pepys notes: "The King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how." On the following Saturday, 13 October, the diarist saw the Duke of York "dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the King's new fashion, and will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole Court: it is a fashion, the King says, he will never change." Under 18 October Evelyn writes: "To Court. It being the first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloak, into a comely dress, after the Persian mode, with girdles or straps, and shoe-strings and garters into buckles, of which some were set with precious stones, resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtained to our great expense and reproach. Upon which divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution. I had some time before presented an invective against that unconstancy, and one so much affecting the French fashion, to his Majesty; in which I took occasion to describe the comeliness and usefulness of the Persian clothing, in the very manner his Majesty now clad himself. This pamphlet I entitled *Tyrannus, or the Mode*, and gave it to the King to read. I do not impute to this discourse the change which soon happened, but it was an identity that I could not but take notice of." *Tyrannus; or the Mode; in a Discourse of Sumptuary Laws* was published 8vo, 1661.

Rugge in his *Diurnal* has: "1666. Oct. 11. In this month His Majestie and whole Court changed the fashion of their clothes—viz. a close coat of cloth, pinkt with a white taffety under the cutts. This in length reached the calf of the leg, and upon that a sercoat cutt at the breast, which hung loose and shorter than the vest six inches. The breeches the Spanish cut, and buskins some of cloth, some of leather, but of the same colour as the vest or garment; of never the like fashion since William the Conqueror." Pepys, 15 October, 1666, describes the King's vest

as "a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; . . . a very fine and handsome garment." Two days later he notes: "The Court is all full of vests." It was said that Louis XIV "in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests, and that the noblemen of France will do the like." In *The Character of a Trimmer* ("Miscellanies by the Marquis of Halifax," 1704, p. 164), it is stated "that one of the instructions Madame brought along with her was to laugh us out of those vests; which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many footmen who had quitted their master's livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old service" the French mode. Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, was at Dover in May, 1670.

There are many allusions to the inordinate and irrational hatred of the Puritans for the surplice, an abhorrence which amongst the ignorant and vulgar persists even to the present day. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, I, 3, where the Clown says: "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt: it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." In *A Match At Midnight* (4to, 1633), I, Sim cries: "H' has turned his stomach, for all the world like a Puritan's at the sight of a surplice."

p. 76. *You cannot few Pillows Under Folks elbows.* These old proverbs, the meaning of which is obvious, not infrequently occur. Thus, to hold a candle to another is to assist another in any business. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, II, 6, Jessica says:

> What! Must I hold a candle to my shames?
> They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

To tickle a trout is a phrase in common use even to-day. Cf. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, IV, 1, where Estifania says of Cacafogo:

> Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
> And tickle daintily.

p. 76. *Hand-Basket.* In which infants were commonly carried. Cf. the proverb quoted by the Landlord in Crowne's *Juliana*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1671; (4to, 1671), III: "I don't carry my Eyes in a Hand-Basket."

p. 77. *Protections.* Protections were writs issued by the King, which guaranteed immunity from arrest to those engaged in his particular service. Cf. Shadwell's *The Miser*, II, where Timothy Squeeze says: "I have been all this morning dunning for Money at this end of the Town; . . . but (a deuce take 'em) they do fobb me off with Protections hereabouts."

p. 77. *The Piazzo.* An open arcade upon the north and east sides of Covent Garden. Cf. Brome's *The Covent-Garden Weeded* (8vo, 1658), I, 1, when the scene is laid in Covent Garden, and Cockbrayne says: "Yond magnificent Peece, the *Piazzo*, will excel that at *Venice*." The Piazza, which was built by Inigo Jones, 1633–4, was a famous resort and rendezvous.

p. 77. *faith and troth.* Sir Simon Addleplot's favourite phrase occurs in Richard Graves' *Spiritual Quixote* (1772), in the mouth of Lord Bathurst's keeper: "Faith and troth, master, replies the keeper, (little used to religious speculations), I never thought about *merit*, or any such thing." Book iv, c. 4. The *N.E.D.* gives examples of "to plight faith and troth," and also of "troth" alone as elliptically used, or as an interjection, but has no example of *faith and troth* as an exclamation or asseveration.

p. 78. *his Culley.* Cully was originally slang or rogues' cant for one who is cheated and fleeced. It is a very common term in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

p. 78. *The French Houſes.* The most famous of the French Ordinaries was Chatelin's in Covent Garden, to which there are constant contemporary allusions, and where the scene in comedies is sometimes laid, e.g. Shadwell's *The Miser*, II, "Rant, Hazard, Lettice, *and* Joyce *at* Chatolin's." Pepys, Friday, 13 March, 1667–8, records: "at noon all of us to Chatelin's, the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner—Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, T. Harvey, and myself: and there had a dinner cost us 8s. 6d. apiece, a damned base dinner, which did not please us at all, so that I am not fond of this house at all, but do rather choose the Beare." The Bear was in Drury Lane, "an excellent ordinary, after the French manner, but of Englishmen."

Some of the French ordinaries bore a very indifferent reputation, and in Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, III, Moustrappa, quarrelling with Beantosser, bawls out: "I never danc'd naked at the *French* house for Mild-Sixpences, Goody Lerry-come-twang."

p. 78. *For he ticks.* This word seems to have come into use in the reign of Charles. Dryden's Wildblood says to Jacinta, "Play on tick, and lose the *Indies*. I'll discharge it all to-morrow": *An Evening's Love*, Theatre Royal, 19 June, 1668 (4to, 1671), Act III. Briske in Shadwell's *The Humourists*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the winter of 1670 (4to, 1671), Act V, slanders Raymund as "a Fellow, that never wore a noble and polite Garniture, or a white Perriwig, one that has not a bit of Interest at *Chatolin's*."

p. 79 *fegue.* To fegue is to beat or to drive. So Briske in *The Humourists*, Act III, says to the music: "Come in, *Minnum* and *Crochet*, and fegue your Violins away; fa, la, la, la." In *The Rehearsal*, Theatre Royal, 7 December, 1671, Actus II, Scæna 4, the Physician remarks: "When a knotty point comes I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i' faith." Sir Walter Scott uses this phrase in his journal, adding "as Mr. Bayes says."

p. 81. *Anagram.* A word or sentence formed by transposing the letters of the lady's name. So Dryden of Shadwell, *Mac Flecknoe*:

> Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame
> In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram.

p. 82. *Mump'd of his ſnip.* Mump'd is tricked. Dutch *mompen* =to cheat. A very common expression.

A snip is a "bit," "a small piece." Cf. Dryden's Epilogue for his Benefit, 25 March, 1700:

> The Poets . . . .
> Tainted the Stage for some small Snip of Gain.

p. 84. *The ſmall Cards.* In many games, especially the popular Ombre and Quadrille, various cards are thrown out before the commencement of play. Thus at Ombre we put aside the three, four, five, and six of each suit and use a pack of forty.

p. 84. *A little yellow.* Jealous. In *The Knightes Tale*, Skeat's edition, ll. 1928–30, we have:

> jelousye,
> That wered of yelwe goldes a gerland,
> And a cokkow sitting on hir hand.

Cf. Dekker's *Satiromastix* (4to, 1602), II, 1:

> But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy sweet bloud
> Rebels, th'art jealous Wat.

p. 84. *Wheatſtone's-Park.* Whetstone Park is a narrow roadway, of which the name still remains, between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn. In the reign of Charles II this district was infamous. There are innumerable references, as Dryden, prologue to *The Wild Gallant* when revived; Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, January, 1671–2, Act I, a "Whetstone Whore"; Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, Dorset Garden, January, 1675–6, Act III; Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, Dorset Garden, March, 1677–8, Act V, *et sæpissime.* Lee in the Dedication to *The Princess of Cleve* (4to, 1689) says: "When they expected the most polish'd Hero in *Nemours*, I gave 'em a Ruffian reeking from *Whetstone's-Park.*"

p. 90. *Rheniſh-Wine and Sugar.* White Rhenish wine was regarded as having anti-phlogistic qualities, and Mrs. Marwood, *Way of the World*, III, speaks of "Rhenish-wine Tea" being drunk to correct a high colour. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, III, 1: "There is more difference . . . between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish." In *The Miser*, II, Timothy gallantly says to his mistress: "I'll send for a Bottle of white-wine; I have Sugar in my Pocket; the Rogues at Taverns make us pay Three-pence a Paper for it."

p. 90. *Fireſhip.* A whore. Cf. Swift's *Polite Conversation*, II (1738). *Neverout:* Well, but, sir *John*, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet? *Sir John:* No; damn your fire-ships, I have a wife of my own.

p. 90. *Joan's as good as my Lady.* "There is as good bread baked here as in France, and Joan is as good as my lady in the dark" occurs in *Don Quixote*, II, 33, Motteux translation. The Greek form of this primæval proverb is: Λύχνου ἀρθέντος γυνὴ πᾶσα ἥ αὕτη. Cf. All cats are grey in the dark. Heywood (1546) has: "When all candles be out all cats are grey." French: "La nuit tous les chats sont gris." "De noche todos los gatos son pardos," said Sancho Panza to the Duchess.

p. 91. *Hopper-hipp'd.* Having the hips sticking out in an ungainly manner. Cf. *Women Beware Women* (8vo, 1657), II, 2: "Her body straight, not hopper-rumped."

p. 91. *Spaniſh Red.* Rouge. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden, 1682 (4to, 1682), II, 2, where Wilding says to Diana: "Not a Patch, ye Gypsy, nor no *Spanish* Paint d'ye hear." Also *The Way of the World*, III, when Lady Wishfort cries to Peg: "Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear? . . . I mean the *Spanish* Paper, Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint."

p. 92. *It will not be morning.* In the *Modern Language Review*, vii, 94, Professor Bensly has quoted in connexion with this dialogue, *The Rape of the Lock*, I, 13, 14:

> Sol through white Curtains shot a tim'rous Ray,
> And ope'd those Eyes that must eclipse the Day:

and II, 3,

> the Rival of his Beams,

as a piece of indebtedness to Wycherley on Pope's part. He also compared Thomas Stanley's

> On this swelling hank, once proud
> Of its burden, Doris lay:
> Here she smil'd, and did uncloud
> Those bright suns eclipse the day.

p. 93. *Chriſtian Grand Signior.* Louis XIV. Cf. *A New Protestant Litany* (1688), *Miscellany Poems*, Part III, 1698:

> From *Mahomet-Monsieur*, our new *Soldano*,
> And the English Pipes tun'd to French *Fistula in ano*, *Libera*, etc.

p. 95. *old Pell-Mell.* This is the present Pall Mall, which existed as early as the reign of Charles I and probably in the time of James I. The game was originally played here, but when, at the Restoration, it was revived, the street was so much built over that Charles II laid out the Mall in St. James's Park. Pepys notes, Tuesday, 2nd April, 1661: "So I into St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele, the first time that ever I saw the sport."

p. 98. *Exchange.* The New Exchange, a kind of bazaar on the south side of the Strand. It was an immensely popular resort, and there are innumerable references to its shops and gay crowds. In various plays a scene is laid here, e.g. *The Country Wife*, Act III; Otway's *The Atheist* (4to, 1684), II, where we hear the Exchange-women calling out "Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Essences."

p. 101. *Uſquebaugh.* Whisky. In an "*Epilogue* Spoken to the University of Oxon," by Sarah Cook (*circa* 1689), we have:

> Cargoes of *Usquebaugh* and Evidence
> *Ireland* has often sent.

Cf. *The Beaux Stratagem*, produced at the Haymarket, 8 March, 1707, I, 1: "An honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh."

p. 103. *Far born Child.* Far born = born long ago. *N.E.D.* quotes this passage.

p. 103. *Pepper-Alley.* Southwark. Dr. Johnson said: "People live as long in Pepper Alley as on Salisbury Plain." *Piozzi Anecdotes.* Pepper Alley Stairs, leading from Pepper Alley to the Thames, were the first landing-place west of Old London Bridge.

p. 103. *poor wretch.* See Dr. Johnson's excellent note upon *Othello*, III, 3, 90: "The meaning of the word 'wretch' is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which, perhaps, all tenderness includes of feebleness, softness, and want of protection." Theobald and some sapient editors of Shakespeare for "Excellent wretch" propose to read "Excellent wench!"

p. 104. *Upon the very Bulks.* A bulk is a stall before a shop. Swift, *A Tale of a Tub*, Section II, 1704, has: "They went to new plays on the first night, haunted the *chocolate* houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks." A bulker was the lowest class of prostitute. Bailey (1790) gives; "Bulker, one that would lie down on a bulk to any one. A common jilt. A whore." Shadwell, *The Amorous Bigot*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1689–90 (4to, 1690), has: "Her Mother sells Fish, and she is little better than a Bulker."

p. 104. *Farrenden Gown.* An inferior cloth made partly of silk and partly of wool or hair. Cf. Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest* (4to, 1675), III: "The *French* Farendine he gave me for a Gown is gone too."

p. 106. *Lambs Conduit.* Stow mentions "the Conduit of Holborn Cross, erected about 1498: again new made by Mr. William Lamb, 1557. Hence called Lamb's Conduit." From a reservoir the water was conveyed by this conduit to Snow Hill. The conduit had been restored, from a design by Wren, in 1667 The adjacent fields formed a favourite promenade for the inhabitants of S. Andrew's, Holborn, and of S. Giles-in-the-Fields. Duels were not unknown here. Cf. The Epilogue to *Madam Fickle*, produced at Dorset Garden, November, 1676 (4to, 1677), spoken by Mrs. Currer:

> *Let him that boasts of too much strength*
> *Appoint the place and send his rapier's length,*
> . . . . . .
> *Meet me to morrow in* Lambs-Conduit-*Fields*
> *There he shall find a Woman now turn'd Bully*
> *Has power to turn a Critick to a Cully.*

p. 107. *Her day-Pinner.* Pinners were the two long flaps, one on each side, pinned on to a coif or cap and hanging down, and sometimes fastened at the breast. The day-pinner was, of course, smarter than the night-pinner. April 18, 1664, Pepys saw: "my Lady Castlemayne in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on." In *The London Cuckolds*, produced at

Dorset Garden in the winter of 1681 (4to, 1682), V, Eugenia, disguising her husband, says: "I would have you dress your self in a Night-gown and Pinners."

p. 107. *Lemmon Peil.* In Moufet's *Health's Improvement*, 1665, lemon juice and peel are recommended for sweetening the breath. *The Duchess of Malfi* (*The Unfortunate Duchess of Malfy*), Act II (4to, 1708), reads: "Thy breath smells of Limon peel." But the first quarto, 1623, has: "Thy breath smells of lymmon pils," and it seems uncertain whether originally pills or peels are intended. It should be remarked that Moufet sometimes spells "peels" as "pills."

p. 107. *Comb.* There are constant allusions to the combing of the wig. In Killigrew's *The Parson's Wedding*, folio, 1663 (general title, 1664), we have, Act I, Scene 3, *Enter* Jack Constant, Will Sadd, Jolly, *and a Footman, they comb their heads, and talk.* Cf. Dryden's prologue to *The Conquest of Granada*, II (4to, 1672):

> . . . when Vizard Masque appears in Pit
> Straight every Man who thinks himself a Wit
> Perks up; and, managing his Comb with grace,
> With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown face.

p. 108. *Chiney Orange. Citrus Aurantium*, originally from China, a favourite sweet orange. Pepys, Tuesday, 5 March, 1665–6, entertaining Lord Brouncker and his mistress "made them welcome with wine and China oranges (now a great rarity since the war, none to be had)."

p. 108. *Croſs or Pile.* Croix ou pile. Heads or tails. Cf. *The Parson's Wedding*, Act I, Scene 3: "Cross or Pile, will you have him yet or no?"

p. 108. *New Spring-garden, the Neat houſe, or Chelſey.* All these were notorious resorts. The New Spring Garden was at Lambeth, since called Vauxhall. It was first opened in 1661, and on 2nd July of that year Evelyn notes: "I went to see the New Spring-Garden at Lambeth, a pretty contrived plantation." The Old Spring Garden was at Charing Cross, but according to Pepys, 29th May, 1662, there was both an Old and a New Spring Garden at Vauxhall: "took boat and to Foxhall . . . to the Old Spring Garden, and there walked long. . . . Thence to the New one, where I never was before, which much exceeds the other; . . . and here we had cakes and powdered beef and ale." Many dramatists sufficiently indicate the character of this fashionable resort. Vauxhall was closed in 1859.

A Neat House originally meant a cow-house. There were Neat Houses, places of entertainment, at Chelsea on the low ground on the banks of the Thames, where the church of S. Gabriel, Pimlico, now stands. There were also Neat Houses "over against Fox Hall." In Massinger's *The City Madam*, licensed 25th May, 1632, III, 1, Shave'em, the courtesan, complains:

> I am starved,
> Starved in my pleasures: I know not what a coach is
> To hurry me to the Burse or Old Exchange:

The neat-house for musk melons, and the gardens
Where we traffick for asparagus are, to me,
In the other world.

But Secret, the bawd, advises:

There are other places, lady,
Where you might find customers.

Chelsea had its Bun House, where one might eat Chelsea buns and custards. In *Love for Love*, II, Mrs. Frail acknowledges: "If I had gone to *Knights-bridge*, or to *Chelsey*, or to *Spring-Garden*, or *Barn-Elms* with a man alone—something might have been said."

p. 109. *Colby's Mulberry Garden.* Coleby was the landlord of the Dining-rooms in the Mulberry Garden. There is a reference to him in Sedley's comedy *The Mulberry-Garden.*

p. 109. *Longs powdering-Tub.* A powdering-tub is properly a tub in which meat is salted, to powder being to sprinkle with salt. So Pepys, 29th May, 1662, ate "powdered beef," salt beef. Hence the name powdering-tub was slang for a house where those suffering from venereal diseases were cured. Hence *King Henry V*, II, 1, Pistol's reference to "the powdering-tub of infamy," and *Measure for Measure*, III, 2, Pompey's reply to Lucio: "Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub."

Long's was a well-known ordinary in the Haymarket. Ben Long, brother of the proprietor, kept a tavern of the name in Covent Garden. The reference here is probably to some private house maintained by one of the two Longs.

p. 111 *Moreclack Hangings.* *Anglorum Speculum*, or "The Worthies of *England* in Church and State, Alphabetically digested" (8vo, 1684), tells us: "King *James I* about the end of his reign gave 2000 pounds to Sir *Francis Crane* to build a house at *Morelack* for setting up a Manufacture of Tapestry, and one *Francis Klein* a *German* was the designer thereof, and united the *Italian* and *Dutch* perfections in that mystery." The Mortlake Tapestry Works were famous. The Great Rebellion considerably quashed the business, but Charles II, desiring to revive the industry, engaged Verrio thereupon, whose attention, however, was mainly directed to Windsor. Cf. Mayne's *The City-Match* (folio, 1639), II, where Timothy says:

Why, lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom, some *Dutch* piece weav'd at Mortlake.

And Oldham, *Satire in Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal:*

Here some rare piece
Of *Rubens* or *Vandyke* presented is:
There a rich suit of *Morelack* Tapestry,
A bit of damask, or embroidery.

p. 112. *Naples Bisket.* A crisp biscuit which was long a favourite. Some of the old housewifery books give direction how to bake Naples biscuit. Cf. Henry Brooke's *The Fool of Quality* (1766–70): "I broke some *Naples* biscuit into a cup."

p. 112. *'Tis as impossible.* This is a line of Publilius Syrus:

Amare et sapere uix deo conceditur.

Ford, *The Queen*, l. 2937, has the opposite sentiment:

"'Tis an old proverbe that lechery and covetousness go together."

p. 112. *Come, the Wine has Arsenick in't.* In Shadwell's *The Miser*, II, old Goldingham says to Squeeze: "I would send for a Pint of White-wine, or half a Pint of Sack for you, but the Vintners do play the Rogues so, and put Horse-flesh, dead Dogs, Mens Bones, Molosses, Lime, Brimstone, Stum, Allom, Sloes, and Arsnick into their Wine."

p. 112. *Prodigals in white Peruques.* A light or powdered peruke was at this time the height of fashion. In *The Miser*, I, Goldingham rebukes his son for his extravagant attire and cries: "To what end are these Multitude of Ribbands, this Flaxen Mop of Whores hair?" Cf. also *A True Widow* (4to, 1679), II, where Bellmour, bantering the fop Selfish, says: "He went a mile to put on that fair Peruque, for the sake of his Complexion."

p. 113. *An Angel, a Piece.* The angel was a gold coin stamped with a device of S. Michael piercing the dragon. It was last coined by Charles I. It varied in value, but usually stood at about ten shillings.

The piece was originally the *unite* of James I, afterwards the sovereign and the guinea as each was most commonly current. The Unite, which was issued in 1604 as equivalent to twenty shillings, was in 1612 raised to twenty-two shillings. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (*circa* 1700) has: "*Job*, a Guinea, Twenty Shillings, or a Piece."

p. 114. *By yea, and by nay.* "Yea and Nay" was a phrase often derisively applied to the Puritans of every kidney in allusion to the Scriptural injunction, *S. Matthew* v. 33–7, which these fanatics feigned exactly to follow. Timothy Thin-beard, a rascally Puritan, in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*, Part II (4to, 1606), is continually asseverating "By yea and nay." Cf. The Prologue (spoken by Smith) to Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1682:

> But shou'd the Torys now . . .
> Resolve to hiss, as late did Popish Crew,
> By Yea and Nay, she'll throw herself on you,
> The grand Inquest of Whigs, to whom she's true.

p. 115. *Twenty Mark.* A mark = 13s. 4d. In legal use, in stating the amount of a fine, the word is found as late as 1777. Cf. *The Spectator*, 269, Tuesday, 8 January, 1712 (Addison): "After which the Knight told me my good Friend the Chaplain was very well. . I have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners."

p. 117. *Mumble.* To mumble is to handle roughly, as in Ford's *The Ladies Triall* (4to, 1639), II, 2:

he has firk'd
And mumbled the rogue Turks.

p. 119. *Trappan'd.* "To *Trepan*, or rather *trappan* (from the Italian *trappare* or *trappolare*, i. to entrap, ensnare, or catch in a gin), in the modern acceptation of the word, it signifies to cheat or entrap." Thomas Blount, *Glossographia* (8vo, 1656).

p. 123. *To look to my hits. Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (ed. 1700) under *Eye* has: "To have an Eye to the main Chance, or look to your Hits." Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The City Heiress* (4to, 1682), III: "Look to your hits, and take fortune by the forelock, Madam." So in *Squire Trelooby* (4to, 1704), I, 2, Wimble says: "Faith, here comes my Chap—now look to thy hits, *Wimble*."

p. 125. *St. James's Gate.* S. James's Palace, the first place where peace proclamations were made.

p. 127. *Gifford's.* In the literature of the day there are many allusions to this notorious procuress. Thus in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All*, produced at the Duke's House, Thursday, 15th August, 1667, IV, 1, Lord Dartmouth complains: "Every Night I fin'd out for a new Maiden-Head, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges." In the elaborate burlesque Epilogue which concludes Duffett's farce *The Empress of Morocco*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1674, of Mother Gifford we are told:

She needs must be in spight of fate Rich
Who sells tough Hen for Quail and Partridg.

In *The Miser*, V, Theodore says: "I hate the Name of a Muse, as I do that of a Bawd: Were I a Poet, I would invoke *Creswell* or *Gifford*, before any Muse in Christendom." A Prologue, which appears in *Covent Garden Drollery* (1672), and was later spoken before D'Urfey's *The Fool turn'd Critick*, produced at Drury Lane November, 1676 (4to, 1678), has the following lines:

Next these we welcome such as briskly dine
At *Locket's* at *Gifford's* or with *Shatiline*.

p. 127. *Vaulting School.* A brothel. Cf. Thomas Nabbes, *Microcosmus; a morall maske* (4to, 1637), II: "Ayre was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madame that kept a vaulting-schole at the signe of Virgo." Also Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Moll Quarles' Answer to Mother Cresswell: "These reforming vultures are daily plundering our pockets, and ransacking our houses, leaving me sometimes not any pair o' tractable buttocks in my vaulting-schcol to provide for my family." And Massinger's *The Unnatural Combat* (4to, 1639), I, 1, where Belgarde, the poor captain, says:

Let me but receive
My pay that is behind, to set me up
A tavern or a vaulting house; while men love
Or drunkenness, or lecherey, they'll ne'er fail me.

p. 137. *So ragged and greaſie.* Cf. Dryden's *Epilogue* for his Benefit, 25th March 1700:

> For while abroad so prodigal the *Dolt* is,
> Poor Spouse at Home as ragged as a Colt is.

p. 137. *As fine as ſippence.* A very common expression, which is found as early as the black-letter *Appius and Virginia* (4to, 1576), and in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* (1600). The phrase came into being, no doubt, owing to the mere jingle: it has no exact signification. Cf. " As nimble as ninepence." *Poor Robin*, the Almanack, May, 1700, has: " As fine as sixpence."

p. 138. *Burgundy Man.* The phrase perhaps is only found here, but its meaning is obvious and pointed. Cf. Dryden's Prologue, for the Women, when they Acted at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields:

> And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side
> Ply Vizard Mask, and o'er the Benches stride.

p. 138. *Scourer.* The drunken and dangerous rowdies who at night infested the streets of London for wellnigh two hundred and fifty years were known in the reign of Charles II as Scourers. This name seems to have come into use after the Restoration. In Elizabethan days Roarers and Roaring Boys are mentioned; a little later the fraternity called the Bugle, the Muns, Hectors, Tityretus were social nuisances; the Scourers were succeeded by the Rake-hells; in the reign of Queen Anne and after the Mohocks became infamous for nocturnal blackguardism. There are, of course, innumerable allusions to all these in literature. For a very complete picture one may see Shadwell's comedy *The Scowrers*, produced at Drury Lane in the late winter of 1690. In Acts III and IV of Vanbrugh's *The Provok'd Wife*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Field in May, 1697, the exploits of these scoundrels are particularly shown us—ram-paging the streets, breaking windows, assaulting and even murdering passers-by, fighting, beating the watch, and every species of devilment and debauchery.

p. 148. *hans en kelder.* Literally Jack-in-the-Cellar, i.e. the unborn babe in the womb. Cf. Dryden's *Amboyna*, produced by the King's Company at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the summer of 1673, IV, 1, where Harman senior remarks at Towerson and Ysabinda's wedding: " You *Engliſhmen* . . . cannot stay for Ceremonies; a good honest *Dutchman* would love plying the Glass all this while, and drunk to the hopes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bedtime."

p. 149. *Fortune our Foe.* In allusion to the extremely popular old tune which may be found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, in William Ballet's MS. Lute Book; in *Bellerophon* (1622), and in numerous other musical works.

The Gentleman Dancing-Master

p. 151. *Non satis est.* Horace. *Sat.* I, x, 8–9.

p. 155. *Newly after the Removal.* "The new Theatre in *Dorset Garden* being finished, and our Company after *Sir William's* death being under the rule and dominion of his widow, the *Lady Davenant*, Mr. *Betterton*, and Mr. *Harris* (Mr. *Charles Davenant*, her son, acting for her), they removed from *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* thither: and on the ninth day of November, 1671, they opened their new Theatre with Sir *Martin Marall*. . . . The third new play acted there was *The Gentleman Dancing Master*, wrote by Mr. Witcherley, it lasted but 6 days, being liked but indifferently, it was laid by to make room for other new ones." Downes.

p. 155. *Bridewel.* Bridewell, which was built by Henry VIII in 1522, was presented to London by Edward VI as a House of Correction "for the strumpet and idle person, for the rioter that consumeth all, and for the vagabond that will abide in no place." There are numberless allusions and many ample descriptions. The house was destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt in 1668. It stood in Bride Lane, and Salisbury Court (Dorset Garden), Fleet Street lies to the west of S. Bride's Church. Hence the point of this reference.

p. 155. *ticking Gentry.* Cf. Shadwell's *A True Widow* (4to, 1679), IV, 1, The Play-House. "*First Door-keeper.* Pray, Sir, pay me. *Third Man.* Set it down; I have no Silver about me; or bid my Man pay you. *Theodosia.* What, do Gentlemen run on Tick for Plays? *Carlos.* As familiarly as with their Taylors."

p. 156. *Mr. James Formal, or Don Diego.* Professor Bensly points out that when James Howell dedicated his English and Spanish Grammar (1662) to Queen Catherine of Braganza he signed himself *Don Diego Howel*, and pertinently suggests that Wycherley may here be hitting at that affectation.

p. 157. *Ponchinello nor Paradise.* The Italian *commedia del' arte* made an appearance in England immediately at the Restoration and proved exceedingly popular. As early as 22 October, 1660, the King granted a patent to Giulio Gentileschi to build a theatre for Italian musicians, and here, no doubt, an Italian company performed. With the live actors came the puppets. On Wednesday, 22 August, 1666, Pepys escorted his wife, Mrs. Knepp, and Mercer "by coach to Moorefields, and there saw 'Polichinello,' which pleases me mightily." Exactly a week later he repeated his visit "and shewed Batelier, with my wife, 'Polichinello,' which I like the more I see it," and on the following Saturday "Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I to 'Polichinelly,' but were there horribly frighted to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks;

but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us . . . and so, the play being done, we to Islington, and there eat and drank and mighty merry." *Ponchinello* was also exhibited at Charing Cross, where it was seen by Pepys on Wednesday, 20 March, 1666–7, who writes: "to Polichinelli at Charing Cross, which is prettier and prettier, and so full of variety that it is extraordinary good entertainment." *Ponchinello* was also one of the annual attractions of Bartholomew Fair. On 15 July, 1669, Sir Henry Herbert warmly wrote to the Earl of Manchester, then Lord Chamberlain, on behalf of Anthony Devotte, who was "not in the notion of a player, but totally distinct from that quality, and makes shewe of puppettes only by virtue of his Majestie's commission, granted to the Master of the Revells under the greate scale, for the authorizing of all publique shewes." Antonio Di Voto was the master of a puppet-show which played *Ponchinello*, and on 11 November, 1672, the King issued through the Lord Chamberlain a particular order to protect him, the royal pleasure being "That Antonio di Voto Doe sett forth Exercise & Play all Drolls and Interludes, He not receiving into his Company any person belonging to his Ma^tes^ or Royal Highnesse Theatres Nor Act any Play usually acted at any of y^e^ said Theatres Nor takes peeces or Sceenes out of y^e^ Playes Acted at y^e^ said Theatres." This order is entered in the books to "Antonio Divoto punchenello."

Paradise was a long popular entertainment, an exhibition of waxwork figures backed by an elaborate scenic panorama, shown by Christopher Whitehead at the Two Wreathed Posts in Shoe Lane. It was originally opened as early as 1661, when a descriptive pamphlet "Written by I. H. Gent." was issued, *Paradise Transplanted and Restored in a Most Artfull and Lively Representation of the Several Creatures, Plants, Flowers, and other Vegetables, in their full growth, shape, and colour.* This informs us that "The Design, is a Model, or Representation of that Beautifull Prospect *Adam* had in Paradice when the whole Creation of *Animals* were together subjected to his imperious eye, and from his mouth received their several names. . . ."

p. 157. *Tatnam-Court nor Iſlington.* These were long two very favourite places of resort. For a good picture see Nabbes' *Totenham Court*, "a Pleasant Comedie, Acted in the Yeare 1633, at the Private House in Salisbury-Court" (4to, 1638). The scene is Tottenham Court and the fields about it. From this play the farce *The Merry Milkmaids of Islington* was taken, but the theft far from improves upon the original design. At Islington there was a famous cheese-cake house well known to Pepys, who upon Easter Tuesday, 1 April, 1662, accompanied a party in their coach "to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house and entertained them, and so home."

p. 157. *Sillybub.* A sillabub is a drink made of milk or cream, curdled by the admixture of wine, cider, or other acid, and often sweetened and flavoured. A word in very frequent use from the early sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. Cf. A Prologue, Spoken before the Long Vacation, prefixed to Ravenscroft's *Titus Andronicus* (4to, 1687):

Young Ladies too attend their Parents down,
Quit their Intrigues, and sigh to leave the Town.
How innocently there you sit and Chat,
And walk the Fields in Bongrace or Straw-Hat,
Eat Syllybubs, see Reapers mow, such Sport
Did please you well before you saw the Court.

A bongrace is an old-fashioned broad-brimmed hat or bonnet which shades the complexion.

p. 157. *the Prince in the Sun.* This house was at Shadwell, and the name was preserved in Prince's Street, Sun Tavern Fields.

p. 157. *Organs and Tongs.* Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (4to, 1600), IV: "*Clown.* I have a reasonable good ease in musicke. Let vs have the tongs and the bones." *Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.* Inigo Jones has a sketch representing this "rural music." Tongs were struck by a key, and they belong to the domain of "kitchen-music," for an account of which see *The Spectator*, 570, Wednesday, 21 July, 1714, where Daintry's concert is described. "Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen-Musick, I asked him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told me that he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron."

The Gun in Little Moorfields was a well-known tavern, the name of which was long perpetuated by Gun Alley. Moorfields were first drained in 1527, and walks were laid out in 1606. These were largely frequented by citizens as a place of promenade upon small outings. After the Great Fire many houses, however, began to be built there, and the streets were paved. This quarter was conveniently resorted to for purposes of intrigue and soon began to bear no very good reputation. At one time the notorious Mother Cresswell lived in Moorfields, and Damaris Page, another of the same infamous sisterhood, kept house there. In the Epilogue to Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*, produced at the Duke's house in the winter of 1681, we have:

No, no, the cloven Foreheads are the Whigs, who send
Their Wives a Bulling *to their* Morefields *Friend.*

p. 158. *the Lime from the Walls . . . and Oat-meal.* Cf. the conclusion of the Song in Shadwell's *The Miser*, II:

I pine and grow faint, and refuse all my Meat,
And nothing but *Chalk, Lime*, or *Oatmeal* can eat:
But in my Despair I'll die, if I can,
And languish no longer for want of a Man.

p. 158. *new Proteſtant Nunnery.* After the Restoration several schemes, no doubt inspired by the example of Little Gidding, were mooted for the foundation of Anglican communities, and these suggestions seem to have been talked of pretty widely. In actual practice, however, it all came to nothing. The Protestant Nunnery to which Hippolita here refers is

probably that designed by Edward Chamberlayne, whose plans, although never realized, were much discussed during some three or four years. Writing to a correspondent (probably Dr. Busire) on 31 January, 1670–1, Chamberlayne broaches the subject, and says: " At the request of some worthy persons I have undertaken a designe which you and all good men will doubtlesse much favour. It is for erecting a Colledge not far from hence for the education of young ladies, under the government of some grave matrons, who shall resolve to lead the rest of their dayes in a single retired religious life." He then inquires concerning some similar Lutheran or Calvinist college which Dr. Busire had mentioned, and continues: " Chiefly I desire to be satisfied at what place you have seen, or been certainly informed, of such a Colledge, or Protestant Monastery, and whether you know anyone here who can informe me of their Rules and Constitutions; and whether you believe that such a thing may be practised in England." *The Correspondence of John Cosin;* Surtees Society, Vol. IV, 1872, part II, p. 384, from Mickleton MSS. xlvi. 243.

A similar scheme was detailed by Clement Baskdale in his pamphlet *A Letter touching a Colledge of Maids, or, a Virgin-Society.* In his copy Anthony à Wood has inscribed 12 August, 1675, but the tract may well have been published some years earlier. At one time Evelyn's friend, Mrs. Godolphin had thoughts of a life in religion, but naturally she was unable to follow this.

p. 158. *Hackney-School.* Hackney was long famous for its boarding-schools. On Sunday afternoon, 21 April, 1667, Pepys and his wife visited Hackney Church, " where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews. . . . That which we went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty." Cf. *The Humourists* (4to, 1671), V, where Mrs. Striker, the boasting wife of a haberdasher, says: " I am sure, my Husband marry'd me from *Hackney*-School, where there was a number of substantial Citizen's Daughters." In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, " Madam Creswell to Moll Quarles " writes: " I had a parcel of as honest, religious girls about me as ever pious matron had under her tuition at a *Hackney* boarding-school."

p. 160. *Hombre.* It is said that this excellent and long fashionable card-game was introduced into England by Queen Catharine of Braganza, and that the name is from the Spanish *hombre*, a man. It can be played by three or by two persons. Quadrille is a variety of Ombre played by four. The Ace of Spades, called Spadille, is the first Honour in all suits; the Ace of Clubs, called Basto, is the third Honour in all suits; when Diamonds or Hearts are Trumps, the seven, when Spades or Clubs are Trumps the Deuce is second Trump, called Manille. There is an elaborate treatise on this interesting game by Lord Aldenham, Third Edition, 1902, Privately Printed for the Roxburghe Club.

p. 161. *Grum.* Surly, morose. Cf. Lucy's air (XI) in Fielding's farce *An Old Man Taught Wisdom*, produced at Drury Lane, 1734:

Oh, dear papa, don't look so grum;
Forgive me, and be good.

p. 161. *Ship-Tavern.* There were several taverns of this name. One well-known hostelry was at the back of the Exchange, but the allusion, if particular, is, perhaps, to the house in Billiter Lane.

p. 162. *A merry Grigg.* This very common phrase is usually associated with Grig =a cricket, probably from its blithe chirping. Cf. *The Provok'd Husband*, Vanbrugh and Cibber, produced at Drury Lane, 10 January, 1728, V, where Manly says: "I thought you had all Supt at home last Night?" And Sir Francis replies: "Why so we did—and all as merry as Grigs."

p. 164. *Arthur of Bradely, or I am the Duke of Norfolk.* It is probable that originally *Arthur of Bradely* was a north-country ballad—there is a Bradely in Yorkshire, another in Lancashire, and a third in Derbyshire. The black-letter copies of this ballad direct that it shall be sung "to a pleasant new tune." It is referred to by Ben Jonson, Dekker, and other Elizabethan dramatists; in Braithwait's *Strappado for the Divell*, and in the old ballad of "Robin Hood's birth, breeding, valour, and marriage." There are three, perhaps four, versions, one of which is printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661. Another, *Arthur o' Bradley's Wedding*, commences thus:

Come neighbours, and listen awhile
If ever you wish to smile,
Or hear a true of old,
Attend to what I now unfold:
And his name it was Arthur of Bradley,
O rare Arthur of Bradley!
Wonderful Arthur of Bradley,
Sweet Arthur of Bradley, O.

I am the Duke of Norfolk, or *Paul's Steeple.* This very old tune is frequently mentioned under both names. In Playford's *Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1695 it is called *Paul's Steeple.* In his *Division Violin*, 1685, at page 2, it is called *The Duke of Norfolk, or, Paul's Steeple*; and at page 18 *Paul's Steeple, or, The Duke of Norfolk.* The steeple of the old Cathedral of S. Paul which was proverbial for height was set on fire by lightning and burned down 4 June, 1561. The original ballad does not appear to be known, but there is a reference to it in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, III, 3, where the fiddler when asked by Thomas which ballads he best knows commences his list thus:

Under your mastership's correction, I can sing
The Duke of Norfolk.

Within recent memory there prevailed in Suffolk at the harvest suppers a curious custom of trolling out an old song which began:

I am the Duke of Norfolk,
Newly come to Suffolk,
Say shall I be attended, or no, no, no?
Good Duke be not offended,
And you shall be attended,
And you shall be attended, now, now, now.

p. 165. *Ma foy.* But Monsieur also exclaims "Mon foy." This may be a misprint, although such seems unlikely since it occurs in all the quartos. In *The Rehearsal*, Actus II, Scæna 11, the First King of Brentford says: "You must begin, *Mon foy.*" The solecism is here intentional to heighten the jest, and it may be so in Monsieur's lingo.

p. 166. *Toad in Ir'land.* All reptiles having been expelled by S. Patrick, whose crozier, known as the "Staff of Jesus," was burned with the other Holy Relics preserved in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, at the time of the Protestant schism, 1537.

p. 166. *Bob.* A sharp jest. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, produced at the Theatre Royal, 7 December, 1671, Actus III, Scæna 1, where Tom Thimble says: "I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths, in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet," and Bayes interrupts with "There's a bob for the Court!"

p. 167. *Taring midnight Ramblers, or Houza-Women.* A tearer generally signifies a swaggerer who tears or rushes along, but it also means a strumpet, as in *The Old Batchelour*, IV, S. James' Park, where Sir Joseph, catching sight of Araminta and Belinda, who are masked, cries to Bluffe: "Hist, hist, Bully, dost thou see those Tearers?"
Taring here = whorish.
Houza-Women is a slang term for prostitutes, as a Houza is a rake.
The derivation is from the idea of a noisy, disorderly person.

p. 169. *You muſt cry Roaſt-meat?* Professor Bensly suggests that Lamb recollected this when he wrote: "This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat. . . ." *Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty years ago.*

p. 170. *Some Ruffes.* The ruff is the male of a bird of the sandpiper family, his female being the reeve. Ruffs were accounted a great delicacy. Cf. *The Wild Gollant* (4to, 1669), I, where old Justice Trice boasts: "I have a delicate Dish of Ruffs to Dinner."

p. 170. *Cram Schiquin.* Cf. Dryden's *The Kind Keeper*, I, 1, where Aldo says: "I have a couple of cram'd Chickens, a Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her."

p. 171. *Muſtard-Alley.* In a London Directory published by J. Osborn in 1740 there is a Mustard Alley, Castle Lane. Horwood's Plan of London, 1799, marks Castle Lane as leading out of Castle Street, Southwark, so Mustard Alley lay to the back of the Bankside.

p. 173. *Finical.* Affected; over nice. Cf. *World of Wonders*, 1607: "Women gorgeously apparelled, finicall, and fine as fippence."

p. 173. *Poor innocent Wretch.* Cf. note *supra* p. 250.

p. 176 *Shock-dog nor my Babies.* A shock-dog is a dog with long shaggy hair, often a poodle. Cf. *Epsom Wells* (4to, 1673), Act I, where Carolina says: "We are already so pester'd with gay Fools, that have no more sense than our Shock-Dogs."

Babies, Dolls. Cf. *The London Cuckolds*, IV: "This Bride is more fit to play with a *Bartholomew*-Baby than to have a Husband." A Bartholomew-Baby is a doll purchased at Bartholomew Fair. In *Love*

for Money, V, 1, Miss Jenny, eloping with Coopee, "drops a Baby" and bawls out: "Oh law, my Baby, my Baby—I've lost my Baby," i.e. my doll, to which her lover answers: "Ah, 'tis no matter if thou hadst lost it, I'll get thee a better Baby, my Dear." Cf. also Mrs. Behn's *The Younger Brother* (4to, 1696), I, 1: "He thinks me at *Hackney*, making Wax Babies," i.e. playing with dolls. *The Spectator*, No. 500, 1712 (Addison), has: "I can sit in my Parlour with great Content, when I take a Review of half a Dozen of my little Boys mounting upon Hobby-Horses, and of as many little Girls tutoring their Babies."

p. 177. *Corant.* The "swift coranto," a quick, lively dance of French origin, is described by Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra, or, A Poeme on Dauncing* (18mo, 1596), stanza 69:

> What shall I name those currant trauases,
> That on a triple *dactile* foot doe runne
> Close by the ground with sliding passages,
> Wherein that Dauncer greatest praise hath wonne
> Which with best order can all orders shunne;
> For euery where he wantonly must range,
> And turne, and wind, with vnexpected change.

p. 178. *La Gaillarda.* The galliard was a brisk French dance introduced into England about 1541. Sir John Davies, *Orchestra*, stanza 67, thus mentions it:

> But for more diuers and more pleasing show,
> A swift and wandering dance she did inuent,
> With passages vncertaine to and fro,
> Yet with a certaine answer and consent
> To the quicke musicke of the instrument,
> Fiue was the number of the Musick's feet,
> Which still the daunce did with fiue paces meet.

p. 178. *Toledo.* A generic name for a sword from the excellence of the Spanish blades, which superfine quality the steel was said to acquire from the particular water in which the metal was plunged when glowing from the forge. Cf. bilbo. In *Every Man in his Humour*, II, 4, Brayne-worme's lordliest boast of his sword is: "Nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo*."

p. 179. *Y' facks.* Y' facks = in earnest. As an asseveration ifack is a form of i'faith. This mild expression, which was even used by Puritans (e.g. Fondlewife in *The Old Batchelour*), is laughed at by Jonson, *The Alchemist* (1610), I, 2: "I-fac's no oath."

p. 180. *The Mother found her Daughter in the Oven.* This old saying is quoted by Nicholas in *The Two Angry Women of Abington* (4to, 1599): "The good wife would not seek her daughter in the oven, unless she had been there herself."

p. 181. *Saraband.* A saraband is a slow stately dance in triple time, said to have been introduced into Spain by the Moors. Cf. *The Devil is an Ass* (1616), IV, 4: "Coach it to Pimlico, daunce the Saraband." And Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, Act IV, where Sir Mannerly boasts: "I can dance Corantoes, and Jiggs, and Sarabands."

p. 182. *Barbadoes.* In reality Hippolita's suggestion was not extravagant. A good deal of kidnapping went on, and one may compare these lines from the Epilogue (broadside, 1683) spoken by Thomas Jevon to Ravenscroft's *Dame Dobson, or, The Cunning Woman*, which is largely taken from *La Devineresse ; ou les faux Enchantements* (sometimes known as *Madame Jobin*), by Thomas Corneille and Jean Donneau de Vise:

> *Kidnapping* has of late been much in fashion.
> If Alderman did *Spirit* men away,
> Why may not Poets then Kidnap a Play?
> Poets are Planters, Stage is their Plantation,
> But tho they are for Trade and Propagation,
> Yet don't like *Thievish Whigs* Rob their own nation.

p. 186. *Signior Scaramouchè.* The Italian comedians had long established themselves at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, Paris. Their leader, Tiberio Fiorelli, known as Scaramuccio from his favourite character, to whom reference is here made, brought a company to England in April, 1673, and on the 4 September following the King ordered "to be prepared & delivered vnto Scaramouchi and Harlekin vnto each of them a Medall & Chayne of Gold." Two days later twenty ounces of white plate were sent as a present to "Scaramouchi." This was on the eve of their return to France. In 1675 they appeared in London a second time, when Scaramouch established himself at Whitehall and acted in Inigo Jones' great Banquetting House. Prices were charged for admission, and Marvell, in a letter dated 24 July, 1675, remarks upon "Scaramuccio acting daily in the hall of Whitehall, and all sorts of people flocking thither and paying their money as at a common play house." Even a twelvepenny gallery had been built, and it would appear that considerable offence was given to many. 29 September of the same year Evelyn notes, "I saw the Italian Scaramuccio act before the King at Whitehall, people giving money to come in, which was very scandalous, and never so before at Court diversions." In November, 1678, Fiorelli and his company again visited London, where they remained some four months. In the spring of 1683 also Charles was making arrangements for yet another visit of his favourite Scaramuccio.

p. 186. *Angel.* Genest suggests, and no doubt correctly, that Edward Angel played Don Diego and James Nokes Monsieur de Paris, which would have rendered this dialogue exquisitely diverting.

p. 187. *Fools have Fortune.* This old saw is alluded to in Killigrew's *The Parson's Wedding* (folio, 1663; general title, 1664), IV, 1, where Wanton exclaims: "Why, this is Fools fortune." Ray, *Collection of English Proverbs*, second edition, 1678, p. 141, illustrates "Fortune favours *fools*, or fools *have the best luck*" by *Fortuna fauet fatuis*, and W. Binder in his *Adagia Latina* (1861) quotes: "Fortuna fauet ignauis" (presumably a slip for *ignaris*) from p. 59 of the anonymous *Sprichwörter*, 1615, published at Frankfort by Vincentius Steinmeyer. Gay, *Fable* 12, has:

'Tis a gross error held in Schools
That Fortune always favours Fools.

Cf. Jaques in *As You Like It*, II, 7:

I met a fool i' the forest . . . .
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'

"La fortuna aiuta i pazzi," says the Italian; and the German, "Glück und Weiber haben die Narren lieb."

The "So say old *Senèque*" of Monsieur may be a mere affectation, or it may be an allusion to the following: "ex quo suum diem obiit ille, qui uerum prouerbium fecerat, aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportere," which will be found near the beginning of Seneca's *Apocolocyntosis Diui Claudii*.

p. 189. *Gavanho.* This should be *gabacho*, a term of contempt applied to the French.

p. 189. *Gew-gaw Ribbons.* Both gallants and ladies at the French Court covered their dresses with an immense number of gay ribbons. This is satirised by Madame d'Aulnoy when in *La Bonne Petite Souris* she describes the princess Joliette "qui avoit une belle robe de satin blanc, toute en broderie d'or, avec des diamants rouges, et plus de mille aunes de rubans partout."

p. 190. *Pennyrent.* Rent received in money; income; revenue. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit Without Money* (*circa* 1614), III, 1, where Lady Heartwell asks Isabella: "what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarchs Morals*, or so much penny rent in the small Poets?"

p. 191. *Grimaces, Agreeables, Adorables.* Grimace was one of the fashionable French words affected by Melantha in *Marriage à-la-Mode*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields about Easter, 1672 (4to, 1672), II, 1, when she "said nothing but *ad autre, ad autre*, and that it was all *grimace*, and would not pass." "Agreeable" occurs in Chaucer, *The Hous of Fame*, 1097, "Yit make hit sumwhat agreable," and Cotgrave, 1611, gives "*Adorable*, adorable, worthy or fit to be adored." Don Diego was objecting to the Frenchified and mincing pronunciation of these words which Monsieur de Paris had adopted and caricatured.

p. 191. *Dear Pantalloon! dear Beltè! dear Sword!* The following anecdote related by Downes is pertinent. Speaking of Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers* he says: "This Play had wonderful success, being acted 12 days together, when our Company were commanded to *Dover*, in *May* 1670. The King with all his Court meeting his sister, the Duchess of *Orleans* there. This Comedy and *Sir Solomon Single* pleas'd Madam the Dutchess, and the whole Court extremely.

The *French* Court then wearing their excessive short lac'd coats; some scarlet, some blew, with broad wast belts; Mr. *Nokes* having at that time one shorter than the *French* fashion, to act *Sir Arthur Addle* in; *the Duke of Monmouth* gave Mr. *Nokes* his sword and belt from his side, and buckled it on himself, on purpose to ape the French; that Mr. *Nokes* lookt more like a drest up Ape, than a *Sir Arthur*; which upon his first entrance on the stage, put the King and Court to an excessive laughter; at which the *French* look'd very Shaggrin, to see themselves ap'd by such a buffoon as *Sir Arthur*. Mr. *Nokes* kept the Duke's sword to his dying day."

Sir Salomon, or, The Cautious Coxcomb, by John Caryl, is largely founded upon *L'École des femmes*. It was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1668–9.

p. 193. *honour the King*. Cf. Swift's *Polite Conversation*, Dialogue I: *Col[onel]*. *Tom*, you must go with us to Lady *Smart's* to breakfast. *Neverout*. Must! Why, Colonel, must's for the king." Vol. XI (1760 ed.), p. 91, Swift's *Works*. Such a turn of phrase seems to have been common.

p. 194. *Coupee*. A dance step formerly much used: the dancer rests on one foot and passes the other forward or backward, making a kind of curtsey. Hence the word, which is very frequent, sometimes meant a bow whilst advancing. The *N.E.D.* cites this passage as the earliest instance found. In D'Urfey's *Love for Money*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1689, Bowman acted the Dancing-Master, Monsieur Coopee.

p. 197. *A falſe right Woman*. A right woman was a cant phrase for a whore. Cf. The Introduction to Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, spoken by Haines and Betty Mackarel, a notorious cyprian of the day, who thus addresses the audience: "But if you will be kind, I'le still be right." Also the Duke of Buckingham's alteration of *The Chances* (4to, 1682), IV, 2, where Don John outside the tavern says: "What's here, musick and women? Would I had one of 'em. [*One of 'em looks out of the window.*] That's a whore; I know her by her smile. . . . [*Another looks out.*] Ah rogue! She's right too, I'm sure on't."

p. 200. *De Scarff*. The military Scarf or Sash was decorative and signified rank or distinction. *London Gazette*, No. 2445–4, 1689, has: "Lost . . ., an Officers Scarf with four gold Fringes round the breast, set on Crimson Silk, and a very deep Fringe at each end."

p. 201. *Golilia*. In Spain under Philip III (1598–1621) the ruffs had become enormous, whilst the costly lace edging and fine lawn frills made them a most extravagant article of attire. Early in 1623, when Philip IV was issuing his sumptuary laws, a tailor of the Calle Mayor submitted to the King and to his brother Don Carlos a new device, consisting of a high spreading collar of cardboard, covered with white or grey silk on its inner surface and on the outside with dark velvet or cloth to match the doublet. The first idea of this collar, which was at once dubbed *Golilla* (little gorget), was merely as a support for the unstarched linen Walloon, an unpopular form of neck-gear, but soon the silk-lined golilla alone was universally adopted. Philip himself and Don Carlos with many leading nobles wore the new golilla for the first time during the visit to Madrid of the Prince of Wales and Buckingham in 1623, and the new fashion immediately became popular. All Spain, Spanish Italy, and South America forthwith adopted the golilla, which remained the distinctive feature of a Spaniard's dress until in the eighteenth century a French King banned the golilla as barbarous and imposed upon his new subjects the falling lace cravat and modish jabot.

p. 202. *A Spaniſh Leg*. A Spanish bow. The common term "to make a leg" occurs as late as *Edwin Drood* (c. xviii): "'I beg pardon,' said Mr. Datchery, making a leg."

p. 202. *The Hood does not make the Monk.* In Fragment C of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, a translation somewhat doubtfully ascribed to Chaucer, l. 6192, we have: "Habit ne maketh monk ne frere."

p. 203. *Bonnets.* i.e. Turbans.

p. 204. *Forehead-piece of Bees-wax and Hogs-greaſe.* A cloth, smeared with unguents, worn at night to render the skin white and smooth. So Mirabell in *The Way of the World*, IV, coming to terms with Millimant, makes the proviso, "together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Masks for the Night, made of Oil'd-skins, and I know not what—Hog's Bones, Hare's Gall, Pig Water, and the Marrow of a roasted Cat."

p. 204. *Butter-milk and wild Tanſie.* A cosmetic wash for the complexion. Tansy, *tanacetum uulgare*, has a strong aromatic scent. It was formerly much used in medicine and cookery.

p. 204. *Bow-dy-Stockins.* Bow-dy =scarlet. Bow-dye from Bow, near Stratford in Essex, where dyers worked during the seventeenth century. Cf. T. H[ale], *An account of several New Inventions and Improvements now necessary for England*, 2 parts, London, (12mo, 1691). "51, The Invention of the Scarlet or Bow-dye."

p. 208. *Royally I ſhall not.* The colloquial use of royally =positively is very rare, and this is perhaps a unique example.

p. 209. *Cuddens.* An entire fool; a dolt. Cudden was fairly common towards the end of the seventeenth century, and *N.E.D.* cites this as the earliest example. But in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 15 August, 1667, the Landlord, mocking Old Moody who cries, "Let me down, Sirrah," answers "Yes, *Cudden*." The word is here used three times.

p. 212. *The Whitings Eye, of old called the Sheeps-Eye.* This old expression for an amorous glance is found early in the sixteenth century and is in use to-day. Cf. *Bartholomew Fair*, V, 4:

> Hero . . . seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,
> Cast at him from the boat, a Sheepes eye and a halfe.

Also Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece* (4to, 1608), when Lucrece rebukes the Clown for casting "amorous glances, wanton looks," at her maid, and he rejoins: "To say that ever I flung any sheep's eyes in her face!" For Whiting's Eye cf. the pun in Estifania's speech, Act IV, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*:

> "And here's a Chain of Whiting's Eyes for Pearles."

p. 213. *Slur.* A gliding movement in dancing. Cf. Dryden's *Secret Love, or, The Maiden Queen*, produced at the Theatre Royal on Saturday, 2 March, 1666–7, V, where Florimel, dressed as a gallant, boasts, "I can . . . walk with a courant Slur, and at every Step peck down my Head."

p. 216. *The Fool has reaſon.* Avoir raison. To be right. Cf. Bedell, *Letters*, VI, 95, 1624: "The King himselfe said aloud that both sides had reason." Also *Sir Martin Mar-all*, III, 1, when the silly knight says to old Moody, "You have Reason, sir," and Moody takes him up with, "There

he is again too; the Town Phrase, a great compliment I wiss; you have Reason, sir; that is, you are no Beast, sir."

p. 218. *I will not be hit in the teeth.* To hit in the teeth is a common phrase for to reproach. The modern term is "to throw in one's teeth." Cf. Brisk's jest in *The Double-Dealer*, I, when Lord Froth sniggers, "He, he, I swear tho', your Raillery provokes me to a smile," and the pert coxcomb retorts: "Ay, my lord, it's a sign I hit you in the Teeth, if you show 'em."

p. 220. *Hawk foundly.* Hawk is in use both as a substantive and a verb. Dr. Johnson (1755) defines the noun thus: "*Hawk*, an effort to force phlegm up the throat."

p. 222. *The Honour before the Corant.* An honour is an obeisance, a bow or curtsey. So in *Love for Money*, II, 2, Cooper, the dancing-master (Bowman), "sings a Song to the Minuet he dances with Miss Jenny" (Frances Maria Knight):

> Make your Honours, Misse, tholl, loll, loll,
> Now to me Childe, tholl, loll, loll.

p. 224. *Great Saint Ellen's Church.* The convent of S. Helen, Bishopsgate, was founded about 1212, the church being one of the few City churches to escape destruction in the Great Fire.

p. 225. *Sploach.* This is the same word as splotch. It is of obscure origin, and probably merely imitative.

p. 230. *Old Queen Elizabeth Furniture.* This phrase was generally used to denote anything out-of-date and old-fashioned. Thus in *Sir Martin Mar-All* in order to suit Old Moody's humour Sir Martin is described to him as "no Man o' th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* Way of Plainness."

p. 230. *Flamecolour Gown called Indian.* A loose undress. So in *The Kind Keeper, or, Mr. Limberham*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1677–8 (4to, 1680), Act V, 1, Woodall, in order to prevent Mrs. Brainsick from being seen by her husband, puts her into Tricksy's room and cries: "Mrs. *Tricksy* has left her *Indian* Gown upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your Back; he will easily mistake you for her, if he shou'd look in upon you." And presently Brainsick peeps, and, mistaking his wife for Tricksy, says: "'Tis an Assignation I see: for yonder she stands, with her Back toward me, drest up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *East*."

p. 230. *St. George for England.* There are black-letter copies of this most popular old ballad in the Pepys and Bayford collections. It was continually reprinted, and may be found in *The Antidote to Melancholy*, 1661; in Part II of *Merry Drollery*, 1661 and 1670; in *Wit and Drollery*, 1682; and in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1707, 1719, etc. In Book IV, v, of *Tom Jones* we are informed that Squire Western's "most favourite tunes were Old Sir Simon the King, St. George he was for England, Bobbing Joan, and some others." "Saint George, that O! did break the dragon's heart" is one of the ballads vended by Nightingale in *Bartholomew Fair*. The date of Pepys's copy is 1612. The burden of the ballad runs:

Saint *George* he was for *England*,
Saint *Dennis* was for *France*,
Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

p. 230. *The Knight of the Sun.* The adventures of the Knight of the Sun and his brother Rosiclair may be considered as belonging to the Amadis cycle of romance, since King Perion, the parent of Amadis de Gaul, was descended from Trebatius, father to the Knight of the Sun. Part I of the *Espejo de principes e cavalleros, o Cavallero del Febo*, by Diego Ortuñez de Calahorra, appeared as *The Mirrour of Princely deedes and Knighthood: Wherein is shewed the worthinesse of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer.* "Newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue by M[argaret] T[yler] (4to, 1578)." Other Spanish authors, Pedro de la Sierra, Marcos Martiñez, and Feliciano de Selva, continued the romance, which was accordingly translated, the English version of the ninth part being issued in 1601. There are references to the Knight of the Sun in *Don Quixote*, and in his English dress he was one of the most popular heroes of chivalry. Rosiclair is mentioned in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (acted *circa* 1607–8). Cf. also *The Little French Lawyer* (about 1620), II, when Dinant says of La-Writ, "This is some Cavallero Knight o' th' Sun."

p. 230. *The Practice of Piety.* A popular little religious manual which with some slight alterations ran through many editions. We have: *Of the Daily Practice of Piety, also Devotions and Praises in the time of Captivity.* London. Printed by *J. F.* for *R*[ichard] *Royston*, at the *Angel* in *Ivy-Lane*, 1660. Also: *The Practise of Piety*; directing a *Christian* how to walk. . . . Printed in Twelves; and in a small Volume for the Pocket in Twenty-Fours, 1684. There are cheap editions of these as late as 1709. Cf. Otway's *The Souldier's Fortune*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1680, V, 1, where Courtine, suspecting he may be in a house of accommodation, cries: "If there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a *Practice of Piety* in the room, I am sure I have guess'd right." Also *The Old Batchelour*, IV, when Bellmour, upon his book *The Innocent Adultery* being found by Fondlewife, mutters: "If I had gone a-Whoring with *The Practice of Piety* in my Pocket, I had never been discover'd." Cf. also Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*, Madam Creswell to Moll Quarles, where the old bawd says: I "had every room in my house furnish'd with the *Practice of Piety*, and other good books, for the edification of my family."

p. 230. *Checker'd Cellar.* A tavern; the "Checkers" being a very common sign for ordinaries. Cf. A satire "*A New Ballad, call'd* The Chequer-Inn," *Poems on State-Affairs*, III, p. 57, 1704.

p. 232. *Sparks to Sea are gone.* War against the Dutch was proclaimed in March, 1672, a measure which the Court was very anxious to render popular. This couplet, which predicts that all the sparks and gallants will soon be engaged against the enemy, materially helps to fix the date of the play.

p. 232. *Lumber-ſtreet.* Lombard Street.

p. 233. *Jumps.* A jump was a short coat. Randle Holme, *The Academy of Armory*, 1688, thus describes it: "Iumpe extendeth to the thighs, is open or buttoned down before, open or slit up behind half-way: the sleeves reach to the Wrist."

p. 233. *Chamlet cloaks.* Camlet was a mixed stuff of wool and silk, good substantial wear, and so contrasted with the gayer silk or satin. On Sunday, 1 July, 1660, Pepys notes: "This morning came home my fine Camlett cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it."

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